



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



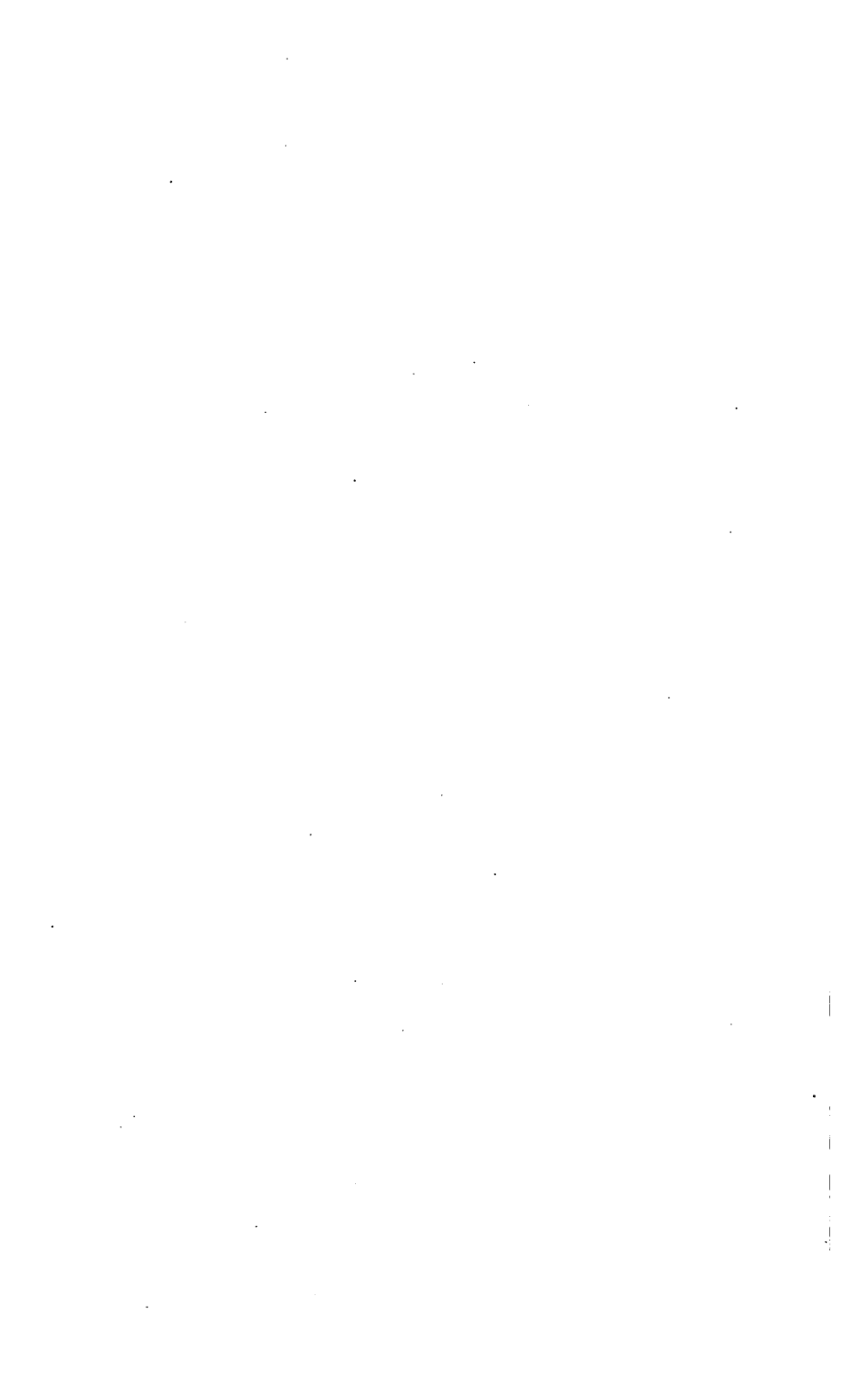
3 3433 08246495 3

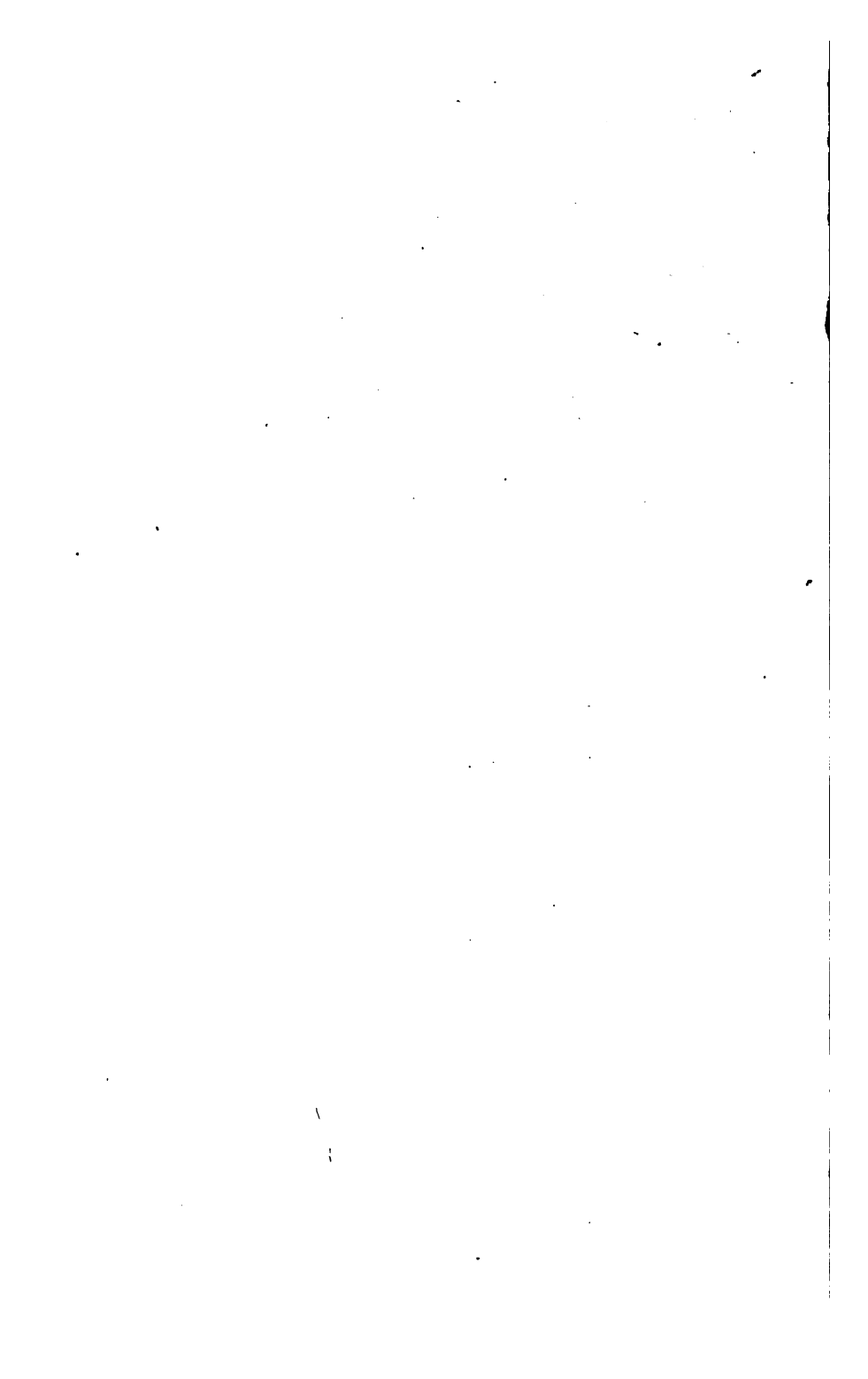


Histori  
BT









THE  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX

TILDEN FOUNDATION

BT.D.

~~1144~~ A



Gaillard & Walton, lith.

Ne donne-t-on pas encore, dans nos villages, le nom de Sarrazins à ces familles errantes, habiles sur le violon expertes aux tours de sorcellerie, et entr'autres à vider les bourses sans paraître y toucher ?

*La Petite Sentinelle et son temps. Par M. L. P. Gallimard.*

# HISTORICAL PICTURES

OF

## THE MIDDLE AGES,

IN

Black and White;

MADE ON THE SPOT,

FROM RECORDS IN THE ARCHIVES OF SWITZERLAND,

BY

A WANDERING ARTIST,

AUTHORESS OF 'ROSALIND AND FELICIA, OR THE SISTERS,'  
ETC., ETC.

---

"L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre."—*Le Cosmopolite*.

"The affairs of Switzerland occupy a very small space in the great chart of European history. But in some respects they are more interesting than the revolutions of mighty kingdoms. Nowhere besides do we find so many titles to our sympathy, or the union of so much virtue with so complete success."

HALLAM'S *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*.

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Printer in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1854.



LONDON :  
PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.

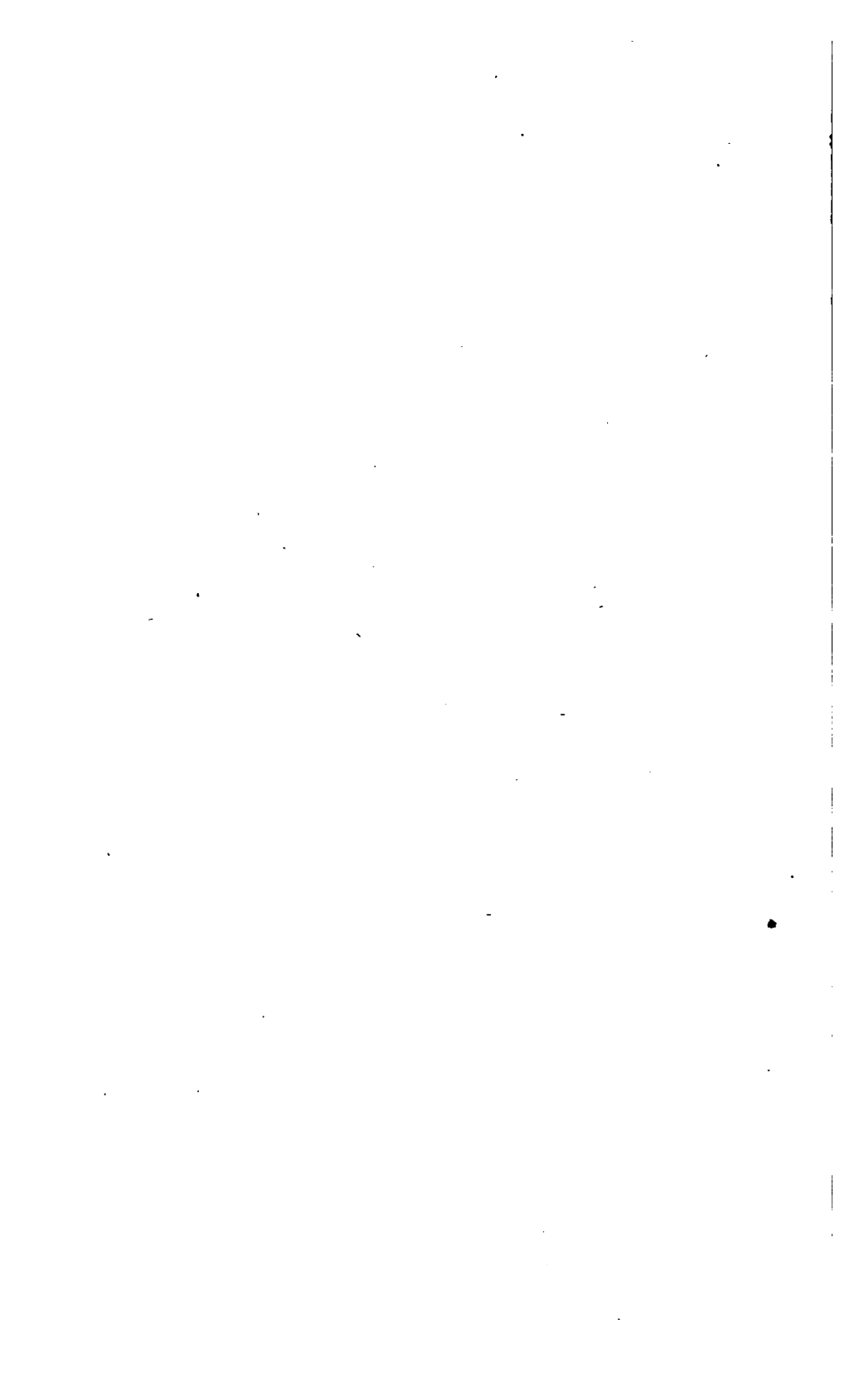
W. CLOWES  
AND SONS  
STAMFORD STREET  
LONDON

C O N T E N T S  
OF  
THE SECOND VOLUME.

---

	Page
HISTORICAL PICTURES OF THE MIDDLE AGES—	
THE WAR OF THE TWO ABBOTS ( <i>continued</i> ) . .	1
PASSAGE OF THE GRAND SAINT BERNARD . .	43
BERTHA, QUEEN OF TRANSJURANE-BURGUNDY .	55





# HISTORICAL PICTURES

OF

## THE MIDDLE AGES.

---

### THE WAR OF THE TWO ABBOTS,

CONTINUED.

AFTER this decisive victory over his most formidable opponent, the abbot's own course was impeded by few difficulties. He harassed the remaining confederates by unceasing attacks; now in their front, then in their rear, giving them no opportunity of employing their respective forces in any well-combined, well-concerted plan of operation. The Chevalier Adelgos was wounded in a skirmish, and obliged to withdraw; Zœringen had private interests which demanded his return into Germany; and, once more, the invincible Ulric saw himself at rest in his monastery. Every thing that a kindly nature could suggest was done by the abbot to repair the devastation of his domain:

the green hills of Appenzell were again slowly covered with little *chalets*, and growing crops once more waved around St. Gall; but all wore a sad and solemn air, for confidence was banished from a land the prey of contending armies.

To add a new scene to this bloody tragedy, Gebhard, the youngest son of the late Duke of Zœringen, originally a simple monk in the monastery of Hirschau, drawn from his cell by the papal party to be elevated to the see of Constance, during the lifetime of its legitimate bishop, driven into exile after having been expelled in turn by the imperialists—had repaired into Thurgovia, where he remained till now; when feeling strong enough to adventure a return, he once more presented himself at the gates of Constance, escorted by the troops of his brother, and the houses of Guelf and Nellenburg. Then burst out fresh hostilities between the papal and imperial partisans; nor did he obtain an entrance, till the faubourg of Constance, just re-built after a conflagration lighted under similar circumstances, was again fired by his family and allies.

A scarcity, the necessary consequence of this interminable war, filling up the measure of desolation, achieved the final ruin of a country, the half of which lay uncultivated for the want of hands, and the other half was so much neglected that the scanty crops were all but a failure. The chronicles of this period unite

ceding year, whither the emperor had succeeded in relating that, during twelve years, the Thurgovian peasant followed the plough completely armed—a sword at the side, and cuirass on the back; that they might be prepared for aggressions incessantly renewed; and at the epochs of seed-time and harvest, sentinels were always posted to anticipate surprises.

In the eventful history of the abbot of St. Gall, there occurred several events so singularly propitious, at the very instant of a crisis threatening annihilation, that his adherents could not abstain from considering them as special interpositions in his favour. At the close of the very year, which opened so darkly for him, whilst combatting against the multiplied horrors of civil war and famine, the patriarch of Aquileia, an Italian territory not far distant from the gulf of Venice, died after a short illness; and the emperor, aware that this high dignity, then ranking in power and precedency next to the see of Rome, required a prelate of no common intelligence, learning, and courage, immediately invested Ulric with the vacant patriarchal mitre.\*

The death of Gregory VII. at Salerno the pre-

\* The town and territory of Aquileia formerly belonged to the patriarch who ranked immediately after the pope. It is now in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. The Bishop of Como was under the jurisdiction of the patriarch of Aquileia.

banishing him, gave the fallacious hope that peace would now be restored to the Christian world ; but in dying, the pontiff bequeathed to his successors a legacy of hatred to the monarch, that kept alive the flame of discord ; and Henry had already become painfully certain, that, on the character of the future patriarch of Aquileia much of his own power in Italy rested. He knew the abbot would bring to the arduous duties he was now entering upon, not merely an understanding matured by study, and a prudence tested by adversity, but above all, a vivid sense of right and wrong, to aid him in the just administration of his government, yet more valuable than his genius, or the generous qualities by which he was distinguished ; and he urged him to lose no time in repairing to his new benefice. Ulric accepted the splendid appointment, and after as short a delay as possible, set out with a brilliant *cortège* for Aquileia. The adversaries of the Abbot of St. Gall have accused him of being tinged with ambition. The great and the good are ever ambitious—not for the grovelling pleasures or petty distinctions which success in life ensures to the patient seeker of worldly renown, but because it confers the power of doing good. Honours, *honourably* acquired, open a path to the society of the best and the wisest, and fling a halo of reflected glory over all most prized in life—name, kindred, and country.

With the abbot's customary solicitude for the preservation of his convent, he had ordered an additional body of troops into the town, though having nothing to fear from the Count of Toggenburg he had possibly anticipated no disastrous consequences from his absence. Scarcely, however, had he quitted the frontier of Helvetia, than the Duke of Zœringen suddenly appeared with a formidable military escort ; and before the militia of St. Gall, whose hands were no longer unhappily directed by the head of their chief, could oppose his entrance, he forced the gates, and threw a detachment into the church, where the brethren were performing early mass. One of them who contrived to escape sounded the tocsin, and an impetuous multitude, soon crowding to the scene of action, forced the duke to withdraw ; but not until a monk had been killed, and several grievously wounded. Many of the sacred ornaments of the church were broken ; and, amongst others, a crucifixion in ivory, which a young chorister held up in the hope of appeasing the furious attack of the duke's followers.\* It is melancholy to record that the unhappy soldier, who, in the heat of the fray had been the instrument of this sacrilegious act, was

\* La guerre continua encore quelque temps en Allamania. Berchtold surprit St. Gall, tua même quelques moines dans l'église et harcela encore long temps l'abbé Ulric.—*Hist. de Fribourg, par le Dr. Berchtold, p. 21.*

immediately seized with such agonizing pangs of remorse, that he became insane; and three days afterwards, escaping from confinement, drowned himself in the lake of Constance.

This unexpected assault did not escape the silent censure of even his own party, nor the loud reprehension of the imperialists. To bring armed men into a church to attack defenceless monks at prayer, in the absence of their head, without any ostensible motive but revenge towards him, was considered dastardly and ungenerous, and called forth so strong an expression of disapprobation, that the duke endeavoured to justify his conduct by bringing forward the usual excuse, reprisal for the loss of Hohentweil, a strong castle which Ulric had taken by a *coup-de-main* some months before from him:—strange reasoning! since the only shadow of excuse for such wanton cruelty was, that his conduct had been based on public, not private grounds: but the vindictive and implacable are usually as illogical as illegal.

This was the last time that the sanctuary of St. Gall was internally polluted by the feet of invading foes, during the long reign of the Patriarch of Aquileia. As soon as he was elevated to that dignity, the monk Verinhar renounced his pretensions to the abbacy. Whether he was apprehensive that this eminent appointment would give Ulric of Ep-

penstein more preponderating weight,—respected its sacred character,—or was afraid of pitting his unequal brain, against a shrewder intellect, or had grown weary of the contention, does not appear; but he instantly withdrew into the privacy of his own cell, where he passed his days in monkish ease, till the death of Eberhard of Nellenburg, called him peaceably to preside over the society of which he was himself a member.

Peace was, however, still a stranger to the noble head of St. Gall. In 1089, a new excommunication, fulminated against the unhappy emperor by Urban II., a man after Gregory VII.'s own heart, and all his adherents declared to be fallen from their dignities, and professions, public and private, was especially harassing to him. Twelve years of continued warfare in Switzerland had exhausted both his own revenues and those of St. Gall. The enthusiasm and superstition of the times ran strongly against him. He was scarcely confirmed in his new dominions, and had not events, singularly favourable to his interests, once more arrested the arms of his enemies, he might even yet have sunk under the combined efforts of the pope and rebel nobility of Helvetia, whose proximity to St. Gall rendered its defence peculiarly difficult. The anti-Cæsar Herman of Luxemburg, flying before the exasperated emperor, was killed in a village of Lor-



rairie, with Burcard, Count of Nellenburg. The Abbot of Reichnau survived his brother's loss scarcely six months: the wear and tear of twelve years of strife, two of which were passed in imprisonment, had doubtless told on his frame; and the superiority evinced by Ulric, on every occasion where they came in contact, with his recent elevation to the dignity of patriarch, possibly irritated his bodily sufferings. Virtuous, dignified, and liberal, with a competent share of learning, he would have graced his high position, and might have been equally happy and respected, had not blind zeal and vindictive passions intemperately led him into a vortex of troubles, anxieties, and reverses.\*

By one of those singular coincidences, which sometimes stamp history with the appearance of romance, the Baron of Regensburg, hereditary *advocatus* of the Abbey of St. Gall, who opened the war between the two abbots, perished soon afterwards by a violent death, leaving an only son, who followed him in three months. The office of *advocatus* to a monastic establishment was held so sacred in the middle ages, and implied such unswerving fidelity, that his open

\* As the convent of Saint Gall owed its name to a Scotch saint, so that of its rival was indebted for a patronymic designation to an Irish one. Reichnau was dedicated to St. Findanus, or Findan, an Irishman of not less famous reputation for miracles than St. Gall.

violation of all its accredited duties was considered a great blot on his fame. He died poor, and his once splendid patrimony was subsequently sold to Zurich.\* But these were not the only actors in the

\* The emperor's generosity and sense of justice had early enabled Burcard to repair the injury done to the see of Lausanne by the sale of a part of the episcopal revenues at the commencement of the struggle with Gregory VII. On the death of Rudolph, Henry bestowed his Swiss possessions on Burcard and his cousin the Bishop of Basle. He gave also, in a diploma dated from Spires, the château of Arconcul to Count Cuno in recompense for his victory over the Duke of Zœringen at Winterthur, and subsequently appointed the Bishop of Lausanne chancellor of the kingdom of Italy. These rich possessions were, in great measure, appropriated to the repairs of the towns and villages, which had been devastated during these fatal wars; so that when Burcard was killed, his flock, especially at Lausanne, had speedily reason to lament the married bishop. His successor, Lambert of Grandson, was indeed free from that stain, but he had nephews without end, to whom he gave lordships and villages, belonging to the diocese, with such shameless prodigality, that the emperor, Henry V., made the baron of Blonay disgorge a part of what he had thus received at the expense of the see. Bishop Lambert was, besides these liberalities to his family, so little scrupulous on moral points, that he was compelled to abdicate, at a period when ecclesiastical princes enjoyed a degree of liberty not granted to crowned heads; and according to the accredited account of his departure from Lausanne, the instant he went out of the port of St. Maire he disappeared from the eyes of his attendants, and was never seen more: whence it was inferred, that, being no longer on holy ground, or protected by "notre Dame de Lausanne," he was, when beyond her jurisdiction, forthwith carried away by the devil. There was, it ap-

desolating wars between papal and imperial power, who that year went "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." On the eve of Christmas-day, was killed Burcard, Prince Bishop of Lausanne! Nearly thirteen years had rolled away since he crossed the Alps of St. Bernard with so much pain and peril, accompanied by her whose love and fair fame were dearer to him than his bishopric. He had been many years a widower, for she did not long survive her terrific journey over the pass of St. Bernard; but though her death might have paved the way for his reconciliation with the court of Rome, his hostility never diminished. Henry, in the extremities of his despair and distress, sometimes negotiated, as the sinking catch at straws, and grasp at sand; but Burcard would *never* make the slightest concession to any pontiff who pronounced his mar-

pears, something mysterious in the bishop's manner of leaving Lausanne, which his reputation and the superstition of the times thus cleared up.

La superstition populaire s'empara de cette fuite clandestine et répandit le bruit qu'il avait été saisi et emporté par le Diable. — *Chron. Cartul. Laus.*

Les chroniques de l'église reprochent à l'évêque Lambert de Grandson, d'avoir spolié les biens de l'église, pour enrichir ses parens, entr'autres d'avoir donné, en 1089, à son neveu Walter de Blonay, la seigneurie de Corsier et la quatrième partie de Vevey. En 1111, l'empereur Henri V. annula cette donation, &c., &c.—*Environs du Vevey. E. Duffoug-Favre.*

riage unholy. From that time, devoting himself to the desperate fortunes of his royal master, he followed him from one battle-field to another, till, at nearly eighty years of age, he fell, covered with wounds, fighting by his side in the bloody combat of Gleichen.

In the archives of the Cathedral of Lausanne was a lance, said to have belonged to St. Maurice, the chief of the Theban legion, martyred in the year 302 by the ferocious Maximian, on the plains of St. Maurice in the Valais, so named from this imputed slaughter: it had been there deposited by the last of the Transjurane kings, from whom Henry descended, and was of great sanctity. Hughbert, duke of a large portion of the Transjurane before its erection into a kingdom, and abbot of St. Maurice, whilst fighting to defend the aspersed honour of his sister, repudiated by Lothaire II., of France, was killed waving this lance over his head under the walls of his abbey: he also was married, though an abbot! Perhaps the chivalrous old man found some analogy between their fortunes, for, when his body was discovered amongst the slain, the sacred lance of St. Maurice was firmly grasped in his aged hands.

On receiving intelligence of Herman's death, his troops hurried to evacuate Thurgovia, and falling back upon Swabia, thus diminished a part of the armed force destined to subdue Ulric; and though

the pope soon directed Henry's turbulent vassals in the choice of a successor, no one cared to take up a gauntlet, which was to be won with so much trouble and peril.\*

A royal and sacred Psalmist has declared that "there is a time for all things; a time for peace, and a time for war." The one had now so long desolated this unhappy country, that its antipodes might well be expected to come with healing in its wings; and Ulric was turning his enlightened spirit to the amelioration of the woes of his people, when unfortunately the emperor, from various vicissitudes of fortune, feeling himself strong enough to punish the Duke of Zœringen, certainly the most obstinate and ungenerous of his vassals in Switzerland, sent the abbot an order to expel from the see of Constance the duke's brother Gebhard, who had now contrived to keep possession of it some time, notwithstanding his stormy entrance. It was doubtless desirable, both for his interests and those of Ulric himself, that Constance should be held by a friend, as at any period the duke, if so disposed, might sally

\* When the fearful *mêlée* was at an end, Henry went into the ensanguined plain to search for the remains of this servant unto death. The stern fortitude which never left him in sixty-two battle-fields gave way before the sad sight: he burst into tears, and, sobbing like a child, withdrew to his tent, refusing to be comforted.

from his brother's diocese, and carry fire and sword into that of St. Gall, during the absence of the abbot in Italy. Possibly, to encourage the abbot to the work, Arnold, a learned German monk of his own monastery, was appointed Gebhard's successor. It is probable that the abbot scarcely required this stimulus; he and his flock were still smarting from the Duke of Zœringen's single-handed attack, and buckling on his armour, which time had not yet rendered rusty, he speedily sallied out of St. Gall, accompanied by the bishop elect, and escorted by a gallant band of knights, 'squires, and chosen soldiers, to do the emperor's bidding. In all the pride and pomp of office, the cavalcade soon appeared before the gates of Constance to execute their high, but dangerous commission; and, halting at the principal entrance, Ulric, in his superior character of Patriarch of Aquileia, summoned the deposed prelate Gebhard, of Zœringen, to appear, and then depart in peace. But vainly the trumpeter sounded the imperial mandate, or the troops by whom he was surrounded endeavoured to force an entrance into the city. The men of Constance, to whom the usurper had accorded many privileges, to secure their fidelity, took up arms in his favour, and discharged from the towers and ramparts such volleys of arrows, stones, and other missives, that the Patriarch of Aquileia, with the candidate for

episcopal honours, were glad to return unscathed, pillaging and firing the faubourg on their retreat, including the great Benedictine monastery at its extremity.

There is a strong propensity in mankind to exaggerate the advantages and virtues of by-gone ages ; to depreciate in inverse ratio those of the present. But ancient history, read and pondered upon with an impartial spirit, continually presents scenes from which modern eyes will turn away with incredulous horror. It is grievous to contemplate, in the nineteenth century, such a man as Ulric of Eppenstein thus led away by party zeal to forget what was due to his own station and to humanity ; nor will the reader, perhaps, see much difference between the Duke of Zœringen's invasion of St. Gall, and the sacking and burning of the Benedictine convent at Constance : excepting, indeed, that no lives were sacrificed, the inmates having, in anticipation of the event, prudently avoided its consequences by timely flight. Yet all this is calmly narrated by the garrulous chroniclers of the eleventh without note or comment. They deemed no apology necessary for what custom had rendered common and fair.

At a period when every aggression engendered a return *in kind*, this hostile visit, as a matter of course, was speedily followed by another. Some regular troops, accompanied by a host of warm

friends belonging to the insulted house of Zœringen, in due time issued from the city of Constance, and pillaged all the domains of St. Gall on their road, bringing devastation once more to the very walls of the monastery. The churches, hitherto spared, were, out of revenge for the burning of the Benedictine convent, given up to plunder; and all the growing crops trodden under foot. To repel this commencement of another disastrous campaign, the militia of St. Gall and Appenzell, with the vassals of Thurgovia, united themselves so promptly that, although inferior to the army of the league in point of numbers, they were not long in obtaining a decisive victory, which was happily the last battle fought between the contending powers of the pope and the emperor, through the instrumentality of the rival monasteries of St. Gall and Reichenau.

A peace, less due, perhaps, to the sincere reconciliation of the two parties, than to their mutual exhaustion, was finally concluded in 1094, about three years afterwards, which terminated the incessant skirmishes, battles, conflagrations, sieges, and plunderings, which had been alike so disgraceful to both the belligerents, and so grievous to their subjects. But although the sword was at length sheathed, sixteen years of combats and anarchy long left their sad memorial. Thurgovia, the principal seat of warfare, was nearly a desert:—a dreadful



famine, followed by many contagious and fatal maladies, swept off hundreds who had survived their former sufferings. Reichnau was so impoverished by the expenditure incurred in prosecuting the war, that its abbots never quite regained their pristine affluence or consideration; and, under any other master, St. Gall must have sunk into utter desolation, instead of rising higher in the scale of ecclesiastical rank. Ulric of Eppenstein had not the deep learning of some of his immediate predecessors—the Notkers and Solomans, whose dazzling lustre was never overshadowed by any brighter one; but to a great taste for the fine arts and polish of a court, he united a love of agriculture, and a profound acquaintance with all that *utilizes*, as well as embellishes life. Whilst the dilapidated conventual buildings gradually rose in architectural beauty, vineyards, and cornfields, and gardens bloomed around. He collected the scattered treasures of the library and the church, and attracted by enlightened encouragement men of all classes to settle within his jurisdiction. For some years he resided, alternately, at Aquileia and St. Gall; and, by a judicious mixture of dignity and benevolence, was equally loved and respected in the extended sphere of his princely station. One feature in his character all historians have delighted to transmit to posterity—his gratitude. Like Burcard, Prince

Bishop of Lausanne, the Abbot of St. Gall did not seal his fidelity to the emperor with his blood ; but neither threats nor allurements could induce him to betray or desert the cause of Henry, at its darkest hour. In prosperity he never forgot those who had been faithful to him in adversity : he remembered the services of the meanest individual—some were rewarded with money or small estates : others were provided for in his household, or appointed to responsible situations near his person. Many young noblemen and gentlemen, sons of former adherents, attended him into Italy, whilst a great number were strongly recommended to his friends for promotion, when nothing in his own patronage was left him to dispose of. So lofty and firm was his untameable spirit that no misfortunes ever bowed him down to ask peace from his foes. Like all great minds, he was penetrated with the belief in a particular Providence ; he knew the cause in which he had embarked was a righteous one, and he never despaired of ultimate success. Yet, with this abounding confidence, he was not inflamed by any apparent advantages to recommence hostilities, when his adversaries seemed willing to discontinue them ; nor did he ever, in a single instance, seek the aggrandizement of his monastery by confiscating to its use any lands belonging to his enemies. He punished their aggressions by carrying war into their dominions, but not

with a view to conquest—merely a mode whereby they might be weakened, and thus rendered less formidable to himself. He was magnificent in his manner of life, because he loved hospitality, and was from his birth habituated to the expenditure and refinement of a court; but many of the abbots of St. Gall, both before and after him, carried personal luxury to a far higher pitch. If he accepted the honours offered by a generous master, he had never debased himself to seek them; and he was thus enabled to gratify a noble nature by becoming himself the fountain of benefits to others. Without being under the blind superstition of the age, he always preserved the exterior of devotion, whilst his general conduct was a sure guarantee for the power of religion in his soul. The apostolic injunction, delivered by St. Paul to the churches of Christ, “Let all things be done in order,” he followed in its fullest sense: keeping up the dignified observances of his own peculiar creed, with stately ceremonial and splendid pomp. He possessed qualities which, in antiquity, would have made him shine as the chief of a Greek republic; in the midst of enemies virulent and potent; under the crushing weight of papal excommunication; at war with the natural and sworn protector of his convent; his monastery even in the actual possession of his rival of Reichnau; although Gebhard, Bishop of Constance, brought fire

and sword under his walls ; and the Duke of Zœringen forced an entrance into them ; undismayed,—he bent like a sage till the storm was abated, and then, collecting again his strength, he came forth with renovated vigour to withstand or repel what might remain to be endured or overcome. Under his wise administration, the revenues and reputation of the abbey increased so greatly that upwards of a hundred monks of patrician line, besides double the number of royal and noble pupils, commonly resided within its venerated cloisters ; his successors were created princes of the empire, and one of them, on some public occasion at Strasburg, appeared attended by a thousand horsemen. The conventual buildings were reconstructed at immense cost, and the lodge of the abbot denominated the Pfalz—the palace.\*

Towards the decline of life, finding the soft breezes of an Italian clime more congenial to his constitution

\* Some farther idea of its prosperity and treasures may be formed from the inventory taken at the period of the Reformation, when forty, or, according to some historians, forty-six cart-loads of images, fonts for holy water, shrines and altars, were carried away and destroyed, in an outbreak of the citizens. It must not, however, be supposed that all religious corporations expired suddenly under the sledge-hammer blows of reformers and revolutionists. Many, after undergoing what in the middle ages was emphatically called "reform," gradually dwindled away into annihilation. Such was the fate of St. Gall.

than the keen air of St. Gall, he fixed his residence at Aquileia, and there, laden with honours, and blessings, and respect, he terminated his checkered career on the 13th of December, 1123, aged nearly eighty years, after having filled the important position of Abbot of St. Gall forty-six, with equal lustre in misfortune as in prosperity. War was then the road by which all wrongs were redressed; the means by which almost all possessions were fortified or acquired: he took up the gauntlet so imperiously thrown down by his haughty brother prelate simply in self-defence, and laid it down with grace and magnanimity when personal safety rendered war no longer necessary to his security.

Between one of his predecessors Soloman, Bishop of Constance, and Ulric of Eppenstein, there was much affinity; the same grandeur of soul; the same benevolence; the same disregard of self; the same loyal attachment to their sovereign; the same desire to elevate his monastery by encouraging learning, science, and sound piety; but however elevated by titles, or important by possessions, in the long line of the illustrious abbots of St. Gall, so distinguished for genius, and courage, and ability, Ulric of Eppenstein will always occupy the first place in the annals of that noble ecclesiastical foundation.\*

\* So late as the close of the fourteenth century St. Gall, still affluent, consumed its resources in useless splendour, and impo-

To the unhappy monarch, whose dispute with the court of Rome brought on the abbots' war, might have been addressed the solemn adjuration—

“Come forth, come forth, thou fearful man ;  
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.”

Burcard, Bishop of Lausanne, closed a long, turbu-

verishing efforts to extend its temporal dominion. Many wars consequently ensued between them, their vassals, and the neighbouring nobles. Amongst other acts of vanity, about the year 1500 new stalls were sculptured, at a cost of 1300 florins each, for the canons ; on which, says a caustic old scribe, “piety and humility never sat.” The degenerate successors of the meek and learned Burcard, the humblest of royal cenobites, and the active belligerent Ulric, were further accused of “strutting pompously about, presenting their hands to be kissed, and thinking of nothing else, but how to get over the time without doing any thing.”

“*Eh ! voyez-vous l'abbé s'y pavaner en pompe, donner ses mains à baiser, et ne faire autre chose que de s'appliquer à savoir passer le temps sans rien faire !*”—Kessler, p. 50. *MS. dans les archives de la ville.*

The canton of Appenzell, in 1513, purchased its liberty for a sum of money from the abbey and convent of St. Gall, to whom it belonged. It is melancholy to trace, from one volume to another, in Müller's History of the Swiss Confederation, the deterioration of this celebrated monastery, till ignorance and idleness banished the few remaining works of the library to a distant tower, there to moulder away in worms and dust. Still its existence lingered on till the French revolution, when it was secularized ; and the last abbot, Pancratius Forster, died in 1829, a pensioner on the bounty of others, in the convent of Muri !

lent, and sorrowful life, fighting gloriously by the side of his friend and master. The Patriarch of Aquileia, happier in destiny, surmounted all the evils of his early day, to spend its evening in lettered ease, and earthly pomp, surrounded by "troops of friends." And Berthold of Zœringen, redeeming, by the innate strength of an upright mind and generous nature, the errors of his youth, tranquilly closed his eyes, soothed by the consciousness that he had endeavoured to atone for the past. To see the chief of a nation, or a family, defending with the resources of talent and courage, the rightful heritage of his ancestors, is a spectacle well calculated to excite the liveliest interest, deepening into sympathy and respect, when long years of toil have failed of their reward. The Duke of Zœringen had a soul capable of appreciating the emperor's valorous conduct, and a heart to pity his unmerited persecution. To his own immortal honour, he came, at length, boldly forward, and at the eleventh hour acknowledged himself a guilty rebel. For Henry's interests, alas! too late; for his own, we are told, not as an encouragement to sin or to sloth, but to avert despair, there was yet time to make his peace with God, as well as with the master he had so unjustly deserted. The death of his brother-in-law the count of Rheinfelden, without children, rendered him sole heir of Rudolph of

Swabia, whose only daughter he had espoused ;\* and he was strongly urged by the pope, and insurgent nobles of Germany, to assert by force of arms his claim to the duchy of Swabia.† But the hour was now come when, perhaps, for the first time, he was able to free himself from the trammels imposed by his father's political friendship with Rudolph, and his own union with Agnes of Swabia. Rejecting the iniquitous counsel, he went to Mayence, where the diet was then holden ; presented himself unarmed and unattended—threw himself upon his knees before the

\* Berthold, son of the anti-Cæsar, died May 1093. His faithful guardian and brother-in-law had maintained him in possession of the duchy of Swabia against all the Emperor Henry's efforts till his death.

Lambert of Aschaffenberg ap<sup>d</sup>. Bouquet, T. xii. p. 25.

Rodolph also took the title of King of Arles, after Henry was deposed at Forsheim, 13th of March, 1077, by the insurgent nobles of Germany ; but no known act of the kingdom of the Cis-jurane mentions him as sovereign. Nevertheless, Agnes, Duchess of Zœringen, ever gave to her father the title of Rex de Arles, and she is designated as daughter of Rudolph, King of Arles, in a charter bestowing lands on the monastery of St. Pierre in the Black Forest.—*Gerbertus, de Rodolfo Suevico*, p. 42 ; *Gerbertus*, l. c. p. 126.

† The nobles of Swabia attached to the house of Rheinfelden, and animated by the councils of Gebhard, Bishop of Constance, his brother, a very violent partisan of papacy, did in fact elect him duke at Ulm, 1093, and, some historians relate, that he waged war with Frederick of Hohenstauffen, son-in-law of the emperor, four or five years ere he relinquished the rights of himself and family.—*Gerbertus*, l. c. p. 45 ; *Gerbertus*, l. c. p. 126.



astonished sovereign—tendered to him a vow of fidelity, and resigned into his hands whatever pretensions he might have to the duchy of Swabia.

“It was,” says a German annalist, “in the twenty-fourth year of the opposition of his house to the emperor, that he came to this magnanimous resolution.” Henry, whose character, as he advanced in life, became purified by adversity, was deeply affected; and would probably have bestowed on him the duchy in dispute, had he not already given it to his son-in-law Frederick of Hohenstauffen: but the grateful sovereign never lost an opportunity of evincing his sense of obligation.\* He gave him many valuable

\* Son caractère étoit généreux et noble; mais il se livroit avec trop peu de retenue aux passions de son âge. . . . . Les papes et leurs partisans profitèrent de ses défauts pour le peindre aux peuples comme un monstre.

L'année suivante le Pape Urban II., parvint à faire révolter Conrad, fils aîné de Henri, contre son père. La cour de Rome applaudit avec une joie féroce à cette rébellion, et aux calomnies infâmes que Conrad publia pour l'excuser, en souillant la gloire de son père.—*Histoire des Repub. Italiennes. Sismondi.*

Henry was of a grateful temper. In looking through the chronicles of Switzerland, it is astonishing how often his gifts are recorded. He bestowed (1086) upon “his cousin,” Ulric of Kybourg, Canon of Bâle, the lordship of Munster; perhaps to indemnify him for some loss sustained in the pillage of the canton by the insurgent nobles, of whom Ulric's brother was one, or as a recompence for his own personal fidelity.

He had also family reminiscences at his heart. In the public library of Arau is a charter by which he gave the church of the

immunities in the canton of Zurich; conferred on him immediately the duchy of Burgundy in acknowledgment of Agnes's descent from the Transjurane kings; and overlooked the harmless vanity which induced him, on the death of his wife, to inscribe upon her shield, Agnes Regina de Arle, the name of the ancient city which was once the capital of the kingdom of little Burgundy under the Rudolphian dynasty.

For the hapless monarch was reserved a doom, more terrible than the gory bed of the venerable bishop. Assailed alike by public and domestic treason — rebellious subjects — a traitorous, shameless wife, and rebel sons, when those who had perilled, and would have perilled a thousand times more, their lives for his, were in the dust, he was finally driven from his throne, after fighting in sixty-two battles with

Val-de-Travers to the monastery of Payerne, in memorial of his ancestress Bertha, Queen of Transjurane Burgundy, the foundress. It is not dated, but must have been drawn up towards the close of his reign, since it contains the name of his friend Ulric of Eppenstein, as Patriarch of Aquileia.

In nomine sanctæ et individuæ Trinitatis. Henricus imperator augustus quoniam nostram novimus esse salutem et Romani decus Imperii . . . . . propter Deum et anime nostre remedium consilio Aquilejensis Patriarche, &c., &c.—(Monogramma H<sup>ci</sup> Imp<sup>ris</sup>.)—*Zur lauben Stematographia*, t. 90, p. 13, à la Bibliothèque d'Arau.

the invincible courage which ever distinguished him.\* Henry had previously been deprived of his crown and imperial ornaments by the archbishops of Mayence and Cologne ; and the description of the means employed to force him to lay down the ensigns of royalty, as given by several historians, is more affecting than the recital of his sufferings at Canossa thirty-two years before, because we naturally sympathize less with the buoyant spirit of twenty-three, than with the broken frame and grief-worn heart of premature old age.

When the nobles of Germany refused to take up the usurper's crown, which Rudolph and Hermann had so soon exchanged for a shroud, Henry's son Conrad was instigated by the successors of Gregory VII. to wrest the kingdoms of Germany and Italy from his father. Conrad's brief success obtained for him the ceremony of a coronation at Monza ; and for eight years his unnatural rebellion filled the emperor with anxiety, sorrow, and indignation. To offer

\* Henry's second wife Adelais, or Eufrasia, was a Russian princess, and widow of the Margrave of Brandenburg. She was of a violent temper, and her complaints against Henry are considered the effusions of a mad woman, instigated by a demon spirit. All Swiss historians are favourable to Henry, and consider the vices laid to his charge in early life to be grievously exaggerated by Italian chroniclers, who were scarcely able to escape prejudice from their residence in the papal dominions.

some plea, as an apology for his rebellion, he blackened his father's character with slanders so atrocious and improbable, that the very party whose game he had played felt for him nothing but contempt and distrust. He died, after wearing eight years a crown which had been one of thorns, a victim to his own passions, and the artifices of his father's enemies.\* Henry, the youngest son of the emperor, a prince of more intellect and better nature, was the idol of his father, who had once intended to abdicate in his favour, but was deterred from this design by the

\* Conrad revolted against his father in 1093—was elected King of Italy by the papal power—held his ephemeral court principally at Monza, and Pavia; died in 1101, and was interred at Florence.

At Worms the remembrance of Henry is a religious feeling: that faithful city had ever clung to him in his life, and at the public expense his body was brought from Liege to be interred with his ancestors at Spire, some miles higher up on the Rhine. There it lay five years in a sort of outhouse, appended to the cathedral, used for keeping workmen's tools, before the pope would permit the chapter to grant Christian burial. A respectable-looking man, seeing the writer of these lines regarding every relic of Worms with deep interest, stepped up and pointed out a yet strong square frowning tower, as the one where the unfortunate emperor had once confined "his wicked son Conrad."

Corrado era rimasto in Italia pel padre e ne vigilava gli interessi, e poichè giovine egli era e delle umane malizie inesperto, sopraffatto dalle arti e dalle scaltrezze della contessa che studiavasi di mostrargli tutto l'orrore dell'esser figlio d'uno scismatico scomunicato.—*Cavato dal Museo Bellisoni di Pavia.*

advice of his old friends, and, perhaps, by the natural repugnance which a monarch, then only fifty-three, might feel at the idea of abandoning his rights and duties, while in the vigour of his days and intellect, to a mere youth. Eager to reign, the prince's culpable ambition was soon roused into rebellion by the emissaries of Pope Pascal II. More artful than his brother Conrad, he disguised his plots, and, when all was ripe, he prevailed on the emperor to retire for a while to the palace of Ingelheim, near Mayence, assuring him that at the approaching Diet, his foes would endeavour to seize on his person : but, in fact, because his friends were mustering so strongly, that the archbishops feared they might be unable to execute their project in the city. The unsuspecting emperor withdrew, as he believed, till the arrival of friends would enable him to return, in safety, to the Diet, held at Mayence ; and the day afterwards he was summoned by the archbishops of Mayence and Cologne to abdicate in favour of his treacherous son. The sale of episcopal benefices—his quarrels with the popes—his early irregularities, and tyrannical conduct towards his nobles—were the reasons alleged for the demand.

When the emperor had recovered from his amazement and grief, he asked the archbishops what sum they had paid for the sees he had bestowed on them ? Unable to reply to this cutting proof of their ingrati-

tude and injustice, they answered by tearing off, with insults and violence, the imperial ornaments in which he had arrayed himself, declaring that the power of the Church, which, alone, had the right of making kings, could in like manner dethrone them. On learning this outrage, the friends of Henry flew to arms, and two bloody battles were delivered, in which the father and son were opposed to each other. In the first the emperor triumphed—in the last he was defeated, and fell a prisoner into the hands of his son. It was at this time he wrote a most touching letter to Philip I. of France, preserved to posterity by Sigebertus Gemblacens, and referred to by Sismondi,\* describing an interview with him.

“As soon as I saw him, affected to the very bottom of my heart, as much by paternal affection as by sorrow, I threw myself at his feet, supplicating and conjuring him in the name of his God, his religion, and the salvation of his soul, although my sins might have merited punishment from God, to abstain from sullyng on my account his hands, his soul, and his honour; for never any law, human or divine, had authorized sons to be avengers of the faults of their fathers.” In the same letter he speaks of his close

\* Sitôt que je le vis, dit-il, touché jusqu’au fond du cœur de douleur, autant que d’affection paternelle, je me jetai à ses pieds, le suppliant, le conjurant, au nom de son Dieu, de sa foi, du salut de son âme, &c. &c.

imprisonment—of the insults—the threats—the naked swords directed at his head, if he did not do what he was commanded (*si je ne faisois tout ce qui m'étoit commandé*)—"the hunger—the thirst—the various privations and injuries which I suffered from the treatment of men, who had me in their keeping; all of whom were so low, that it was an insult for me even to come in contact with them."\*

From this bitter captivity he was suffered to escape, perhaps designedly, for the authority of his son, now confirmed by the open sanction of the pope and nobles, unwilling or unable to continue the contest, rendered him no longer dangerous. He wandered some time in disguise before he reached Spires, then

\* Le pape Pasqual II. dont la haine religieuse étoit implacable, échauffa, par ses émissaires, un fils qu'un soif coupable de régner égaroit déjà: il lui représenta le crime qu'il méditoit comme une action sainte et glorieuse, et le détermina à la révolte.—*Sismondi*, vol. i. page 130.

How reluctantly the clergy generally fell in with Gregory VII.'s violent innovations, may be seen by an episcopal letter addressed to Gelmire, Bishop of Compostella, in Spain, by Pascal II., nearly fifty years after the edict against marriage, which emanated from Pope Stephen IX., at Cardinal Hildebrand's command. Pascal says that, such priests as may, according to the "*mauvaise coutume*" established in their country, have taken unto themselves wives, are not nevertheless to be debarred from ecclesiastical dignities; but he adds, "it is an intolerable abuse that monks should live with nuns; employ all your efforts to put an end to such *liaisons*."—*Histoire d'Espagne tirée de Mariana*.

a wealthy city, with a magnificent cathedral, in which he had himself built a chapel to the honour of the Virgin. It was the sanctuary which received the ashes of the emperors of Germany; and there the hapless monarch, wanting both bread and shelter, entreated that he might be permitted to occupy the humble situation of reader or minor canon; representing that "*having been taught Latin and chanting he was qualified for such an office!*" The plague spot of excommunication was on him, and the terrified bishop drove the weary wayworn suppliant sternly from his door. The last vial of wrath was now emptied on that discrowned head! Henry turned to the attendants present, and exclaiming, "for the sins of my youth God hath thus smitten me," meekly departed. The miserable man travelled on,—reached Liege, and there in a wretched chamber, for which he was indebted to the humanity of a poor priest, destitute of almost the common necessities of life, reduced to a mere skeleton by woe and wrong, he died in a few months at fifty-five years of age. "There is a destiny in this strange world that oft decrees an undeserved fate." "Now we see darkly as in a glass, but hereafter all things will be made clear."

Tyranny alone, well established, oppressive, and hopeless, could have justified the revolt of Henry's subjects, and that such tyranny did not exist, there is



ample proof. For upwards of thirty-two years a glorious band of the noblest and best in all his realms, prelates as well as laymen, sustaining his cause through every danger, spiritual as well as temporal, is an apology for his conduct which no sophistry can subvert. Reigning unfettered at thirteen years of age, and succeeding a father who had acquired greater power than any of his predecessors, Henry, in the early part of his rule, gave way to the faults of ungoverned youth; and convinced as he was that, in punishing the rebellion of subjects disposed to revolt ere he reached the throne, he was only asserting his own rights, he was guilty of nothing that could offer the shadow of a plea for the traitorous conduct of his haughty barons. The head and front of his offending was opposition to the court of Rome; and had not Matilda, countess of Tuscany, intervened in favour of papal predominance, it is more than probable that Gregory VII. and his successors would never have succeeded in the struggle.\* The whole existence of this remarkable woman was devoted to one single purpose, the elevation of the earthly power of the Church; and her enormous possessions were bequeathed for the same purpose at her death. She had just succeeded to the inheritance of her illus-

\* Gregory VII. died at Salerno, 1085. He had alienated from him even the bishops, once his stanchest friends, by his harshness and insolence.—*Sismondi*.

trious race, when Gregory VII. commenced his crusade against the emperor, and, yielding to a dark superstition, she threw the whole weight of her wealth and influence into the scale against her unfortunate cousin. She was twice married, but her husbands, Godfrey of Lorraine, and Guelf the fifth Duke of Bavaria, not seconding her zeal in the papal cause, she separated from them both, consecrating her life to the defence of popes of whatever name. Like Hildebrand, her first papal *protégé*, she never loved any one. He had repressed his affections to nourish his ambition, and her's were probably sacrificed to the same shrine, however disguised by the words justice, and truth, and religion.

Lest it may be imagined that the writer of these lines, led away by generous enthusiasm in favour of a fallen monarch—and where could enthusiasm be better placed, even if it were so?—has espoused too warmly the cause of Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, in his vain struggle against papal supremacy, this sketch of his fate shall be closed in the words of the Abbé Ladvoat, doctor of theology, and professor in the Sorbonne, whose religion and position are a guarantee for his impartiality as well as his reputation for historical accuracy.

“He was a courageous and intellectual prince, affable, humane, and gifted with the most noble qualities. He was present at sixty-two battles; but

he loved pleasure too much, and permitted his ministers to abuse his authority."\* Historians have

\* C'étoit un prince courageux et spirituel, honnête, clément, et doué des plus belles qualités. Il se trouva en personne à 62 batailles, mais il aimoit trop ses plaisirs, et souffroit que ses ministres abusassent de son autorité.—*Dictionnaire Historique par M. l'Abbé Ladvocat*, vol. ii. p. 157.

Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, married Guelf, Duke of Bavaria, her last husband, when about forty-three years of age, and died in 1115. This extraordinary woman, whose conduct tinged and was felt by entire Europe, was at least free from the reproach of sordidness. When the victorious troops of Henry at one time menaced her own possessions, some of the priests, by whom she was surrounded, terrified at the chance of losing their benefices, implored her to make peace with the emperor. "Begone!" was her characteristic reply; "if I can sacrifice all for the Church, you may surely risk something." Even the pope, it is said, fluctuated a little in his policy at this dubious moment; but Matilda would hear of no concessions;—she persisted, triumphed, and earned for herself a monument in that most majestic of majestic churches, St. Peter's at Rome. The tomb of her mother, also a haughty dame, in strict accordance with her daughter in sentiment, is one of the most splendid and classically beautiful sarcophagi in the Campo Santo at Pisa,—that matchless structure, unique amid the wonders of Italian art. It is of Parian marble, on which are represented, in *basso-relievo*, two subjects, the source of much controversy among the learned, agreed only in believing that this exquisite specimen of Roman skill, for whatever purpose originally destined, was the ancient model from which Nicholas Pisano derived the perfection of his chisel. The monument of Matilda bears evidence that it was *designed expressly for her*; and it has been thus described by the graphic pen of Lady Morgan, for the writer of these sketches, spell-bound by the enchantments of

remarked many traits of resemblance between Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, and Henry IV., King of France. They had both the qualities of the true hero and the vices of a voluptuous court ; both were constrained to bow-down to the sovereign pontiff, and both in the end were victims to the power they had dared to oppose.

The learned and amiable Sismondi, from whose history of the Italian republics many of these particulars have been derived, observes that, "those who have turn in turn felt pity for the emperor and indignation towards his enemies, will experience some satisfaction in seeing the misfortunes of Henry avenged by the hands of their authors on each other ; the ferocious Pascal, persecuted by the prince he had excited to a parricidal war, and the unnatural monarch at length humiliated by the Church for

Tuscany, has not yet quitted the Arno for the Tiber :—"Her ashes, brought from Mantua to Rome, repose in a marble sarcophagus, sculptured with a representation of her first cousin the unhappy Henry IV., prostrate at the feet of Gregory VII, where she had so powerfully contributed to place him. The miserable half-naked emperor,—every agonized feature and muscle writhing with shame, sorrow, and a sense of degradation,—contrasts finely with the haughty face of the pope, who seems preparing to put his foot on the bowed neck of the imperial victim, crouching in the dust before him. The statue of the countess represents a stern dogged-looking woman, whose hard heart, and bigotted spirit, speak in every feature. She holds the papal sceptre and tiara in one hand, and in the other the keys of St. Peter."

whom he had fought with his fond, too confiding father."\*

The quarrels of Henry V. with the Court of Rome belong to another epoch; but the scene of his coronation, since it brings forward once more the valorous right-minded Ulric, Abbot of St. Gall, in his character as patriarch of Aquileia, will not inaptly close this sketch of the Abbots' War.

After the death of Henry IV., a dissension arose between the new emperor and Pascal, on the old subject—investitures; Henry proving quite as unwilling as his father to relinquish so great a privilege, and during four years the point remained undecided. It was at length terminated by a sort of compromise, requiring some sacrifices on either side; and upon the strength of this negotiation Henry came to Rome to receive his imperial crown from Pascal. Great was, therefore, his astonishment, when the pope, at the same time that he summoned him to renounce the prerogative of conferring benefices, declared his clergy would not sanction, as he had promised, the resignation of any of the rights of the Church. This

\* On éprouve quelque satisfaction en voyant la vengeance des malheurs du respectable Henri s'accomplir par les mains de ses ennemis eux-mêmes; le farouche Pasqual, trahi et persécuté par le prince dont il avoit excité la révolte, et le fils dénaturé du vieux emperor, humilié par l'Eglise pour laquelle il avoit combattu son père.—*Simondi*.

dispute interrupted the ceremonial of the coronation, a violent tumult followed, and Henry, transported by anger and contempt at the subterfuge, ordered the pope, with the greater part of the prelates and ecclesiastics who surrounded him, to be seized by his numerous German guards who were present at the spectacle. The command was promptly obeyed, and ere the astonished pontiff recovered from his amazement, he found himself a prisoner in the hands of the patriarch of Aquileia, into whose custody he was delivered by the exasperated monarch. During the lifetime of Henry IV., Ulric of Eppenstein had always been the unflinching opponent of his son; but now that that weary head lay low, he knew it was not for him to punish his sovereign, however guilty he might have been in his filial relations. He had come from Aquileia to grace the sacred ceremony of the coronation with a numerous escort, and, perhaps, remembering the wrongs of the late emperor, now lent himself with no great repugnance to the will of his imperious young master. It imposed on him, however, a most delicate, difficult, and dangerous task. He owed allegiance to the pope, also, and was then habitually resident in Italy: if the young emperor fell as Henry IV. had done, in this bold contest with the tiara, his own fate might be seriously compromised.\* But regardless of personal considerations,

\* Arrigo V., tenendosi beffato, montò in gran collera, e fece dalle sue genti imprigionare il pontefice e la maggior parte dei

he instantly decided between the claims of his two masters, to render homage to the superior albeit the weaker. Despite of anathemas and struggles, he contrived to convey his illustrious prisoners to his own private palace, and there, by the most respectful attentions, endeavoured to soothe the rage and despair of the captives. Meanwhile the Cardinal of Tusculum and a few other priests who had effected their escape during the scuffle, ran through the streets of Rome rousing the Romans to arms: the call was responded to; they mustered in great bodies; the German troops were attacked, and several attempts made during the night to deliver the pope, whose disgraceful thralldom was regarded as an insult offered to entire Rome. But the undisciplined efforts of a furious populace were constantly repelled by the activity and address of the aged patriarch. He had fought too many battles within and without the walls of St. Gall, to be in any alarm from such foes. The stately palaces of Rome, like those of Florence,

prelati che erano con lui. A questa temeraria improntitudine la folla circostante ingrossata di popolo e popolo dette di piglio alle armi, assali i Tedeschi furiosamente e tanti ne uccise quanti gliene vennero trovati; attorno ai portici di San Pietro correva il sangue; il re stesso corse grave pericolo di vita, perlochè visto non esser tempo da stare a bada, pensò bene di ritirarsi nella Subina conducendo seco il pontefice ed i cardinali prigionieri. La notte pose fine al tumulto, alla strage.—*Cavato dal Museo Belisoni di Pavia.*

Genoa, and other ancient Italian cities, were solidly constructed, that they might brave assaults during popular commotions or patrician feuds, then so common. The massive walls below, composed of mighty blocks of granite or of marble, usually unbroken by any openings for the admission of light, the gateway of thick oak, or chestnut lined with iron, and studded with huge nails, and the narrow mulioned windows above, protected by heavy transverse bars of iron, generally enabled the master of the mansion to withstand a temporary siege; and aided by the friendly architecture of this little Roman castle, Ulric kept good his hold upon his unwilling guests. The excitement and tumult, however, caused by this strange termination of the expected pageant were so great that the emperor ran the risk of his life several times as he fought from street to street, and without the able assistance of Ulric, he could not have achieved his escape from Rome with his ecclesiastical prey to Magliana, distant about thirty-five miles, where, although still in the papal territory, he held Pascal and his clergy immured in a strong fortress sixty-two days before the former would consent to make any concession: nor did he yield an iota of his pretensions till, from shame and exasperation, he had become so ill, that further confinement might have been dangerous to his life. A hollow peace followed, and Henry V. purchased a corona-



tion for himself, and funeral rites for his father at a high price. But the peace was interrupted as soon as the pope felt strong enough to go to war again; and at forty-four years of age, after a miserable reign of incessant warfare with each successive occupier of the chair of St. Peter, the rebellious son, whose eager desire to wear a crown had been prompted and gratified by the court of Rome, died broken-hearted from the necessity of yielding up those very privileges for which his unhappy father had braved its wrath, lest he might in like manner perish its victim.

The patriarch of Aquileia had so sagely conducted himself in his awful capacity of pontifical jailor, that no serious misunderstanding arose between him and his august prisoner. Perhaps the latter judged it better to leave such a man unmolested in his own dominions, for he who governs not only men's wills but their affections must ever prove a dangerous enemy.

No feeling can be more gratifying to the human heart than to be missed from the book of life by our fellow men; and could Ulric of Eppenstein have looked down into the world he had quitted, he would have seen that when, full of years and of glory, he finished his earthly course and went to his rest, all, of whatever shade of opinion, with noble sincerity confessed that none could be found worthy

of filling the void caused by his departure. Inflexibly upright, he commanded respect even when his actions were the most odious to his foes ; and while his tastes, habits, and manners, were dignified and aristocratic, his warm heart and generous nature made him the personal friend of each individual within the circle of his extensive ecclesiastical dominions. At St. Gall his loss was felt to be irreparable : other abbots, high-born, learned, magnificent, and zealous, came after him, but they were not HE.

The character of Ulric of Eppenstein is thus summed up by Müller, the prince of Swiss and German historians, whose history of the Swiss has called forth the warmest applause both from his compatriots and foreigners acquainted with the work, not only for the interest and beauty which distinguish his writings, but the impartial spirit that renders the narrative yet more valuable.

“ Ulric d'Eppenstein joignoit une mesure de savoir proportionnée au tems où il vivoit, et du moins l'extérieur de la dévotion, à des qualités qui se seroient jadis déployées avec gloire à la tête d'une république de la Grèce. Il gouverna pendant quarante-six ans, comme abbé de St. Gall, et comme patriarche d'Aquilée, au milieu de ses ennemis, excommunié par le pape, en querelle avec l'avoué de son abbaye ; et quoique Gebhard de Zœringen, que son frère avoit fait évêque de Constance, eût porté le fer et le feu

jusque sous ses murs, et Berthold, jusque dans le chœur de son église, les revers ne l'abattirent jamais au point de lui faire implorer la paix ou abandonner l'empereur. Jamais aussi la victoire ne l'excita soit à commencer les hostilités, soit à enrichir son abbaye ou sa maison, des biens des autres seigneurs."\*

*Histoire des Suisses, par J. de Müller.*

\* The sources from whence this picture has been drawn are Burcard de Casibus Monasterii St. Galli, dans le 1<sup>re</sup> vol. des *Berum Alamannicarum scriptores* de Goldast; la *Chronique Helvétique* de Tschudi; la *Gallia Comata* du même; *Historia Zœringo Badensis* de Schœpflin; la *Chronique d'Appenzell* de Gabriel Valser; la *Chronique de St. Gall* par Haltmyer; l'*Histoire de St. Gall* par Weguelin; les manuscrits de Ruchat, etc.; *Conservateur Suisse*, vol. ix. page 163.

PASSAGE  
OF  
THE GRAND SAINT BERNARD.

---

It may not be uninteresting, after this description of the passage of one emperor over the St. Bernard, in 1077, to advert to another, in our own times, which has been regarded as still more wonderful, and requiring a yet greater degree of mental fortitude, and personal endurance—that of Napoleon, then first consul, in 1800.

Modern historians are nearly unanimous in discrediting the opinion of Pliny, and other ancient authors, that Hannibal passed the Pennine Alps with his troops in winter, placing that wonderful march across the little, not the great St. Bernard; but it is certain, from the annals of Tacitus, that the Romans constructed a military road over the latter; and that the legions going from Milan to their German settlements on the Rhine, followed this route. Seventy years before the birth of Christ, the

Roman armies, under Cecina, after suppressing the rebellion of Julius Alpinus, at Avenches, near Lausanne, returned precipitately into Italy, to quell another revolt at home, in the midst of winter. It was crossed by the uncle of Charlemagne with thirty thousand men in May, 755; the Emperor Arnolph, rather more than a century later, when, about 893 or 894, he went from Italy into Switzerland to punish the usurpation of Rudolph the first king of Little Burgundy; and, in the twelfth century, by one of the armies of Frederick Barbarossa.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the road to Italy, by the St. Bernard, through Vevey, Villeneuve, St. Maurice, and Martigny, became more frequented than at an earlier, or at a later period, from increased intercourse with the papal court. Persons of all sexes and conditions, from the north of Europe, took it to pass the Alps. Every week numerous caravans of Burgundians, Flemings, Alsacians, and natives of Lorraine; Germans from the Rhine; English and Scotch arrived at Villeneuve. The major part of these cosmopolite travellers, whom either religion, business, or curiosity, conducted to Rome, put on the habit of pilgrims, as one which less exposed them to the danger arising from bands of brigands who infested all parts of Italy at that epoch, and besides plundering the unhappy passengers who fell into their power, continually kept

them in grievous captivity, till they had extracted from their friends a heavy ransom. These calamities and cruelties led Count Aimon of Savoy, brother of Amadeus IV., Duke of Savoy, to endow at Villeneuve a hospital, the original charter of which may yet be seen in the archives of Bern. Tradition says, that on certain occasions upwards of six hundred pounds of bread were distributed, and the records of the hospital prove that between five and six hundred persons have received assistance in one day. There is also still extant, a very ancient poem,\* containing some facts illustrative of the great increase of travellers over the St. Bernard in the thirteenth century. Among other things worthy of note, it describes Count Aimon of Savoy, before he founded the rich hospital at Villeneuve, labouring under sickness in his brother's castle of Chillon, about a mile from thence, stretched on a large and lofty bed, adorned by silken curtains, beautifully embroidered with the armorial bearings of the house of Savoy, and all the appliances of royal repose; rich counterpanes; white

\* "La chambre ert bien encortinée  
Et douze cierges y ardoient  
Qui tout entor lo lit estoient.  
Si gitoient moult grand clarté  
Et li lis ert bel atorné  
Di riches coutes et blans draps  
Di draps de soie d'outremer."—

*Legrand d'Aussy; Le Canton de Vaud, par Olivier.*

sheets from beyond the sea (Flanders, no doubt); whilst twelve waxen tapers threw brilliant light over the apartment; listening to the melancholy, or, as it might be, merry recitals of the crowds of pilgrims (for all were not sorrowful) who sought hospitality at the castle of Duke Peter of Savoy.

Duke Peter of Savoy, called, from his valorous conduct and noble bearing, "*Petit Charlemagne*," was brother of Beatrix, Countess of Provence, and thus uncle of our Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry III., who created him Earl of Richmond. Besides the antique castle of Chillon, immortalised by the "*Prisoner of Chillon*," he possessed a still stronger fortress called Les Clés, also in the canton de Vaud; and having lost, whilst in England, this castle, of great importance to his security against the Emperor of Germany and many barons, jealous of his power, as well as the advantages it presented for the occasional pillage of merchants (a tempting sin to even chivalrous knights at this epoch), he was so much affected that he could not conceal his regret. Being engaged, soon after receiving the intelligence, with the Court in one of those games now abandoned to the nursery, he sunk into a melancholy reverie; and when blindfolded, with a pillow placed on his back, he was required, according to the rules of the play, to tell what it was, or to be subject to a fine if he guessed amiss (his heart full of his misfortune), he replied

to the question, "Que vous portés sur le dot?" "Les Clés!" Having made the same answer two or three times during the evening, the queen, who "estoit saige dame," led him aside to question him; and learning what had occurred, undertook to induce Henry to assist him to recover this valuable possession. The curtain dialogue, when the royal pair met in bed, is described, by the old chronicler, as being all on the lady's side. "The king would not say one word either to grant or refuse; but, morning being come, he sought Duke Peter, and said, 'Fair uncle, why did you not speak first to me? I would do anything for you, though I will be forced to nothing by women. You shall have what you want.'" And the result was a loan to enable the duke to return into Switzerland, and retake his castle, archers, and warriors.\*

During the wars of Charles the Rash of Burgundy, with the Swiss, a column of two thousand Italians crossed the St. Bernard in 1476, to assist the duke, then preparing to besiege Morat, and, arriving sooner than expected, were all cut to pieces by the infuriated inhabitants. After the freedom and neutrality of

\* This little anecdote is alike illustrative of the manners of the age, and the want of domestic felicity between the queen and a weak husband, who prided himself on doing nothing to oblige a wife, though he permitted himself to be governed through her relations, and by unworthy adventurers from all countries.



Helvetia had been confirmed, no foreign power could employ its passes for the entrance of troops ; and three hundred years of exemption from such a plague had swallowed up the recollection of the past. The ambition of Napoleon, removing all the land-marks of society, came to re-open the ancient road over the Pennine Alps, but did not certainly create it. That the troops encountered many dangers and great fatigue none can doubt : for where is the individual, with all the contrivances of wealth and ingenuity to smooth the passage, who ever ascended the frightful precipices of the great St. Bernard, without a feeling of inexpressible awe ! or reached the goal without rejoicing that so fearful a journey was terminated ?

The French ascent was made in the middle of the month of May, a period usually deemed safe for even lady adventurers on mules ; and, besides a certain provision of biscuit, carried by each soldier on his back, all rested at the hospital a short space of time, and there received a ration of bread and a glass of wine. The cannon passed over consisted of twenty pieces of small calibre only ; the artillery, employed so successfully at Marengo, having been taken at Pavia from the Austrians ; and there was no want of local guides to point out the safest and most practicable paths. An enormous sum having been promised to all who would bring a piece of ordnance up to the actual summit of the St. Bernard, a vast number of

•

men, from the adjacent towns of Martigny, Orsières, and the scattered villages of the Valais, eagerly accepted the offer; the majority of whom experienced a severe disappointment: for the lucky volunteers, who conducted the two first cannon, alone received either recompense or refreshment. The others, after the honour of ascending with the "grand army," were as anxious to go down as they had been to come up; and, fearful lest they might be compelled to advance further on the profitless road of glory, in order that their departure might experience no impediment, wisely returned home without pressing their claims for past service. Several mules and horses perished from the rapidity of the march, by falling over precipices; but no avalanches added to the terrors of the scene, as stated in some accounts, and it is believed not a single human life was lost. Napoleon's conduct was marked by humanity to his troops; and the best discipline (on this occasion at least) prevailed amongst them; so that the country suffered nothing beyond the evils absolutely inseparable from the passage of a great army. There was a grand *bivouac* at St. Pierre of twelve thousand men, when the pine trees were put into requisition to supply firing. Happily the vast forests clothing with their dark verdure the feet of the Alps rendered this a trifling loss to the inhabitants thinly spread over these mountainous regions; but the short velvet of

the little green pasturages, and cultivated patches of ground rising, like the oasis of the desert, between walls of rock, and plains of snow, were so trodden that no harvest of any kind could be obtained that year, and a very scanty produce the next.

The march of the great force under Napoleon was preceded a short time by a body of twenty thousand men, led by Berthier ; and had the Austrian general commanding in Lombardy been more on the alert, it would not have been effected so securely. Napoleon slept the first night at Martigny, in the priory of the monks of St. Bernard there ; then at Orsières, a little hamlet, also belonging to the convent, a guest of the *curé*, who is always chosen from the fraternity, as a reward for previous exertions at the monastery ; and the third at Etroubles, a small town in the valley of Aosta, three miles from St. Remy, on the Italian side of the Alps. Having reached the summit, Napoleon rested two hours with the superior of the monastery, took a hasty glance over the building, drank a glass of wine, and departed. Thus was accomplished this vast undertaking, which, when he projected it, offered far more difficulties than he encountered ; the Austrian troops being fewer in number, and the passage less guarded, than might have been imagined. On one point no difference of opinion exists ; the march of the troops was the most rapid ever recorded in history ; and the previous

arrangements such as none but a great mind could have conceived or executed. One of the distinctive features of that extraordinary spirit was, the intuitive perception and adoption of whatever presented the shadow of aid towards the completion of his marvellous projects; and the poor monks of St. Bernard, whilst conducting him over their frozen abode, little surmised that the calm eye of mere apparent curiosity was busily occupied in metamorphosing their convent into a fortification; their refectory into a guard-room; and their cells into the wards of an hospital. Such was, however, the case; and for some years these peaceable men, whose existence and establishment had been consecrated to the preservation of life, were compelled to support all the horrors of a war of extermination. Twice the ancient walls of their monastery endured a siege; and though its position prevented the Austrians from succeeding, they were continually exposed to the chance fire of the Austrian sharpshooters, ever watching on the Italian side; besides the danger of being without supplies for their own wants, and those of the sick and wounded, occupying every corner of their convent. During a fusillade between the French and Austrians, on the very summit of the St. Bernard, a muleteer related to the author of the work from which these particulars are principally taken, that precisely on that very day he and several peasants mounted from Martigny with a

supply of bread and other provisions for the garrison ; and that the Tyrolean sharpshooters fired upon them incessantly, from the tops of the rocks, with their long carabines.

"You must have been dreadfully frightened!" observed the writer.

"No," he answered with *naïveté*, we were so afraid for our mules, we had time to think of nothing else : each was worth at least forty louis ; and where could we have found money enough to purchase others, if they had been killed ?"

Such, alas ! is war. The poor peasantry, whose all was thus compromised, forgot their own existence in that of their mules !

But although war has long ceased to desolate the ancient domain of the monks of St. Bernard, and caravans of sandalled pilgrims with staffs in their hands, and cockle-shells in their large flapping hats, no more knock at their gate, many hundreds of sufferers still derive almost hourly aid from this sacred source. Even in winter the terrible pass of the Pennine Alps is continually crossed by way-worn wanderers, whose pressing circumstances, or strange mode of existence, force them thus to brave danger and death. Martigny, the most considerable town in the Valais, is the *entrepôt* of all travellers to or from Switzerland by either the St. Bernard or the Simplon, and in addition to pedlars, often with pro-

hibited articles, smugglers from Milan come there frequently to purchase tobacco. The St. Bernard is their customary route, both from its shortness and the chance of escape among its snows and defiles from the Sardinian custom-house officers. Scarcely covered by decent clothing, with naked feet, and an enormous load on the head, they mount the steep ascents of these frozen Alps, bending under their burthen, and the bitter blasts of this most exposed passage, where avalanches are not uncommon, from the nature of its position in a narrow gorge surrounded by snow-covered pinnacles, still higher than its own frightful elevation. *Tourmentes*, or snow storms, blinding the eyes of the bewildered traveller with frozen particles, are still more frequent, and more dreaded than all the other dangers to be faced. Secure from all difficulties but those of nature, these hapless pedestrians thus wend their way till they reach the vicinity of St. Remy, where a strong detachment of custom-house officers obliges them to plunge into forests, or climb rocks inaccessible to all but themselves. To add to the horrors of these fearful journeys, they are necessarily performed at night; for if they offer resistance to the officers who seize them, they are instantly shot. The sum gained by encountering such perils and sufferings is said to be a mere trifle, hardly sufficient to purchase the black bread of the country; but what does not

misery constrain man to endure to sustain life? It is singular that on the Italian side, half a league from the hospice, stands a large steep, isolated rock, called, from time immemorial, *Marengo*.

To this hasty sketch of the passage of the Pennine Alps, the writer will only add, that upwards of a thousand years have rolled away since the hand of thrice-blessed Charity erected the monastery of St. Bernard, poised between heaven and earth, fit habitation for those whose noble self-denial and courage in the relief of human suffering render them more than men; and during this lapse of long ages, amid so many elements apparently leagued for their destruction, not a single member of this holy community, though constantly employed in seeking benighted and frozen passengers, has perished in the snow, or met a violent death by precipitation from the rocks, and but very few of their assistants. Who shall say there is no peculiar Providence?\*

\* An English party—two ladies and a gentleman—who ascended the Great St. Bernard at the commencement of July, 1844, found the snow very deep after passing St. Pierre, and the lake close to the monastery completely and solidly frozen over; they were informed by the kind monks that about twenty thousand persons are, at an average, received into the convent annually.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS





T. Agard, Del.

Hullmandel & Walton, Lith.

## QUEEN BERTHA.

London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1854.

# BERTHA,

## QUEEN OF TRANSJURANE-BURGUNDY :

### AN HISTORICAL PICTURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

---

“ At this disastrous era of the ninth and tenth centuries, Europe was afflicted by a triple scourge from the north, the east, and the south ; the Norman, the Hungarian, and the Saracen sometimes trod the same ground of desolation ; and these savage foes might have been compared by Homer to the two lions growling over the carcass of a mangled stag. . . . The churches resounded with a fearful litany :—‘ O save and deliver us from the arrows of the Hungarians ! ’ ”

*Gibbon*, vol. vii. p. 113.

“ Pour adoucir les mœurs de nos peuples sauvages,  
 Tu fondas des moutiers ; tu bâtis des châteaux ;  
 Tu défrichas nos monts ; tu peuplas nos villages :  
 Tout nous rappelle encore tes bienfaisans travaux.”

*L. Ph. Bridel.*

---

“ If there be on earth a single thing which speaks to us of heaven, it is the benignant countenance which watched over our cradle. Mother is the first word lisped by infant lips ! then we learn to pronounce

that of our common parent—the hallowed name of the land of our nativity : and, wherever one of those great families of earth termed a nation has existed—wherever man has been called to fight and to suffer—there, too, has lived a daughter of heaven—the mother, the nurse, the protector, the consoler of the weak, the suffering, and the wo-worn. Sometimes, like the heroic maiden of Orleans, she has appeared in warrior guise, leading armed hosts to combat for a holy cause ; at others, arrayed in sack-cloth and ashes, like the daughter of Sion, weeping over the ruins of Jerusalem, and refusing to be comforted because her children were not. At a far distant period of our national history, (for nine centuries have since rolled their long course away,) our fathers beheld one of these celestial visitants—one of these ministering angels—in the midst of them, whose features still live in their remembrance. They saw her, seated upon a humble palfrey, her jewelled sceptre exchanged for a simple distaff, pass from the snowy Alps of the St. Bernard to the pine-clad rocks of the Jura—penetrate into our remotest valleys—ascend our steepest mountains, everywhere presenting the image of piety, of industry, of compassion ; shedding over her people in peace its choicest blessings ; and when the blood-stained banner of war was unfurled, shielding them as with a buckler in the hour of danger. She has not been forgotten : ask

her name, and in the most solitary cot of our Alpine regions they will answer—Bertha, the royal spinster.”\*

Such is the eloquent impassioned exordium which commences a short memoir of Bertha, Queen of Burgundy-Transjurane, drawn up by a living native historian of Swiss Romande; and from none could this generous tribute of manly gratitude to feminine worth proceed with more propriety than from a son of that lovely land whose daughters are among the fairest and best of Helvetia, and whose smiling valleys and hoary mountains have been so often blessed by the wise and gentle administration of its female governors; for long ere Bertha appeared on the scene of life, the morning star of Swiss Romande had shone brightly, but briefly, in the person of the Princess Theodolinde of France, the remembrance of whose admirable reign may have had a beneficent influence on her own. Bertha, of Swabia, was born probably about 903 or 904; but no accredited chronicles record either her entrance or departure from that world which, during the whole period of her sojourn, was the theatre of such strange and multiplied woes, that a vast portion of the wretched inhabitants of her native country, and those of the realms she governed, in their misery and despair, believed it was approaching to its final termination.

\* M. L. Vulliemin.

The tenth century has ever, and with justice, been deemed the darkest epoch of European history. Empires, laws, religion, were alike dissolving; kings refused obedience to the emperor; dukes and counts were rebels to their kings; and feudal lords, protected by their strong high towers, niched on mountain tops, often dared to shut their iron-clad gates in the very faces of emperors, as well as their liege suzerain. Superstition had reached its climax, and learning was all but at an end.\* Profiting by the anarchy and confusion to which the West was especially a prey, innumerable hordes of Asiatics precipitated themselves every year, now upon one, now upon another, of the devoted countries of Germany, Italy, France, and Helvetia. Hungarians armed with bows, mounted on fleet coursers, carried on their fearful warfare as the Cossacs of modern times: they came like lightning, and disappeared with equal rapidity; and, more terrible in flight than in battle, left behind them nothing but smoking ruins, ravaged lands, and a murdered peasantry. By night, by day,

\* Partout à la fois les Etats semblent tomber en dissolution, partout à la fois les parties se détachent du tout; tous les subordonnés refusent en même temps l'obéissance à leurs supérieurs. Le roi ne reconnoît plus l'empereur, ni les emirs le khalife. Les ducs et les comtes proclament leur indépendance des rois; les villes et les seigneurs châtelains ferment leurs portes aux ducs et aux comtes, &c. &c.—*Sismondi*.

at every hour, at the least noise, the miserable remnant still left imagined they heard the bounding gallop and shrill neighing of the Hungarian horses, urged on by the fierce cries of their merciless riders. The Saracens, too, after having invaded Africa and Spain, came, like the destroying myriads of the locust, to eat up all that the vine-clad shores of Italy, Provence, and Switzerland offered to their rapacity. Reckless of danger, the snowy Alps had no terrors for them : they took possession of the passes of Mount Cenis and the St. Bernard, pillaging pilgrims as well as merchants. In the wantonness of unopposed cruelty, they cut to pieces the unhappy serfs who could not ransom their lives, and, after having destroyed all they could not carry away, gorged with booty, marched off triumphantly, leaving the survivors of the castles, houses, and villages they had ruined, at liberty to emerge from the caverns and thickets which had concealed them to begin again the cultivation of their fields, but without knowing whether the harvest would be gathered by themselves, the fierce Hungarians, or cruel Saracens, who had just departed.

As, in the religious world, it pleased the great Maker of all things, that the blessed light of Revelation should never be left without some faithful witness to trim the sacred lamp, and keep alive its faint and flickering flame—shining thus, even in the dark-

ness of Egyptian and Babylonian bondage, through the ministry of the prophets and the elders of Israel,—so in the physical, from time to time, there has ever gleamed on the darkest horizon some brilliant star, to show that all goodness, and mercy, and disinterested love of mankind—all genuine religion—was not extinguished on earth; and Bertha, Queen of the Transjurane, was one of those pure emanations issuing from a heavenly source.

At the remote epoch when Bertha (a word in the old language of the North, signifying pure, dazzling) of Swabia came to improve and adorn all within the circle of her influence, genealogies were so carelessly registered, that a MS. of the monastery of St. Gall,\*

\* This very curious document, dated 890, was occasioned by some wrong inflicted upon the abbey of St. Gall by the Count of Lintzgau, and runs thus:—"From the time of the most pious Emperor Louis, from Gotspert, abbot of our convent, and from their successors, emperors, and abbots, our predecessors have enjoyed, &c. &c. &c."

"L'an 890, les religieux de l'abbaye de St. Gall, vexés dans leurs possessions par un Comte de Lintzgau, procurèrent une assemblée des seigneurs, et des prud'hommes de la Thurgovie, du Rhingau, et de la Rhétie, de Coire, au nombre de 55. Cette Diète, après avoir écouté, vérifié, et redressé les griefs de l'abbaye, fit signer à tous ses membres l'acte suivant, &c. &c. &c."

"à un certain Udalrich, Comte de Lintzgau."

Copied from an ancient charter, printed at Bâsle, 1538, in a very learned and rare work under this title: *Ægidii Tschudi Glaronensis, viri apud Helvetios Clarissimi, de priscâ ac verâ Alpina Rhetiâ, cum cætero Alpinarum Gentium tractu, nobilis ac erudita ex optimis quibusque et probatissimis autoribus descriptio.*

together with some historic notices scattered here and there in the archives of other religious houses, especially Einsiedeln,\* are the chief evidences of her descent by the Counts of Lintzgau from Charlemagne. The name of her mother has not been transmitted to posterity: she died young; and, had she not left a daughter, her very existence would perhaps have merged in the long and brilliant career of her successor Hedwige, Duchess of Swabia, Bertha's step-mother. As has been already remarked, neither the period of her birth nor of her death have been preserved to posterity. Many particulars relative to her are supposed to have been lost in a fire, which consumed part of the cathedral of Lausanne† some centuries afterwards, and others buried in charters and

\* In the archives of Einsiedeln, in a very ancient franchise of that convent, it is stated that Queen Bertha resided some time at the château of Baldern, at the foot of Mount Albis, built by her cousins, Hildegard and Bertha, daughters of Louis of Germany, and great-grand-daughters of the Emperor Charlemagne; and that the whole mountain, with much land in the neighbourhood, had been given to them by their father when they took the veil at Zurich. The castle of Baldern subsequently became the property of Burcard, Count of Lintzgau, and was by him given to Bertha, as part of her marriage dowry.

† The fire burst out in the cathedral, 1216, owing to the carelessness of an old verger; and, besides the irreparable loss of writings never to be replaced, the magnificent tombs of Pope Felix V., and of Bernard de Menthon, who rebuilt the convent of St. Bernard after it was destroyed by the Saracens, with



chronicles relating to the history of the Transjurane, carried away to Turin during the three hundred years that the house of Savoy governed in Switzerland; but as she finished rebuilding the convent of Payerne in 963, and subsequently signed some writings of donations bestowed on charitable edifices elsewhere, she must have attained to nearly sixty; tradition says she reached seventy. The line of her paternal ancestry is more distinctly traced through charters and other ancient documents: and from them it appears that Burcard, Count of Lintzgau, her father, derived his origin from a very potent race of nobles, who possessed such important fiefs in Germany and Helvetia, that in the earlier part of the tenth century Adalrich, descended from Charlemagne on the female side, was deemed sufficiently exalted to be united to Vindilgarde, grand-daughter of the emperor. This union had lasted scarcely two years, when the count, learning that the Hungarians were carrying fire and sword into his Bavarian domains, quitted his young wife and infant son, to repel the invaders. He was taken prisoner by these terrible foes, and, unable to convey any intelligence of his situation, the countess, after two years' absence, considered him dead. She was

many others equally superb, were greatly mutilated. The grand screen and all the woodwork were then consumed; hence the interior of that noble pile wears still an aspect so forlorn and naked.

then not more than twenty-three, and extremely beautiful; but, relinquishing every idea of marriage, she obtained permission from the abbot of St. Gall to erect a small building near the sacred walls of that monastery, into which she retired after taking vows of eternal widowhood and devotion. Twelve months had thus passed, when, one morning whilst dispensing alms and vestments at her door, she was rudely accosted by a wild-looking pilgrim, who demanded both money and clothing, in tones so insolent, that the unhappy Vindilgarde remembering the respect which had ever attended her when a wife, could not forbear weeping. "Oh, had he lived!" she exclaimed, and while she yet spoke, he clasped her in his arms, and bore her, fainting from terror and shame, into the church. It was the count returned from long captivity; and when recovered from their mutual transports, the happy pair sought the abbot of St. Gall, by whom the countess was absolved from her vows, on condition that she would resume them, should she ever become a widow in reality. But this was not her destiny: within the year she died in giving birth to a boy, who was thenceforth dedicated by his sorrowing father to a cloisteral life. The count himself soon afterwards assumed the cowl in the monastery of St. Gall, where he watched over the education of his children; and had the happiness of seeing Burcard, the youngest, give promise of all

the learning and great piety which subsequently raised him to be one of the most distinguished abbots of that noble institution. The count died in middle age, and his eldest son did not long survive him. He left no posterity, and, at his premature death, the title and family estates passed to his first cousin, Burcard, the son of Count Adalrich's younger brother.

Burcard, Count of Lintzgau and Buchorn, partook little of the self-denial or devotional spirit of his uncle and cousins. He was a man of ambitious temper, and stern character, with a strong head to carry out his designs and veil their motives. He married late in life a German lady of exceeding beauty and high lineage, by whom he had Bertha, destined to be his only child ; for her mother, though she lived a few years afterwards, gave him no other ; and Hedwige of Bavaria, his second wife, did not adorn their sumptuous table with a single olive branch. But she brought rank, riches, and accomplishments, that amply atoned to her husband for the loss of the heir he had so much coveted. Hedwige, the step-mother of Bertha, was only a few years her senior when she came to preside over the princely establishment of the Count of Lintzgau, no longer a young man, nor in robust health, but with a mind as active and aspiring as in the days of youthful manhood. She was the daughter of

Henry, Duke of Bavaria, and had been promised in childhood, by her father, to the Emperor of Constantinople, Constantine VII, then a boy, who sent a few years afterwards some learned men to her father's court to instruct her in the Greek language. Hedwige lent herself to the wishes of her future lord, as far as to acquire a very considerable knowledge of Greek ; but, as she grew up, she conceived a great dislike to this distant connection ; and "preferring," says an old writer, "the banks of the Danube to those of the Bosphorus," she adopted towards her Grecian masters a haughty demeanour, which disgusted them exceedingly ; and the emperor having requested her portrait, she bribed the artist to represent her with an enormous mouth somewhat awry, and her eyes strongly inclining to look at each other.\* Two letters accompanied this unattractive picture, perhaps not less so to a magnificent, luxurious, voluptuous monarch : one was from herself, insinuating a decided vocation for a learned and religious life ; the other from the worn-out *savans*, hinting at her stern demeanour and unamiable temper. Hedwige intimated that she would fulfil, if he required it, the contract of her youth, hoping to be repaid, for the cares of royalty and marriage, by the opportunities a residence in his court would present for the cultivation of science and investigation

\* Conservateur Suisse, vol. iii., page 364.

- of the sources of dispute between the Latin and Greek churches, whose respective merits she had not yet maturely considered. A learned lady had possibly few more genuine admirers a thousand years ago than now ; and polemical arguments from *such* a mouth, glances of incredulity, or disdain, or superiority, from *such* eyes, the young emperor felt would add not a little to the distastefulness of the topics from which she expected to derive consolation for the penance of being his wife. Deceived by this well-contrived stratagem, he unhesitatingly restored her pledge, and withdrew his own ; doubtless happy that he had just time to escape from so disagreeable a companion. Her father was then dead ; and, as she united great beauty and riches, several young princes, notwithstanding the alarm at her erudition, aspired to her hand ; but she refused all their offers, preferring study and liberty to the most brilliant alliance, till Burcard, Count of Lintzgau, having been elevated to the dignity of Duke of Swabia, she suddenly changed her anti-matrimonial views, and became the wife of a man old enough to be her father. • This singular choice was not improbably denominated by her former unsuccessful wooers as the caprice of a learned lady : but the lettered men, she so nobly patronised through a long life, have ascribed it to a sincere desire to cultivate literature with more freedom than a union with a younger man, or a life of monastic discipline, would

have allowed. No domestic strife or responsibility, as the step-mother of a lovely girl, her sister in point of age, was incurred by this marriage: for Bertha plighted her troth to one of the handsomest and most accomplished monarchs of the age soon after Hedwige became Duchess of Swabia; and, strangely preposterous as the alliance at first appeared, the difficult problem of the union of youth with age, seems to have been in this, as in many other instances to the honour of the gentler sex, happily solved; for the duke bequeathed to her far more than might have been expected from a father; and Hedwige, still young at the period of her widowhood, never threw away his honoured name to embrace that of a younger lord. Such was the successor of Bertha's mother; and, although a close connection between her and the duchess lasted but three or four years, Bertha was no doubt indebted to this remarkable woman, yet more illustrious from the exercise of many virtues than from her great attainments, for an example of active benevolence and dignified deportment, well worth the pecuniary loss sustained by her father's second connexion.

One of the most popular acts of the Emperor Conrad I., after his election to the imperial throne, had been to bestow, with the consent of his nobles, the duchy of Swabia or "Allemanie" on the Count of Lintzgau, to whose influence he had been much in-

debted for his own elevation ; and shortly afterwards, royal gratitude conferred on this favoured subject the whole of the confiscated estates of three unhappy nobleman condemned to be decapitated for alleged treason to the throne, and certainly most outrageous violence towards a very illustrious and estimable prelate, Soloman, bishop of Constance and abbot of St. Gall. It appears that a quarrel of some standing existed between them and the bishop, which the latter had vainly endeavoured to remove by offers of hospitality and kindness. Two of them were brothers, and the third their nephew by a sister. They were the last branches of the ancient Swabian house of Agilolfinger : and the brothers Archchanger and Berthold filled the high situation of commissioners for the execution of the emperor's authority in Swabia, both under the late and present sovereign. In the discharge of this office they frequently came in contact with the bishop—no clear laws then existed for the administration of public affairs—power and right often belonged to strength and address—and jealous of his wealth and influence in the country, where they were not popular, they treated him with such marked disrespect on several occasions, that Conrad, who entertained for him much friendship, and to whom he was distantly related, at length felt his own dignity impugned. He was not of a temper to brook insolence either to himself or those connected with him ;

and he sent them a severe reprimand, accompanied by an express order, in their future intercourse with the Bishop of Constance, to remember what was due to a prelate so distinguished by his birth, learning, and goodness. With the mad recklessness of men abandoned to passions hurrying them on to destruction, they were incensed rather than alarmed by the imperial mandate, and continued their course of opposition to all his measures and the emperor's orders, till Soloman, anticipating the consequences of their rebellious conduct towards the latter, pressed for a personal reconciliation ; and after many fruitless overtures they were prevailed upon to dine at the episcopal palace at Constance, where a sumptuous repast awaited them. All the splendour of the bishopric was put in requisition to grace the banquet—the tables were covered with carpets of silk tissue interwoven with gold and silver, over which was spread the finest linen of Damascus—the plates and dishes were chiefly of silver—the brick floors were hidden by the rich manufactures of the East ; and game and poultry, first seen in Switzerland at his table, were served up to the astonished guests, amid many other luxuries foreign and indigenous. The cold sterile lands around St. Gall have never been fitted for the cultivation of the vine ;\* and however rich and abundant the repasts of

\* It was besides difficult to furnish the quantity of manure necessary for the culture of the vine ; and the monks appear to



the monastery were seldom seasoned by the juice of the grape excepting on high days and holidays, when the rich produce of the Rhenish provinces was freely poured into vast goblets of silver, or of Bavarian glass, then scarcely less costly. On this occasion the wine-cup of especial greeting went round ; and as he pledged his guests, with all the gladness and hilarity which a good man feels at the termination of strife, the bishop

have disliked the incessant labour and care it entailed in a soil and climate so little congenial. There is current an anecdote, somewhat amusing on this subject :—"The monks had seldom more than two tuns of wine in the convent, and Ulric, Bishop of Augsburg, in return for the hospitality he had received on a journey, having sent them a present of a great barrel, the whole monastery was seized with consternation on learning that the cart in which it was coming had been overturned, and the barrel thrown into a little dell or hollow near the old bridge. Terrified lest the wine might be spilt, they all sallied out, and having put every device into execution to withdraw the tun in vain, they made a procession around the hollow, and their grief found vent in repeated *Kyrie Eleïsons*. After much toil and difficulty they at length succeeded in recovering the object of their anxiety, without the loss of its valuable contents, when they testified their joy by chanting a *Te Deum*, with more fervour than we now sing after bloody battles, and with more reason."

Les moines se mirent l'esprit à la torture pour inventer un moyen de retirer le tonneau ; désespérant d'y réussir, ils firent une procession autour du creux, et leur douleur s'exhala en *Kyrie Eleïson* répétées. L'on parvint cependant à recouvrer l'objet de leur inquiétude, et tous témoignèrent leur allégresse, en chantant le *Te Deum*, avec plus de ferveur que nous ne le chantons aujourd'hui, après des batailles sanglantes.

hoped that his sentiments were shared by them. But blinded, alas ! by envy and ill-appeased resentment, the very magnificence displayed to do them honour added to their implacable antipathy ; and the elder brother, to whom Solomon had presented a goblet of crystal of exceeding value as a gift, immediately contrived to let this expensive present escape from his fingers to the ground, where it was dashed to atoms, and the wine poured out on the gorgeous carpet. The dignified composure with which the bishop bore this insult exasperated yet more these victims of senseless rage ; and they finally departed from Constance, breathing threats of vengeance for an imagined affront which sprung only from the single fault which tarnished the lustre of the learned and amiable bishop's many virtues. With the erudition, refinement, and love of grandeur which characterised his namesake, the royal monarch of Israel, he was (in the gratitude of his heart for the abundant blessings that strewed his path) too prone, like another, the good Hezekiah, to exhibit his riches ; and probably willing on this memorable occasion to impress the haughty commissioners with the extent of his wealth and power, he had enjoined a few of his most affluent vassals to appear in their holiday habits. They accordingly made their entrance into the spacious hall of the palace just after the bishop had finished the enumeration of the golden and jewelled cups, silver chalices,

patens, and *encensoirs*, the silken hangings and tapestry, and other valuables still undisplayed in the coffers of his monastery at St. Gall. The garrulous prelate, amongst other ill-timed boastings, declared that the convent oven was capacious enough to bake bread for an army of a thousand men, and that the revenues of some of his shepherds of Appenzell were greater than those of many a stout baron.

It was at this inauspicious moment that the shepherds, a simple body of men who occupied immense tracts of land in that alpine district, rich indeed, but whose patriarchal wealth gave them no title to patrician distinction, arrived. The commissioners deceived by their superior bearing, as well as the rich attire they had put on to honour their suzerain, and, possibly, glad to turn the conversation from a topic so little agreeable, immediately rose up and saluted them with much respect, imagining they were guests arrived by mistake too late for the entertainment. When informed of their error, and told that the bishop, as Abbot of St. Gall, could summon fifty such under his banner, their shame and indignation knew no bounds. Scorning alike apologies, explanations, and entreaties, they rushed from the room, mounted their horses, declaring they had been purposely insulted; and soon afterwards unhappily meeting the bishop with three or four servants only on his way to St. Gall, regardless of consequences, took him prisoner,

and sent him to the castle of Hohentweil, which belonged to Duke Archchanger, the eldest of the brothers, whilst they proceeded to raise some troops to enable them to defend the fortress. The bishop was accompanied by Archchanger's nephew, Lietfried, a very headstrong young man, who had instigated them to this fatal step; and on reaching Hohentweil, he would have consigned him to one of the dungeons, had not the good judgment and good feeling of the duchess interfered to prevent this outrage. A messenger had been expedited to the castle with the extraordinary tidings of the bishop's capture; and, whilst with feminine perception she clasped her hands in agony as the unwelcome tale met her ear, exclaiming "All is lost!" she directed a small oratory to be fitted up in the state apartment, and such preparations for receiving him worthily as the time allowed. Overwhelmed with grief, she descended to the drawbridge; and after conducting the scarcely less afflicted prelate to his chamber, fell on her knees; and, like Abigail, the wife of the churlish Nabal, suing to David in olden times, she prayed for the pardon of herself, of her misguided husband and his kindred. From this alarming situation, the bishop was soon rescued by the simultaneous efforts of an enraged population, to whom he was justly dear. Burcard, Duke of Swabia, marched so immediately to his succour, that before the miserable brothers could return into the security

of their fortress, it was invested, and their own flight intercepted by the peasantry everywhere in arms against them. Seeing resistance in vain, Lietfried surrendered the citadel ; and, with his two uncles, was incarcerated in the dungeon he had designed for the bishop.

For this outrage against the laws committed on the public road, and on the person of so distinguished an ecclesiastic, in defiance of the emperor's admonition and authority, they were condemned to be decapitated ; and the duke, on whom their confiscated property was bestowed, received the custody of their persons, with an order to execute the sentence. Before, however, the decent delay granted to criminals of such exalted rank to prepare for death had expired, the entreaties of the bishop, (shocked at being the cause of bloodshed,) and the universal opinion that banishment would be a sufficient punishment, since the bishop had experienced no personal violence, obtained for them an indefinite respite, which their friends were not without hope might terminate in the prayed-for mitigation. The extenuating circumstances of the case were, that the seizure of the bishop was evidently the unpremeditated act of turbulent thoughtless men, and the attempt to raise troops to defend their fortress sprung from it. Solomon unceasing in his efforts to save them, went to Mayence to intercede for the remission of the capital part of the sentence

with the emperor; and continually, both by letter, and verbal communication, urged on the Duke of Swabia to use his influence with Conrad, to obtain the commutation of death into exile. Two years thus wore heavily away, when the emperor either weary of the bishop's importunities for their pardon gave a secret order for their execution, or the Duke of Swabia (afraid if it were granted that he might eventually lose some part of their patrimony,) suddenly carried out the severe decree without receiving any fresh command, for the miserable men were all three beheaded the same day at Emdingen,\* without any previous warning, in the duke's castle yard; and this certainly cruel, if not unjust, conduct on the part of the duke, who was known to have urged from the first the necessity of inflicting it, awakened a strong feeling against him which never entirely subsided. Two of their castles, Bordan and Stammerheim, were razed to the ground; but the fortress of Hohentweil, between Shaffhausen and Constance, altered and improved, became the favourite abode of Hedwige after her widowhood. The dismantled castle crowns a lofty rock, and is said to resemble the appearance of an Indian hill fort. The Duchess of Swabia, after at least forty years' residence within its massive walls added a chantry, and founded a small community of nuns, to pray for their souls, and that of the duke.

\* Mallet, tome i. page 123.

The good bishop was long inconsolable : he had already procured for the wife of Archchanger the privilege of withdrawing from her husband's property her own paraphernalia and jointure ; and after giving honourable interment to the bodies in one of his own churches, he added so large a sum to the reft widow's inheritance that she passed the residue of a long life at Constance, in the enjoyment of all the consolations that affluence could purchase. She had no children —the two other sufferers were unmarried ; and the Duke of Swabia, apparently without a rival, entered quietly into the full possession of all that had belonged to a race at once so illustrious and so unfortunate. But, although these wretched victims to violence of temper, left neither father, nor brother, nor nephew to compete with the powerful noble, whose harsh counsels had instigated, and harder heart executed, the doom of death awarded by an offended sovereign, —the duke soon found he would not be permitted to enjoy the fruits of his new possessions without a struggle. The circumstances attending the extermination of the whole race of Agilolfinger were certainly of a nature to excite the warm indignation of kindred, however remote ; and ere two months had elapsed, an avenger appeared in the person of Rudolph II., the young and spirited monarch of the recently erected kingdom of Transjurane. He had been six years on the throne, which his father's valour

and genius had reared up in one of the loveliest countries in Europe ; but he was yet scarcely in the prime of manhood, full of energy, vivacity, generosity, and ambition. He was distantly allied to the deceased nobles, and sensible of their flagrant faults, does not appear to have interposed in their behalf whilst they lived. He probably anticipated that they would have been ultimately pardoned, or at least exiled, and felt it was not for him, still on a tottering throne, wearing a scarcely recognised crown, to embroil himself with the emperor, from whose dominions it had been wrested by force, not obtained by favour : but a catastrophe so unexpected, so terrible, roused him to action. By the death of all the party he found also that he had claims on some valuable fiefs in German-Switzerland, not in the emperor's power to alienate from a collateral heir, wholly innocent of participation in the crime imputed to the delinquents ; and, his sense of their wrongs doubtless sharpened by a determination to assert his own rights, determined him to take up arms against the Duke of Swabia.

In the autumn of 918, therefore, with the energy of youth, he speedily raised a considerable body of troops in the Valais, Savoy, and the Pays de Vaud ; and passed the rivers Reus and Limmat, to besiege Winterthur, where Burcard of Swabia was then residing.

Bravery and ability were not the points wanting in the character of the Duke of Swabia. He had had



small time to prepare for this hostile attack, for news travelled slowly in the tenth century, but he had in that short interval got together a tolerable force, and without waiting the result of his young rival's military operations, he marched out at once, and forced him to give battle in the neighbouring plains of Kiburg. The combat began at two o'clock in the afternoon. Rudolph's men were fatigued, and somewhat dispirited by finding themselves so suddenly in presence of the enemy on his own ground ; whilst Burcard's had all the freshness and confidence resulting from unexhausted strength and the command of a veteran warrior of known genius. A battle long, bloody, and obstinate ensued. Rudolph inherited the valour, at least, of his chivalrous father ; and his mountaineers suffered no panic to paralyze their efforts ; but the odds were too great against them ; and after losing the major part of his noblest chevaliers, Rudolph was finally constrained to yield to superior numbers and generalship. Perhaps the duke was pleased with the gallant bearing and generous intrepidity of the young monarch—it may be, he knew he had drawn his maiden sword in a just cause, and felt some compunctious visitations of conscience : for instead of crushing his defenceless rival, or abusing his success by a mean triumph, he held out to him the right hand of fellowship. Rudolph, besides Swiss Romande, had already some valuable fiefs in Western Helvetia. The failure

of this expedition had abated his self-confidence as well as diminished his power. Peace was necessary to his future prosperity; and a treaty was entered into between them, which proved of more value to him than ten such victories had he succeeded; for, as a pledge of sincerity and symbol of the union of the two Helvetias, the duke ceded to him a part of Argovia, extending to the foot of Mount Albis, and promised him in marriage the hand of his only child Bertha, "a queen," says a great historian, "who rendered more services to himself and his subjects than they could have derived from the conquest of the finest province." \*

The young couple whose vows were plighted under such strange circumstances met immediately, and a mutual attachment naturally sprung up between them. Rudolph, accounted a fine spirited handsome chivalrous prince, was then little more than twenty-three; and Bertha, whose features have been transmitted to posterity by more than one grave chronicler (who shall say that external charms are of small consequence?) ranks as one of the loveliest women of her age. She is described as a beautiful German girl, with a profusion of blonde tresses curling over a fair ample forehead, (meet receptacle for noble thoughts and high resolves,) large blue eyes of sweet yet ma-

\* Müller; Mallet, tome i. page 124; Con. Suisse, tome ix. page 391.

jestic expression, and a look at once lively, ingenuous, and amiable.\* At this period, however, Bertha was considered too young to enter on the duties of a wife ; and Rudolph returned into the Transjurane to soothe the regrets of those whose kindred had fallen in the battle, and prepare a suitable residence for his future queen.

St. Maurice, a town at the very entrance of the canton of the Valais, had become the capital, or at least the seat of government of the new kingdom of the Transjurane, but the castle of Orbe, where Rudolph himself first drew breath, and the residence of the family before its escutcheon boasted a crown, was the favoured abode selected to receive the youthful bride ; and early in the year 922, Bertha, of Swabia, became the wife of Rudolph II. King of the Transjurane or Little Burgundy—that idolized queen whose name, after nine centuries, is still held in veneration in Helvetia—whose distaff has passed into a proverb—and whose saddle, on which she sat so many weary hours superintending or executing the multiplied labours her sagacious mind suggested, and unwearied diligence completed, is still preserved as a sacred relic of one whose whole life was spent in the exercise of active benevolence ; while many a carol yet chanted by the vine-dressers, and spinsters, and “knitters in the sun” of Swiss Romande, perpetuate the remembrance of “the good Queen Bertha, and her times.”

\* Müller.

The memoir of Bertha is so strongly bound up in the history of the beautiful kingdom she thenceforth governed, far more than the young monarch whose crown she merely shared, that it would be impossible to separate them ; and the eye must glance briefly back upon her royal predecessors, ere her reign of mingled glory and abasement, of happiness and sorrow, can commence.

Bertha of Swabia, was not the first whose strong intellect and noble nature planned the civilization and cultivation of the enchanting country termed Swiss Romande :—one as lovely, as gifted, and as good, but for whom the inscrutable, yet always wise decrees of Providence assigned a different doom, had preceded her in the path of virtue, and whose glorious example possibly stamped its impress on her youthful mind. The royal château of Orbe, which received Bertha as a bride, was built by the Princess Theodolinde, or Theudelane, whilst governing the kingdom of her brother Thierry, King of Burgundy ; during his incessant wars with the ephemeral race of sovereigns who, one after another, succeeded to the unsettled throne of France. Orbe, once one of the most illustrious cities of Helvetia ; and, before the era of the first Cæsar, the capital of the four primitive cantons, became the metropolis of the province called at first Transjurane, and, subsequently, Little Burgundy—it extended from the Jura to the Grand

St. Bernard.\* The great road from France to Italy then passed through this town, and Theodolinde, younger sister of Thierry, to whom this division of his dominions was confided, determined, about 606, on making it the place of her habitual residence.† Situated on a gentle eminence in one of the most beautiful valleys of Switzerland, with a climate which brought to maturity the finest grapes—at the foot of the rich pasturages of the Jura—on a deep rapid river, and in the vicinity of the lake de Joux swarming with fish—at a short distance from vast forests full of game—the sagacious princess, though scarcely more than of age, saw that the hand of art only was

\* Les Francs, appelés ensuite Français, se fixèrent vers l'an 460 dans le pays que nous habitons. \* \* \* \*

Ils donnèrent le nom de Transjurane à toute la contrée qui s'étend depuis le Jura au Grand St. Bernard. Un gouverneur appelé Patrice, ou Duke, nommé par le roi, y tenait sa résidence.

† Notices historiques sur la ville d'Orbe, etc. ; Cons. Suisse, tome v. page 311.

Cette notice sur la ville d'Orbe dans le moyen âge, et sur le royaume de la petite Bourgogne, est le résultat de longues recherches et d'un travail pénible.—*Rev. P. Bridel, Pastor of Montreux*, tome v. page 353.

A l'époque des rois Rudolphiens, Orbe étoit également connue sous le nom de Taverne ; on le sait par diverses chartres, dont l'une, de l'an 1019, dit que près d'une ancienne voie romaine étoit Taverne, qui s'appelle aussi Orbe, à cause de la rivière sur laquelle elle est située. (*Villa Tabernis, quæ alio nomine propter fluvium ibidem defluentem Urba appellatur.*)

necessary to render a site so favoured by nature a great capital ; and after building a noble château, one of her first acts was to throw a very bold bridge over the river to facilitate the commerce of the city. Two churches next arose under her protecting power—roads were laid out, and many in great measure completed during the seven or eight years of her reign. She endeavoured to attract settlers in this, her favourite residence, by granting portions of land to those who would build within its jurisdiction, or who were in possession of any mechanical art useful to mankind. She held a court extremely polished for that distant epoch ; receiving strangers, and all distinguished by virtue or learning, with especial attention and hospitality. Nor were her benefits confined to the high or the affluent—the poorer classes of her brother's subjects were equally the objects of her maternal attention. In 611 her wisdom and benevolence were eminently displayed on the occasion of a hostile attack from the Germans, when she received within the walls of her city, and even castle, many hundreds of the peasantry who fled from the country ; and serfs whose good conduct had awakened attention continually received from her the gift of freedom.

About 614, the reign of this noble woman was closed by an act of self-devotion to her kindred which terminated in her own destruction ; and, although more than twelve hundred years have run

their course since her brief existence, her name is perpetuated in the popular traditions of the country ; and owes its hallowed remembrance less to the splendour of her birth, or the charms of her person and mind, than to her boundless beneficence. She was the grand-daughter of Brunehaut, Queen of Austrasia, celebrated for the extraordinary beauty of her person, her talents, her imputed crimes, and unquestioned sufferings. This miserable woman, after having survived the murder of two royal husbands—both in the prime of manhood—the hopeless captivity of a lovely and amiable daughter, Ingundis, married to a cousin—widowed like herself by the dagger of an assassin (his own father)—and her two sons,—assumed the reins of government in behalf of her infant grandchildren, and ruled by the power of her genius for seventeen years in Austrasia, though constantly assailed by the machinations of the nobles, anxious to wrest the kingdom from her hands. “ Begone woman,” said the Duke Ursio, “ if thou dost not desire that the feet of our horses should trample thee to the earth.” What an empire is that of mind !—despite of this fearful menace, she continued to govern the haughty barons who would scarcely acknowledge her equality, employing the resources of the state, not wanted for its progress, in elevating monuments which long attested her glory. The *chaussées* of Brunehaut and her fortresses might have passed for

the best, if not the most beautiful works of the Romans. She seconded Pope Gregory the Great in his missions for the conversion of England, then divided among the tribes of the Anglo-Saxons, by sending repeated loans for the purpose ; so that if the letters of that pontiff may be credited, the English are powerfully indebted to her for dispensing the blessings of Christianity over those parts of the Saxon Heptarchy not yet enlightened by the labours of St. Paul and his followers.\* Unhappily for the country, which, under her judicious sway, displayed that prosperity which is nearly ever the work of energy and talent combined, the turbulent faction, who were unable to throw off her yoke when she ruled alone, drew into their party, after he attained majority, her eldest grandson Theudebert ; nearly imbecile,

\* Elle seconda puissamment le Pape Grégoire le Grand dans ses missions pour la conversion de la Bretagne, alors partagée entre les Anglo Saxons, et c'est à son zèle, aux secours constans qu'elle donnoit aux missionnaires, que, si nous en croyons les lettres de ce pape, l'Angleterre doit son Christianisme.—*Sismondi.*

This must be understood to mean the peculiar doctrines of the Church of Rome, then rapidly developing ; for the pious and learned Bishop Burgess has abundantly proved, that, at the period of Austin's mission to England, the church of Britain, as established by St. Paul, was already widely disseminated, and had schools, and churches, and a learned clergy ; the latter of whom long protested against what they considered the errors and ceremonies introduced by Austin and his companions.



and despotically governed by his mistress, a slave, who was their tool. Brunehaut was suddenly seized by treachery, banished the kingdom, and driven on foot to the frontier of Burgundy, where she found an asylum with her youngest grandson, Thierry II., reigning at Chalons-sur-Saône. But although Brunehaut had conferred the inestimable knowledge of Christianity on others, its peaceful precepts failed to soften the resentment she felt at her own wrongs, and the ingratitude of her grandson. She panted for revenge; and by degrees acquired such influence over Thierry and his people, that they determined to take up arms in her cause. The civil war, thus lighted, brought with it her own dreadful punishment, and the entire ruin of her race.

In 612, Thierry, like his sister Theodolinde, possessed of a strong and energetic mind, having conquered his brother in two battles, Theudebert, his mistress, and their illegitimate child, were put to death by the order of his exasperated grandmother. Short was this revengeful triumph. Clotaire II., the son of her mortal enemy Fredegonde, who had grown up to manhood in Neustria, at the invitation of the insurgent nobles of Austrasia, united himself to them. They were resolved to shake off the dominion of Thierry, now become their legitimate king; and, in the midst of his victorious career, the young monarch was suddenly carried off by poison, secretly adminis-

tered through a treasonable hand :—the first employment of the science of chemistry by a barbarous people being ever to scatter its deadly uses among their foes, rather than to cull its gifts for their own benefit.

The army assembled by Brunehaut to defend the four infant children and crown of her deceased grandson, proved faithless. At the sound of a trumpet the troops either went over to the opposite party, or fled; and Brunehaut escaped with much difficulty to Orbe, accompanied by her four great-grandsons. Theodolinde received the fugitives with generous affection; and in the name of her eldest nephew, now her sovereign, raised a considerable force to defend the city. Orbe was at the entrance of an important passage of the Jura, and the castle had all the advantages of strength and position requisite for the fortified hold of royalty. It was defended by bastions and towers of extraordinary solidity; and aided by the simultaneous efforts of a devoted population, she would probably have succeeded in preserving the crown of Burgundy to her family, but she, too, was betrayed.\*

\* La reine étoit chez Theodolinde, sa petite fille, au château d'Orbe, situé à l'entrée d'un passage important du Mont Jura, sur des rochers escarpés que baignoient, dans la profondeur des précipices affreux, les eaux bruyantes de l'Orbe. Son heure fatale étoit arrivée : les nobles la livrèrent au monarque ennemi, qui lui fit essayer un trépas honteux et cruel.

In the early and middle ages of society, to rule over a turbulent aristocracy with a strong hand was always considered a maxim of policy by wise monarchs. Queens are seldom fortunate in the exercise of their kingly rights, however sagely administered, Theodolinde was accused by her lawless nobles of straining too tightly the cords of discipline. Like the accomplished James I., of Scotland, at a much later period, she was in advance of her age and her court. The rude and ferocious nobles winced under her checks on their licentious exercise of power, and felt degraded by submission to a woman. The royal residence was besieged by Erpon, the lieutenant of Clotaire: there was treason without, and terror within — it was taken — the four young princes were butchered, and the aged woman, whose head was whitened by the snow of seventy winters, delivered up to her mortal foe — the worthy son of Fredegonde, the assassin of her youthful husbands. Her end was so terrible, that historians have shrunk from detailing the three days' tortures which preceded a death ultimately effected by being tied to the heels of a wild horse. "And for miles around," says one shuddering narrator, "the fields and highways were strewn with the silver hair and scattered remnants of this daughter, wife, and mother of kings."\*

\* Brunehaud ou Brunichilde, fille d'Athanagilde, Roi des Visigots en Espagne, St. Grégoire le Grand, et St. Germain de

The magnanimous martyr to her duties, as regent and relative, Theodolinde, met (it is said) a milder doom. Her punishment, for refusing to betray the rights of nature and the duties of a regent, was banishment to France; and there, in the flower of her youth, and beauty, and goodness, she died in two years. What was her *real* fate is known only (like that of all captives) to her jailers. What eye but theirs can penetrate into the dungeon of darkness? What ear but theirs receive the last sigh of expiring agony emitted by the prisoner? The Burgundian nobles had soon reason to lament their treachery and disloyalty in oceans of blood. Erpon, her successor under the new dynasty, although his beginning was of good augury, fell by the knife of an assassin to whom his rule proved more obnoxious than that of the princess he had abandoned, instigated by the Bishop of Sion and some nobles attached to Theodolinde. A civil war ensued, which devastated the country, and it sunk into a mere conquered province of France. The kings of the second

Paris, donnent de grands éloges à cette Princesse, qui apparemment parut d'abord vertueuse; mais les autres écrivains en font un portrait horrible. \* \* \* \* \*

On lui fit subir une morte cruelle, en l'attachant à la queue d'une cavale indomptée, en 613. Néanmoins M. de Cordemoy, dans son Histoire de France, tâche de la justifier sur la plupart des crimes qu'on lui impute.—*Dictionnaire Historique, par M. l'Abbé Ladvocat*, tome i. page 276.

race, however, preserved at Orbe the palace erected by Theodolinde; and about the year 750, Pepin placed there a governor, who soon revolted against his brother, killed him, and was killed in turn.

Notwithstanding the obscurity which reigns over the Transjurane for upwards of two centuries, Orbe evidently continued to be a place of importance. Pope Stephen II. sojourned some time at the château, after having, with great pomp, made the dedication of a church and convent, delighted with its picturesque position and salubrious air; and the three sons of Lothaire I. fixed upon it as their abode during the adjustment of their reciprocal rights to their father's dominions. In this division the Transjurane fell to the portion of Lothaire II., his eldest son; and, with the entire concurrence of the people, he appointed, as patrice or duke, Hughbert, Abbot and Bishop of St. Maurice in the canton of the Valais, a Burgundian nobleman of great personal influence, whose sister he soon afterwards raised to the throne of Lorraine. From this connexion the most happy results had been expected for the country; but so little can the eye of man look into the hidden depths of futurity, that ere long it lighted up a war of almost extermination, which lasted in Europe after all the original actors in its terrible scenes were become its victims. Swiss chroniclers, biassed perhaps to a certain degree by their attach-

ment to a family of almost royal rank, sprung from themselves, have unanimously decided in favour of the bishop and his sister; but Sismondi, Italian rather than Swiss, and some more modern writers, give so different a colouring to the quarrel, and its cause, that as, probably, the least prejudiced source, this dark picture in Swiss history shall be reproduced, with slight alteration, in the lines of the latter.

In the year 856, Lothaire II., Carlovingian monarch of the newly-formed kingdom of Lorraine, married Theutberga, daughter of Boson, Duke of Burgundy, from whom he separated the following year, accusing her of crime previous to her marriage; and, to the horror of nature, pointed out her brother, the Bishop and Abbot of St. Maurice, as her guilty accomplice. Theutberga, driven from Lorraine, returned into her native country, where she met warm and influential friends. Hughbert in his government of the Transjurane was popular; his partizans refused all credence to the injurious tale; and, as the queen, in conformity with the manners of the age, cleared herself from this shocking charge by the trial of boiling water, from which her champion emerged without sustaining bodily harm, Lothaire was adjudged by the clergy, and enjoined by his affronted Helvetian nobles to receive her back again in 858. This decision was extremely offensive to him; he not only continued to insist upon her

guilt, but pleaded a prior engagement to Valdrada, sister of the Archbishop of Cologne, and niece to the Archbishop of Treves, whom he had, he said, been compelled to abandon during a civil war, but who still remained the object of his affections, and was, in his opinion, a legitimate wife. As these reasons could have no real weight with any ecclesiastical court, he was commanded to resume his conjugal duties, and Theutberga re-entered the palace.

No judicial sentence can effect an alteration in the heart. Lothaire persisted in treating Theutberga with coldness and disdain, and early in the month of January, either to escape the humiliations she experienced in a palace which she had entered by force, and occupied by sufferance, or to render homage to truth, she went to Aix-la-Chapelle, and voluntarily confessed the crime of which Lothaire accused her before a council of bishops there assembled. The astonished and indignant prelates immediately pronounced a sentence of divorce between Lothaire and herself, condemning her, at the same time, to be shut up in a convent.

Delighted with this unlooked-for release from a domestic bond so insupportable, Lothaire immediately married Valdrada, a female, says a Swiss historian,\* "fair and enchanting as Helen, and as

\* Notices historiques sur la ville d'Orbe; Bridel, tome v. page 320.

fatal to this beautiful province as her predecessor to antique Troy." She was solemnly crowned by her adoring husband, and a furious war almost instantly burst out between him and the Bishop of St. Maurice. Theutberga, too, disgusted with the restraints and mortifications of a monastic life, ere long effected her escape from the convent to which she had been banished ; and the clergy of entire Christianity soon took cognizance of the affair. It is not said if the zeal with which they opposed the divorce of Theutberga arose from *esprit de corps* to save the reputation of the Abbot of St. Maurice, or simply from the desire of the clergy to preserve entire their jurisdiction over marriages, and to retain by this engine kings in subjection : but the private interests of Valdrada's ecclesiastical relations, the Archbishops of Cologne and Treves, gave way before this important question, and Lothaire was commanded to put her away.

The Merovingian sovereigns had usually many wives and many mistresses, whom they repudiated or dismissed at their will and pleasure, without these caprices having been seriously repressed by the priests. Charlemagne had followed their example with impunity. Nine wives, divorced with very little ceremony, gave a pleasing variety to his matrimonial fetters, and did not hinder his canonization. Louis I., however, conformed his manners to the laws of religion, and the orders of the church, whose decrees



Lothaire, on the contrary, had already shown a disposition to disregard, and the present occasion was seized upon as favourable both for his exemplary punishment, and for inspiring salutary terror into other rebellious monarchs.

Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims, took upon himself to demonstrate that, although Theutberga might have been guilty before marriage, that was not a sufficient reason for pronouncing its dissolution; and many other clerly advocates followed on the same side. In the meanwhile the Bishop of St. Maurice offered a very powerful resistance to the will and wishes of his brother-in-law, who had succeeded in banishing him from Orbe, the seat of government, and sought to drive him from the kingdom. He fortified himself in the Alps and the Jura, pillaging the adherents of Lothaire, and conferring their castles on his own partisans. More fitted for arms than a mitre, he sustained the unequal contest three years, with various success but unflinching courage; and after conquering in three regular battles, he fell either under the walls of his own monastery at St. Maurice or those of Orbe, whilst engaged in mortal combat with Conrad, Count of Paris, a distant relative of Lothaire's. Notwithstanding his warlike propensities, Hughbert was popular in the Transjurane, from his ancient lineage, his riches, and their liberal appropriation. His defeat, after the display of so much.

bravery and skill, was mourned as a national loss. The people would not believe that his sister's confession had any other foundation than a wish to obtain her personal enfranchisement from a union that portended misery to her while life lasted. He had been married without that circumstance materially impairing his reputation, for the celibacy of the clergy was not then insisted upon;—whether innocent or guilty the manner of his death was chivalrous, always of great weight with the people, and when they learnt that he fell, encouraging his men to victory in a just cause, with the sacred lance of St. Maurice, the titular saint of the country, in his hands, their fury against Lothaire knew no bounds.

It would be tedious to follow the history of the different ecclesiastical councils (for the prelates of France were unanimously in favour of Lothaire), which now annulled, and then confirmed, the ill-starred union between Lothaire and Theutberga—the melancholy details of whose scandalous history occupied Christianity during fifteen years.\* It is sufficient to say that Lothaire was forced to dismiss Valdrada, after she had borne him two, if not more children, and re-open his palace to her not less miserable rival;

\* Nicolas excommunia Lothaire, avec Valdrade, concubine de ce Prince; mais les évêques de France n'eurent aucun égard à ses censures, ne voulant pas le reconnoître pour pape en cette cause.—*Dictionnaire Historique, par M. l'Abbé Ladvocat.*

and that this compulsory union augmented, in the hearts of the ill-matched couple, their mutual hatred and resentment. The violent death of her brother Hughbert, defending, it might be, her innocence and his own, was alone a sufficient reason for their personal separation. Lothaire never ceased to besiege the Holy See for permission to repair to Rome to justify his conduct; while Theutberga, on her side, was equally urgent to be released from a husband who detested her; and, between whom and herself, an insuperable barrier had been raised by her acknowledgment of criminality to the council at Aix-la-Chapelle. The entreaties of Lothaire were repulsed with haughty contempt; and to those of Theutberga, the pontiff at length returned the following answer:—

“We are equally astonished at the expressions of thy letters, and the language of thy deputies, remarking so complete a change in thy style and petitions. We do not forget that at first thou didst not ask anything of this kind from us. We declare that thou hast succumbed under unceasing affliction, continued persecution, and odious violence. Thou affirmest that nobody constrains thee when thou demandest to be despoiled of the royal dignity; but we do not believe thee. As to the strange testimony thou bearest in favour of Valdrada, declaring her to be the legitimate wife of Lothaire,—it is in vain

that thou endeavourest to establish such a marriage; nobody here, besides, wants thy testimony; it is for us to know what is just; it is for us to distinguish what is equitable. And as to thyself, although thou shouldst be rightly punished for thy sins, or dead, we would never permit Lothaire to take his concubine Valdrada for his second wife."

After the demise of Nicholas I., the moment arrived when the Holy See permitted Lothaire to repair to Rome to vindicate himself. He thought, indeed, he had well merited some special favour, for having conducted a victorious army against the Saracens, who, after devastating the south of Italy, had even threatened the security of the sovereign pontiff. Nevertheless Adrian II. and the chiefs of the hierarchy judged it expedient to establish that gratitude must be subordinate to justice; and that obligations rendered even to its highest dignitaries could not withdraw sinners from the chastisements of an offended church. Towards the end of the summer of 869, Lothaire made his entry into Rome, and might from the first moment have perceived that vengeance hung over his devoted head. The description of his reception is thus narrated by the Archbishop Hincmar, author of the annals of Bertin: "When Pope Adrian came back to Rome, Lothaire, who followed him, arrived at the church of St. Peter; but no clerk presented himself to receive him, and

it was alone with his people that he advanced to the tomb of the apostle. He entered afterwards into an apartment adjoining, belonging to the church, to take up his lodgings there ; they had not even taken the care to sweep it out for him. He made his appearance only the next morning, which was Sunday, when they ought to have chaunted a mass before him ; but the pope would never consent that this honour should be offered. Still, the next day being Monday, he dined with his holiness in the Lateran palace, and they made each other mutual presents. Adrian afterwards invited Lothaire with all his court to a solemn communion ; but it was with clauses which must have struck terror into his heart. After the mass was finished, writes the contemporary author of the "*Annals of Metz*," the sovereign pontiff, taking in his hands the body and blood of Christ, called the king to the table of the Lord, and spoke thus :—

"If thou holdest thyself guilty of the crime of adultery, for which thou wast interdicted by our glorious predecessor, Nicholas I., of blessed memory ; and if thou hast well determined in thy heart never more, in all the days of thy life, to have intercourse with thy mistress Valdrada, draw near with confidence, and receive the sacrament of salvation, which will be to thee the pledge of the remission of thy past sins, and of thy eternal happiness ; but if in thy soul thou dost propose to yield again to the seduc-

tions of her, thy mistress, beware of taking this sacrament, for fear that what the Lord hath prepared as a remedy for his faithful may not change for thee into fearful chastisement."

Lothaire, his mind bewildered by this awful adjuration, received without retracting the wafer from the hands of the pontiff, after which Adrian, turning to the king's companions, offered it to each communicant on these terms :

"If thou hast not lent thy consent to the faults of thy king, and if thou hast not had communication with Valdrada, or with others excommunicated by the Holy See, may the body and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ be with thee for everlasting life !"

Each of them, though feeling himself compromised, nevertheless, in the confusion of the moment, took the wafer with rash audacity. It was on Monday, the 31st of July, 869, and all died before the first day of the following year, excepting a very small number, who, from alarm at the consciousness of their secret sentiments, had contrived to elude swallowing the fatal wafer which was to be the test of their sincerity, and thus saved themselves from death.\* Lothaire himself, in quitting Rome, was attacked by the avenging malady which the pope had announced to him would be his punishment. He

\* Words of the annalist of Metz, quoted by Sismondi.

dragged himself, however, as far as Plaisance, where he expired on the eighteenth of August. Most of his suite had already paid the penalty of his sins and their own. From the very gates of the pontifical city, all who had with him received the sacrament began to fall, one by one, at his side, and few indeed found strength to arrive with him at Plaisance.

The pontiff saw the judgment of God in this calamity ; and made a point of communicating it to the kings of Europe, to warn them against incurring the anger of heaven by opposition to the church. This judgment of God, as it was termed, was then frequently practised for the discovery of crime. In invoking its use it was considered indifferent whether the accused were offered a poison or a healthy aliment : for the innocent, the poison was to change into nutritious food, after the invocation uttered by the priest ; for the guilty, the aliment would be transformed into a deadly substance.\*

---

As after the raging blasts of a stern and lengthened winter which stripped the desolate woods of the last lingering leaf, the cold but bright sun of spring often

\* Simonde de Sismondi.

Une mort précipitée vengea ce sacrilège sur la tête de la plupart des coupables (L'Art de vérifier les Dates, page 629), is the cautious explanation of their sudden dissolution, given by the Fathers of the Congregation of St. Maur.

quickly follows, to awaken the dormant buds and blossoms into sudden life and beauty, so, in the midst of chaos, anarchy, and moral desolation, from some master-mind whose controlling intellect calls into action the slumbering energies of kindred spirits have frequently emanated order, laws, and civilisation. When the separated Jewish tribes were ready to succumb under intestine anarchy and external persecution, God gave to them Moses, and Joshua, and Jephtha, and Gideon. Greece and Rome had their heroes - England her Alfred; and three centuries after the frail meteor existence of Theodolinde, a bolder heart and a stronger arm, by the power of his own genius ascended the throne from which jealousy had driven her down, and begun again the blessed work she was compelled to leave unfinished.

In the short space of twenty-one years Orbe had changed masters seven times, when Rudolph, of Strätlingen, governor of the Transjurane, then under the distant yoke of Germany, determined to free his country from a dominion which was rendered more especially onerous from its own internal vicissitudes. The throne was then elective: every fresh sovereign usually appointed some favourite adherent of his own; each strove to turn the probably short period of his administration to the utmost personal profit; the country was harassed by the perpetual passage of German troops to and from



the imperial possessions in Italy. The many nations that Charlemagne had subdued and held under his sceptre were each in turn endeavouring to recover their lost liberty. Boson, Duke or Count of Provence, had already rendered himself independent of the kings of France, and in establishing the kingdom of Arles had robbed the French crown of several of its fairest gems—Provence, Dauphiny, the Lyonnaise, and a portion of Savoy.\* Rudolph was descended on the female side from the conqueror; perhaps inherited a portion of his ambition with his genius; the key to royalty in the Transjurane had been committed to his keeping; he was unable to withstand the temptation of stealing a crown; and taking advantage of the confusion of the empire, he determined to mount to the same eminence which his ancestors had formerly reached. With this view he convoked in the environs of Orbe a champ-de-Mai,† and offered himself as sovereign of Western Helvetia. He was rich, popular, and powerful; he had been brought up in great measure at the château of Chavornay only a few miles distant, and he experienced no difficulty in persuading his hearers that a native prince residing among them would be far preferable

\* Boson établit le royaume d'Arles 878. *Ville d'Arles par J. J. Estrangin*, page 21.

† Assemblée convoquée pour la guerre et pour la législation. — *Vulliemin*.

to a temporary ruler governing for a nation whose interests were opposite to theirs. His proposition was hailed with shouts of enthusiasm, and after a rude ceremonial, (not unlike that which attended the election of the first kings of France,) he set off without delay, at the head of the vassals and troops he had assembled for the purpose to St. Maurice, ever a place of great importance from its commanding the entrance of the Alps. He crossed the Pays-de-Vaud with almost incredible speed, and on reaching St. Maurice, found Theodoric Archbishop of Besançon, Jerome Bishop of Lausanne, Thierry Bishop of Sion, and Optandus Bishop of Geneva, awaiting him by a special order which he had previously transmitted to each separately. There, surrounded by nobles, prelates, warriors, and priests, already devoted to his interests, he caused himself to be crowned and anointed in the Abbatial church, before the tomb of the Theban martyr, whose relics were in particular veneration in the country, and thus founded the dynasty of the Rudolphian race of Little Burgundy, in the year 888.\*

\* Hist. des Suisses par Mon. Mallet, tome i. pages 119 to 122. . . . Il paraît assez bien démontré qu'il était fils de Conrad, Comte de Paris, qui mourut en 862. Bochat, que ne paraît guère d'accord avec Hericus, ne regarde pas sans raison Adélaïde comme fille de Pepin, fils de l'empereur Louis I. Le père de Conrad était Guelfe.

"Superiorem Burgundiam apud se statuit regaliter retinere."

Conrad, father of Rudolph I., independent sovereign of the Transjurane, is generally believed to have been the son of Conrad, Count of Paris, and of Adelaide, daughter of Louis the Débonnaire, son of Charlemagne; but at that very remote epoch historians were few, and dates and genealogies so confused, that little is known of him, with certainty, beyond his public appearance as a relation of Lothaire, in 866, at the head of a numerous body of troops, sent by that monarch against Hubert, Abbot of St. Maurice, in the bloody wars occasioned by his domestic dissensions with the bishop's sister. He had, indeed, previously a considerable tract of country in the Swiss Romande, but the ancient original family residence was in German Helvetia, where he usually dwelt, till his success as a general was crowned by the defeat of Hughbert; when, having been rewarded by the duchy of the slain abbot, he came to reside

*Ann. Fuld.* La tradition désigne comme séjour de prédilection de ce prince Strätlingen et toute cette partie montueuse qui s'élève à l'orient du lac de Thoune. Il fut le fondateur de l'église de Saint-Michel à Strätlingen, de laquelle relevaient douze autres églises; il bâtit aussi la forte tour de Spiez, autrefois attribuée à Attila.—*Chronique de Strätfl.* msc. 1522. Rebmann, Poème du Stockhorn et du Niesen (Gedicht vom. St. u. N.). Mabillon, *Ann. Benedict.* t. iii.

"Uomo di cuore grandissimo, sperimentato nella guerra."  
*Ricobaldo de Ferrare, Hist. des Empereurs.* Regino.

Quid referam quantus sedeat Rodolfus in aula?—*Carmen de laudib. Bereng.*

habitually at Orbe. This title, with the government of the Transjurane, he transmitted not long afterwards to his son, commonly called Rudolph of Strätlingen, from a château on the lake of Thun, where he was probably born. In its origin this little state comprehended only the four bishoprics of Sion, Lausanne, Geneva, and Besançon; the coast of Savoy, bordering lake Lemán, the Pays-de-Vaud, a part of German Helvetia, and the province long called Frauché-Comté. It was denominated Little Burgundy, or Burgundy-Transjurane, to distinguish it from the province of the same name already existing beyond the Jura mountains, which separated the two kingdoms from each other. The population of that portion of German Helvetia belonging to the empire, showed themselves not more averse from the new order of things than the others had done; and after having received an oath of fidelity from the states assembled at Soleure, Rudolph repaired to Ratisbon, where the emperor Arnolph was then sojourning, hoping to reconcile the imperial mind to the change by promises of warm friendship and feudal support. Taken by surprise, and at war with Italy, the emperor dissembled till better prepared for punishing this usurpation. Rudolph could not obtain the royal recognition, but he was suffered to depart unmolested; and by a sort of tacit acquiescence in his new dignity, he exercised the preroga-

tives and functions of a monarch for some time, when Arnolph, alarmed at the number of fresh kingdoms withdrawing from the sceptre of Charlemagne to take other masters, determined to select one as an example of terror to the rest. The free passage of the Alps, so necessary to enable him to reach, at will, his Italian domains, was also a great object to him, and Rudolph was finally fixed upon to become the scape-goat of this herd of royal poachers on the preserves of the empire. The slight truce of convenience was easily broken, and a war almost ruinous to the nascent kingdom ensued. The passage of the Alps, important to the emperor, was to him of vital moment: those terrible passes so numerous, and so steep, covered in many parts with eternal snow, intersected by dangerous torrents, and the deep marshes of the Rhone might bid defiance to any enemy if in the possession of a united people; and Rudolph, sensible of his obligations to Thierry, Bishop of Sion, whose prompt recognition of his title had prepared the minds of others for the same, bestowed upon him the whole country, as a royal fief, at the commencement of the struggle. The bishop proved a most powerful assistant to this cause by the skill and energy he displayed in defending his new possession; and, strong in the general attachment of the country, Rudolph did not despair. He tried to procure useful allies by making treaties with Gui,

Marquis of Spoletta, who had assumed the title of emperor in Italy; and with Richard, Duke of Burgundy, to whom he gave his sister Adelaide, a princess of great beauty and merit. Notwithstanding, however, the temporary aid he derived from these princes, and the love of his people, in 892 his affairs were so desperate that he was not considered in safety even at Lausanne: for having come there to support the election of Boson to the vacant bishopric, he was obliged to fly precipitately at the news of the approach of the imperial troops; and the bishop elect, not being able to effect his consecration in a country threatened by war, departed for Soleure, and did not there receive his episcopal mitre before the expiration of some months.

Seven miserable years from 892 to 899, Little Burgundy was desolated many times by German armies; for in 893, the emperor having defeated Gui, Marquis of Spoletta, and received the crown of Italy at Pavia, flushed with his Italian victory, determined to crush the obstinate rebel to his authority in Helvetia. He crossed the Great St. Bernard with much difficulty, surrounded by a formidable force, carrying fire and sword from the Pennine Alps to the Jura. Martigny and St. Maurice were devastated, Bex, Montreux, and all the smiling villages bordering lake Lemán were burnt, and at the same time that this torrent descended from the high Alps, Arnolph's

---

natural son, Zwentibold, on whom he had just bestowed the kingdom of Lorraine, advanced northwards with a host of armed men from the Rhine and the Meuse. Too feeble to carry on the campaign against so many enemies, Rudolph withdrew his slender force into the fastnesses of the rocky gorges and mountain fortresses of the Valais; and thus escaped from a foe who dared not pursue him into these retreats, then considered inaccessible to all but those habituated to their wild and dangerous solitudes.\* Here, protected by the enthusiastic and unwearied affection of his new subjects, whom neither violence nor rewards could tempt to his betrayal, he lived the major part of many years, descending into the plains and towns only when the imperial forces had been compelled to abandon the country, either from climate or lack of resources. During this disastrous period of his reign it is not therefore surprising that he had no fixed habitation: Sometimes he lived at Orbe, for which he had a decided predilection; then at Payerne, or St. Maurice, or Lausanne, or Soleure, as in his precarious position might seem best adapted for directing the government of his faithful

\* The woody esplanade of Kubli, above Montreux, conceals one of those antique towers of refuge, built either at the time of the Saracens, by Bertha, or Rudolph I. during his war with the empire; most probably the latter, from its small circumference.

realm : but far oftener he was under the frail protection of a tent in summer, or sheltered from the winds and snows of winter in some strong tower perched on the steepest rocks of the Jura, whose narrow and perilous paths were known but to those whose life was regarded as of less value than his. But wherever placed he never remained idle ; carrying off convoys, intercepting messengers, and turning to profit every favourable occasion of wearying out his enemy by a war of *postes*, which he conducted with much skilfulness, and by fighting him in detail.

The death of the emperor Arnolph, which occurred in 899, gave him at length time to breathe ; and from that moment he reigned peaceably over his little conquest, occupied only in repairing the evils that war had brought on his states—evils so frightful that the land lay almost wholly uncultivated ; whilst the few inhabitants, who remained in divisions desolated by famine, were reduced to feed on the slain. By degrees, however, the parental care of Rudolph alleviated these terrible sufferings : the towns arose from their ashes, the villagers gained strength and courage to resume the labours of the field ; and Rudolph (the virtues of whose character shone forth with additional lustre in the calmness of peace) then showed himself not less great as a legislator, than he had been as a warrior,—dictating new laws or reforming obsolete ones—now granting or confirming privileges



to towns, convents, and corporations—holding courts of justice, and signing charters, some of which have descended to posterity after a lapse of nine hundred years.\* If he did not preside in person at the *plaids*, or ambulatory courts of law, he sent there counts, palatines, or the great officers of his court; and such was his known love of justice, that more than once a cause was pronounced against himself. According to the jurisprudence of this barbarous age, he permitted the judgments of God (*jugement de Dieu*), and a charter, dated Corsier, near Vevey, 908, is in existence, by which he ordered a trial of hot iron (*l'épreuve du fer chaud*), to legitimize a reclamation of the church of Lausanne† Rudolph loved the chase, agriculture, and the simple innocent life of the country. He enlarged and embellished the château of Chavornay in the Pays-de-Vaud, of which some relics exist near Orbe; and generally passed there a part of every summer: some charters dated from this castle have been preserved to posterity. A chronicler has traced the character of this prince in these words—

\* On n'avait pas alors le mot technique de constitution, mais la chose existait.—*Mém. et. Docu. inédits par la Société d'histoire de la Suisse Romande*, p. 272.

† Ruchat. Georg. Guill. Zapf, *Monumenta anecdota, historiam Germaniæ illustrantia*: Aug. Vindelic. in 4. Ce recueil est précieux par la quantité de documens qu'il renferme sur l'ancienne histoire ecclésiastique de la Suisse, du Valais, du pays grison, etc.—*Abrégé de l'Histoire Ecclésiastique du Pays-de-Vaud*, p. 22.

“he was beloved by his own people, and respected by strangers because he was good and just.”

It appears that the neighbouring princes did not seek to disturb him in his new kingdom; and although the emperor before his death, had given its investiture to Louis, King of Provence, the latter did not attempt to establish his dangerous rights. After a reign of twenty-three years, of which the half was consumed in the painful labours and privations of war, and the other consecrated to the arts and blessings of peace, Rudolph died in November, 911, and was buried at St. Maurice, in the abbey: he left estates not considerable in extent, but by their situation very important to his son, Rudolph II., the offspring of a wife whose name has not been transmitted to her husband's subjects—in this respect, as in many others, wholly unlike his son and successor, whose queen, Bertha, conferred on his name a celebrity which has made it stand prominently forth in the annals of history.

Rudolph II. was not more than seventeen when his father bequeathed to him a yet unsettled kingdom, but he had known none of those horrors and privations with which it was obtained. When he became alive to outward circumstances, the war his father had so long waged against the empire was ceasing, and although nothing certain exists as to his education, or the counsellors who directed him in the

government of his kingdom, during his minority, everything seems to warrant the conclusion that Rudolph had provided him both with able instructors and prudent advisers. He was considered one of the handsomest and most gallant princes of the period; and the exceeding goodness of his natural character rendered him still popular with his people, when his acts were occasionally far otherwise. He was ambitious, fond of pleasure, and of war—and vehement in all he undertook; but these were apparently trivial faults in a monarch so young and so gifted, and Bertha doubtless commenced her conjugal career without a fear for the future. As lake Leman in all its wondrous beauty burst on her delighted eye, and she felt the soft breezes of its gentle climate blow on her young cheek, how that heart, so prone to piety and gratitude, and awake to all the charms both of the inanimate objects of creation, and those of a higher grade, must have rejoiced that her lot had fallen on so “fair a ground.”

The canton de Vaud,\* thenceforth the seat of Bertha's principal labours, and hallowed by being the chosen scene for their termination, is perhaps the richest and most lovely portion of the Swiss confederation. It does not offer the majestic grandeur of the Bernese Oberland, or the sublime horrors of the

\* Waldensis (Pagus), ou Comitatus Waldensis, nom du canton de Vaud dans le moyen-âge.

Valais, but in the picturesque variety of its landscapes—the blue waters of lake Lemman on the one side, bordered by the wild yet noble Alps of Savoy,—and on the other by the chain of the Jura mountains, rising gracefully from its crystal waves, covered to their high romantic summits with vineyards and villages, and rocks and woods, while antique cities and feudal towers, in almost pristine strength, repose at their feet, or crown their hoary heads—in its salubrious climate and profusion of fruits and flowers—in its romantic poesy, and the generous spirit of its sons and daughters, it stands unrivalled.

To the eye of Bertha, indeed, the scene wore a different aspect. Many of the towns and villages bordering the Lemman rose under her fostering hand ; and the vineyards which now, perhaps too profusely for pictorial beauty, clothe its mountains, sprung from the liberal encouragement she gave to cultivation : but the grand outlines of nature were ever there and ever fair. The variegated foliage of the pine and the chestnut—the walnut and the wild cherry—the clear blue waters of the lake—its lovely bays and mountains—the flocks of curious birds peculiar to its shores—the myriads of painted butterflies, and bright insects glancing in the sunbeams, and filling the pure air with their hum of gladness, and flowers of every form and hue and odour, were there to charm the sight and the heart even as now.

The numerous charters she signed, as contracting

party or witness, and the many monuments she reared, still subsist to prove her beneficent and active reign ; but the barren chronicles of the obscure age in which she shone, have registered few historical memorials of her *private* life ; and it is from traditions collected and preserved by the descendants of those whom she governed, that they are principally drawn. Nor must the word tradition alarm the fastidious lover of truth, or shake the faith of those who seek in these pictures, not the heroine of a cunningly devised fable, but one who was born like ourselves inheritor of all the trials to which life is destined, and died after having performed her appointed part in life's real drama. In the earliest ages of the world oral communications necessarily preceded written testimonials. "The traditions of our fathers," says Müller, "came down to us as faithfully as the chaunts of Homer were transmitted to the cities of Greece." And the accurate Gibbon has given his suffrage to the purity of *this*, then the only, source of conveying to the future the events of the past. "When Tacitus surveyed the primitive simplicity of the Germans, he discovered some permanent maxims, or customs of public and private life, which were preserved by faithful tradition, till the introduction of the art of writing and of the Latin tongue."

Everything relative to Bertha was so important and so dear, that it assumed a sacred character. She never died for the people she had so much loved.

Ages ran their course, but the dominion of Savoy—the heavier sway of Berne, anxious to efface all remembrance of any other—made no change as to her in Swiss Romande. She never ceased to be the protector of the peasantry, the encourager of the good, the punisher of the wicked: and the inhabitants of the places where she tarried, though but for a brief season, still pride themselves on the circumstance, and point out the ruins of the house, or its site, which had received the glorious guest: occasionally, in their unwillingness to lose the honour of the visit, the very chamber of some antique edifice built, perchance, four centuries afterwards, is shown as the one where she “certainly slept,” by some aged crone or pretty *paysanne*, undisturbed by fears of chronological inaccuracy.\*

Let us then not fear to walk with Bertha in the night of past ages, by the vacillating rays of tradition, though sometimes intercepted and wavering, as a guide often far less deceitful than the clouded light faintly beaming from the mouldering parchments of some learned scribe. The honey preserved in the hive of antiquity, brought there by many a winged wanderer, was collected from the same source,

\* Nous ne ferons pas l'énumération des lieux qui se glorifient d'avoir été visités par elle; nous ne dirons pas le nombre des hôtelleries où l'on montre encore “la chambre de la reine;” nous ne ferons pas mention du pèlerinage des populations vers son tombeau, &c. &c.—*Vulliemin*.

and it may sometimes be questioned whether the sage chemists in their desire to free it from suspected impurities, have not occasionally robbed it of the strength, raciness, and originality of the pure substance.

It appears that Bertha soon evinced the energy of her mind, and the goodness of her heart, in her new characters of queen and wife. Rudolph, habituated from infancy to his father's erratic court, pursued the same course; and Bertha was ever his companion. She rode by his side, and without any fixed capital the youthful pair thus dispensed their blessings, turn in turn, over all the great cities of their kingdom. Bertha does not seem to have had that sympathy for intellectual pursuits which led her step-mother Hedwige to open her castle to all who had any pretension to literature; but she evinced great respect for learning in general, and multiplied its sanctuaries by founding and preserving monasteries and chapters. She was herself lettered for her age and sex; she knew Latin, and a portion of each day was solemnly and conscientiously set apart for the perusal of the Holy Scriptures. She endeavoured to prevail on the stern barons to bring their wives and daughters to these ambulatory courts; and, amongst those who composed her suite, strove to infuse a portion of her own unwearied industry, and a taste for the refinements which adorn and give a charm to life. Chavorny, where her beloved husband first saw the light of Heaven, became her favourite

abode ; and there, within twelve months, the young queen gave birth to a son, destined to strengthen but not succeed to his paternal throne ; for he must have died in boyhood, since Rudolph's successor, Conrad, was only ten years of age in 937.

It was at this moment, when Rudolph's domestic happiness was increased, and his kingdom consolidated by posterity, that he rashly hazarded the loss of both ; and plunged into a war alike perilous and uncertain, the issue of which, even if fortunate, offered little to atone for the immense risk he incurred in its prosecution.

For many ages the barbarians of Northern Europe had made Italy expiate the conquests of Rome. Their descendants, in Lombardy especially, at the commencement of the tenth century, actuated by a spirit of restless insubordination, appeared equally incapable of supporting the domination of royalty, or the simplicity of a republican form of government. At this epoch the crown was worn by Berenger I., of all the princes elevated on the wreck of the Carolingian throne, the most worthy of the respect and love of his subjects. He had awakened a military spirit among the effeminate peasantry and citizens of his kingdom, and displayed equal talents as a legislator and a general ; whilst his personal virtues, his generosity, frankness, and confidence in the loyalty of others, springing from his own honourable uprightness of mind, roused responsive sentiments



in the breasts of all around him, excepting, unhappily, the great feudal barons of the kingdom. Always turbulent, always jealous of the royal authority, always fearing to lose some of their exclusive privileges, if they might be called upon to defend them against a sovereign so popular with the people, they conspired to find a prince more devoted to their interests, or at least less capable of defending himself from their ambitious encroachments on his prerogative; and with this design they sought for a rival to Berenger among the princes of France, or the bordering countries.\* Rudolph stood high in the estimation of his peers, and in the public voice; he was already connected with Italy by the unions of his aunt and sister, who had severally espoused Italian princes; and, after some little delay, when their treasonable plot was ripe for execution, they drove away the unsuspecting Berenger by a sudden *coup-d'état*, and offered the vacant throne to the husband of Bertha.

Rudolph, still too young to conceive that there would be more glory and advantage in dictating laws

\* Mais les seigneurs turbulens de l'Italie, toujours jaloux de l'autorité royale, craignèrent de perdre tous leurs privilèges s'ils devoient les défendre contre un roi que le peuple commençoit à chérir. Ils lui cherchèrent des rivaux parmi les princes francs; ils offrirent leur couronne à Rudolphe II., roi de la Bourgogne transjurane, qui pendant trois ans environ, 923—926, réunit le gouvernement de l'Italie à celui de la Suisse. . . .—*Siemond, Histoire des Suisses. Mallet*, vol. i. p. 125.

to the sovereigns of Italy, as their arbitrator, than in usurping their thrones, followed the ordinary march of inexperienced princes, and accepted the dangerous gift.

Ambition is the strongest passion of the human heart: it is in our erring nature to desire more than we have: our first progenitors—so happy—surrounded by the charms of Edén, wished to add to their peaceful dignity, “monarchs of all they surveyed,” the fatal gift of wisdom—the single thing withheld from them. Bertha, indeed, was adverse to this new honour. It would seem that, to atone for want of strength to resist evils, woman is endowed with more prudence to avoid them. On this, however, as on many other similar occasions in domestic discussions, Bertha’s caution was probably ascribed to female timidity, or the narrowness of female understanding; and her twice royal lord, after evincing his respect for her judgment generally, by appointing her sole regent in his absence, assembled numerous troops at Geneva, and from thence departed early in the spring of 923, to take possession of his kingdom in the land of marble and of gold,—of painting, of music, and of song—of gentle breezes, bearing the perfumed breath of millions of flowers, where all harmonizes with the clear blue sky—the limpid waters of its lakes and silver streams,—its orange-groves and pendant vines, its myrtle bowers, and forests of chestnuts and palms, of olives and of almonds.

Berenger, in the mean time, had not sunk under the treachery and ingratitude of his lawless nobility. He appealed to the hearts of the most numerous body in his realm, and powerfully aided by some Hungarian mercenaries, to whom war was a trade, and never more successfully exercised than on the plains of Lombardy, he had just defeated the rebels before Rudolph arrived. But Rudolph was strong in the friendship of Boniface, Marquis of Spoletta, the husband of his sister Adelaide. The marquis advanced to his support, and the rival sovereigns met in great force near Fierenzuola. A fierce, obstinate, and bloody engagement ensued: there was valour on both sides, though the right lay only on one, and to that one would victory perhaps have been awarded, had not the Marquis of Spoletta, who held himself in ambuscade with a picked corps of veterans, thrown the weight of their bravery and skill into the wavering balance, just as it appeared to swerve against Rudolph. "A stratagem," says an old writer, "which also gave victory to Hannibal in the same country eleven centuries before." The Burgundians and their partisans thus succeeded. Berenger was obliged to fly once more, and Rudolph was solemnly crowned at Monza, by the Archbishop of Milan, one of the deadly enemies of Berenger, who had, in conjunction with the other conspirators, invited him to invade the country.

It was now that Bertha began to display the extraordinary powers of an understanding singularly strong; and a nature as gentle, compassionate, and generous, as her mind was enlarged and comprehensive. Left to herself in the government of a considerable kingdom, she seems to have comprehended, at a glance, the importance of her position; and she thenceforth became the nursing mother of the nation she was appointed to feed and guide. She commenced a journey of inspection to all the principal towns of the Transjurane, resting at Soleure, Payerne, St. Maurice, Lausanne, Geneva, and Orbe, holding at each a court, to which she invited all whose situation could, in the smallest degree, entitle them to appear as guests in the royal presence; and these little levees were said to be conducted with great pomp and circumstance; for Bertha well knew the mighty power of outward and visible signs over a rude generation. Every morning she sat for some hours to receive petitions or petitioners, for none were excluded from admission; and she then sallied forth, attended by her ministers and nobles, to suggest and direct plans for the improvement of the country, in an agricultural point of view, or the amelioration of the people in a moral one. The castle of Chavorny continued her chosen residence, and many existing documents prove that the canton de Vaud was almost the first object of her affectionate attention. She greatly

aggrandized and embellished Orbe; and could the spirit of the hapless Theodolinde have hovered over this monument of her earthly course, she would have rejoiced to see that one so worthy to occupy her halls was now treading in her steps. Morges, a small and picturesque town on the lake of Geneva, was just emerging from a mere assemblage of scattered fishermen's huts into a hamlet; and, although it received its charter of incorporation more recently, Bertha's hand first raised it into importance. So anxious was she to act with impartiality towards all parts of her dominions, that she occasionally resided in the castles, as well as towns: having held several courts at Chavorny and at Strätlingen, on the lake of Thun, the cradle of the Rudolphian race. In honour of that circumstance, one of her first architectural efforts was the foundation of the church of Amsoldingen, in its immediate vicinity, conferring on the new edifice many estates for its future conservation and the support of a priest. It was dedicated to St. Maurice; and this endowment, in an especial manner, was beneficial to a wild desert country, gifted, however, with a lake full of fish, and with land that only required the hand of labour to yield abundant produce. At her desire, a list of the churches that had been desecrated or destroyed during the wars between Rudolph I. and the empire, not yet repaired, was made out, and many of these were restored to their

original destination. Soleure was also at a later period indebted to her beneficence for a chapel dedicated to their titular saint, Urs ; and for the reparation of the ancient walls reduced to ashes by the Huns. The town and church of Moutiers-Grandville, nearly devastated by the same terrible foes, were also built up by her munificence. Had Bertha lived some centuries before or after, she might (like Theodolinde and other friends to humanity) have laboured under the imputation of misdirected zeal in advancing, by too rapid strides, the march of civilization ; for she, too, was a warm advocate of the enfranchisement of serfs, many of whom were manumitted on the sole condition of cultivating a given quantity of barren or woody land ; and showed herself, whilst she repressed brigandage with a strong hand, ever favourable to liberty. Many colonists, protected by a special exemption from taxation, brought into cultivation the barren hills of Yverden, and those extending under the antique towers of Orbe, not already turned to profit by Theodolinde.

It is universally acknowledged, that at this epoch monasteries were almost the only means of softening the rude manners, and cultivating the wild wastes of a half civilized, half barren country ; and, from the very commencement of her reign to the close of a long life, Bertha showed herself favourable to conventual institutions. She knew they were the sole

asylums of prayer, of liberty, and of learning. The maiden fleeing from a lawless pursuer, whose rank precluded punishment or denial,—the serf from a cruel master, there found refuge till the arrival of other aid. The sick sought health—the hungry food; and the pale boy, whose physical weakness incapacitated him from labouring to obtain a scanty subsistence by the sweat of his brow, there often had the energies of a strong mind developed, which must have lain dormant but for the learning and piety still habiting their sacred walls. The cartulaire of the bishopric of Lausanne; of the abbeys of St. Maurice in the Valais; of St. Victor at Geneva; of St. Ursanne in the Doubs of Romain-môtier; not far from Gruyères, and many other monasteries, present proofs of Bertha's great liberality in the shape of houses, exemptions from taxation, grants of privileges, and lands—the latter generally uncultivated, to be worked by the arms of the peasants, encouraged to labour by the example of the monks; and each monastery built or endowed by her had always its school for children, its hospital for travellers, and its infirmary for the sick. The almost innumerable endowments of this nature that she either founded, or fostered, were therefore not the result of superstition, but in pursuance of the wisest policy. Many charters still extant attest her anxiety that they should all be under a good rule of conduct, and tend to the

welfare of society. Some run that, "they must every day exercise works of mercy, with all honest intention towards the poor, strangers, travellers, and the sick." The motto of the Benedictines was "Labour and Prayer." Convents were then in all the freshness of their original purity and utility; and the traveller, who views with admiration the vine-clad sides of the Jura, rising terrace upon terrace till the eye can scarcely distinguish the limit between the work of man and the rock of ages which still crowns the summit, boldly defined on the blue horizon, will probably learn with surprise that the mind which directed the beginnings of these stupendous labours—the hand which held out recompense and honours, and freedom, as the price of so much patient industry, was a woman's—Bertha's! Nothing, indeed, but the enduring soul of the monk devoted to toil and privation; or the ardent spirit of the shackled slave, looking forward, the one in meek hope to a heavenly, the other to an earthly reward, could have overcome the difficulties which attended the first cultivators of these mountains. Sometimes under a burning sun, at others exposed to the bitter blasts of the glacial *bise*, climbing slowly and painfully by rocky ledges or crevices along dangerous slopes, and beetling cliffs, whence trees were to be hewn down, briars plucked up,—exposed to the bite or stings of the many venomous insects and serpents, with which the

---



wildernesses of the Transjurane abounded—raising by manual efforts alone, the heavy materials necessary for the construction of the flights of steps and walls rising above each other; and the deep wide tunnels for the passage of the mountain torrents, now concealed by earth and vegetation.\*

As all Bertha's journeys were performed on horseback, her attention was necessarily directed, in an especial manner, to the roads which intersected the country; and to the honour of Scotland, it must be recorded, that she was faithfully and efficiently assisted in this branch of her enlightened legislation, by a corps of pioneers, under the management of a Scotch engineer named Mackenbri or Mackenbren, who had found his adventurous way in the eleventh

\* A nursery ballad, adapted to three persons, demonstrates the commonness of these frightful occupants of the wood and brakes of Helvetia :—

“ Et n'allons pas au bois, ma mie !

Le serpent nous y mordra,” &c. &c.

The monks of Romainmôtier, who founded, by the services which their early cultivation of the country rendered to the inhabitants, a sort of little spiritual empire in the Transjurane, are still believed to glide from the ruins of their monastery at midnight, by moonlight, on certain vigils in spring, summer, and autumn, clad in the white robes of the order, each bearing some implement of labour, as during their earthly pilgrimage; and, after wandering till the dawn of morning amid the scenes of their terrestrial labours, fade away, sighing that they are wanted no more.—*Essay and Traditions upon the Monastery of Romainmôtier, the former by F. de Charrière.*

century into the Transjurane, with little more than his head and hands to raise him to the favour of royalty. It is pleasing to add, that the gratitude of Bertha laid the foundation of a fortune which rendered him the stock of the Lords of Tavannes, a sweet little town in the canton of Basle, some of whose branches are believed to have remained within the last hundred years. And well did the enterprising Scot deserve all he obtained from his royal mistress; for, among other works of great utility to the land of his adoption, he re-opened the celebrated pass called *Pierre Pertuis*, near the source of the Birs or Byrse, a singular and most picturesque archway, not far from Tavannes, formed in the solid rock—which, during the many ages that had swept over it since its Roman origin, had become blocked up, and thus closed one of the romantic and grand passages of Switzerland, in addition to the inconvenience to which the inhabitants were subjected by its destruction.

Bertha, like her great ancestor Charlemagne, had a taste for agriculture, and introduced several kinds of trees, fruits, and flowers, sent to her by Rudolph from Italy; and, ever indefatigable, she rode over the country in all directions, that she might herself choose the hills and rocks best calculated for the site of her fortresses and castles.

Whilst thus exercising the noblest attributes and

avocations of royalty ; when, with the monarch of Israel, she could say, "I made me great works ; I builded me houses ; I planted me vineyards ; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits : " whilst thus sowing the germs of a new state of society—of a better future—she was suddenly called upon to defend herself and her dominions from that scourge of the tenth and eleventh centuries, known under the common term of Saracens, Hungarians or Madscharea. At first, these visitants appeared in small predatory bands, confining their attacks to the mere plunder of the defenceless, carrying off the spoils of the people without exercising much violence towards their persons ; but on each succeeding visit they showed themselves stronger and fiercer. At their dreaded approach, the terrified peasantry crowded to the towns, which, in turn, became the prey of the numerous troops that ere long descended into the country by the Pennine Alps and the Rhone.

At this fearful juncture Bertha's courage and sagacity were equally conspicuous ; and, the strong sense of a woman, simply seeking to protect her people, gave rise, perhaps, to the first idea of the modern telegraph. On a prolonged line from the Alps to the Jura, may yet be seen many little solid fortresses, called " the towers of Bertha or Bertholo ; " they are built at certain distances, permitting each to under-

stand and reply to the signals of the other.\* All were constructed for defence only, the walls very thick, the windows narrow and high up; whilst the low arched doorway, ten or twelve feet from the ground, can be reached only by a ladder let down from above. The tower of Gourze, crowning a steep pinnacle of the Jorat, is at the summit of a pyramid of smooth turf, joining to the very edge of the circular walls. The tower of Bertholo, which has preserved her name in the *patois* romane, protected in an especial manner the royal vineyard at Lutry. The tower of Moudon commanded the course of the Broie; and that of Molière, surnamed "the eye of Helvetia," overlooked the river Broie on one side, and the lake, on which arose the tower of Neuchâtel, on the other. All these towers now dilapidated and crumbling, were constructed by the queen as a refuge to the population of their respective districts. At the first signal, lords and peasants collected together their most valuable articles, and carried them to the shelter of the same hospitable walls which received themselves and families. These little miniature castles had commonly only a dark, but dry kitchen stocked with

\* Nous voyons encore s'élever sur les collines de vieilles tours, que nous nommons du nom de la Reine Berthe : à Gourze, à Moudon, à la Molière, à Neuchâtel, sur une ligne prolongée des Alpes au Jura, à des distances qui permettaient de s'entre-répondre et de se donner des signaux.—*Vulliemin*.

wood, and a rude oven on the ground floor. A room for arms, and the missives then in use before the invention of gunpowder, formed the first. The second was divided into three or four very tiny apartments, to separate, in some degree, the different classes thus thrown by a common calamity into collision; and the garret above was kept filled with grain, cheese, and provisions for the use of all the fugitives generally. When the little ladder was drawn up, the inmates were usually safe from these wandering robbers, and without a garrison, could keep even a powerful enemy at bay a considerable time.

In one of these primitive abodes, Bertha was herself obliged to seek security from a desperate body of Hungarians, who, in 927, after having burnt the convent of St. Gall nearly to its foundation, and carried fire and sword through Argovia, approached from the lake of Bienné. The king was in Italy, with a numerous force of the best Burgundian troops; and, in the utter impossibility of stemming the torrent, she fled with her children, her cousin Ulric, Bishop of Augsburg, who had been just driven from his diocese by the same foes, her ministers, and whole court, to the tower of Neuchâtel, where she had to mourn the death of the good bishop of Lausanne, Boson, murdered in his ninetieth year.\* He was the same ex-

\* Sainct Vlrich, de la maison des Comtes de Kibourg et de Tillingen, en ce temps étoit Euesque d'Augspourg. Ce fut aussi

cellent prelate whose consecration had been impeded by the arrival of the imperial troops against Rudolph I. ; and, in the hope that his age and sacred character would impress the barbarians with some awe, he approached them, dressed in his pontifical habits, with entreaties that they would spare the lives of his flock. Alas ! as formerly, a bishop of Rome was massacred by the ruthless Attila, the cruel monsters, intoxicated with blood, felled him to the earth, while the words of peace and blessing yet lingered on his lips. When sated with booty and violence, they at length withdrew, she quitted her little prison ; by new exemptions and new liberalities endeavouring to raise the spirits of her people ; and by a wise administration, confidence soon replaced fear and despair. But with her usual judgment, anticipating fresh inroads, she provided against a recurrence of the same horrors, by increasing the number of her strong citadels. She founded, after this event, the castles of Champvent, near Yverden ; and added materially to the castle of Vuflens.\* Amid these active employments and

en ce même temps que la Preuosté et Temple de Moustier, Granduaux, fut fondé par laditte Reyne Berthe, et que la haute Allemagne, l'Heluetie, Bourgogne, et presque toute la France recut des grandes playes et rauages par les Hongrois et Sarrazins, qui s'y ietterent et passerent avec grandes forces. . . . Laditte Reyne Berthe eut aussi sa retraite de denant ses ennemis avec le dit Saint Vlrich.

\* Sa femme, grande parmi les rois, fait oublier ses fautes, et

public cares, she had become twice again a mother and every successive year proved, that toil and sorrow is ordinarily the lot of all—the common lot, from which the good and the gifted, the noble and the serf, are not—cannot, from the nature of man, be exempt. Yet let it not be thought that this world is either a dreary desert, or a garden filled with delicious fruits, forbidden to man's touch. Flowers are yet more numerous on the path of life than thorns; and, even where adversity rules the dark destiny of some one hapless traveller, we are told that, "*if he* will go on his way bearing good seed," even he shall finally garner his sheaves in a land of everlasting happiness. Hope thus journeys with the saddest pilgrim of the vale of tears.

One of the trials of Bertha, and a bitter one indeed, was the precarious situation of her husband; and the moral snares, as well as personal dangers, which environed him on all sides. He had conquered Berenger; but, like his father, he was soon doomed to

le bon temps où *Berthe filait*, rappelle encore aujourd'hui les vertus et les mœurs. . . . Bientôt une abbaye de Bénédictins y est fondée. Champvent et Vuflens sont bâtis. L'agriculture fait en même temps des progrès; celle de la vigne prospère. Le commerce même paraît prendre un élan qu'on n'a point soupçonné. Quelques foires s'établissent. Berthe, plus rapide que son siècle, favorise tout ce qui peut l'adoucir ou l'éclairer. Partout le sol changeait de face et attestait la sagesse du gouvernement.—*Müller*.

know that a crown won by fraud or violence, is seldom worn without care, or retained without having recourse to the same weapons. Many parts of his dominion pertinaciously held out for Berenger, and he was obliged to take the field two or three times before the cruel assassination of that unfortunate monarch at Verona, twelve months after his deposition, removed all anxiety as to his final restoration to the throne from whence he had been, so unjustly, expelled. But this very event, fortunate in appearance, must have struck a blow to his confidence in his new subjects; and to preserve his dangerous eminence he felt obliged to draw many troops and subsidies from Switzerland, which he was sensible the queen must spare with difficulty; especially after the last terrible irruption of the barbarians into Helvetia, when it became necessary to erect and garrison many strongholds for her own personal security, and that of the kingdom he had entrusted to her keeping. The husband and father must, too, have had many anxieties for the young wife, and infant children, thus exposed without their natural protector to such foes. Nor were these the only sources of disquietude, that mingled their bitter waters with the honied draughts of victory.

The inhabitants of that portion of Italy forming the especial kingdom of Lombardy, were sprung from one of the numerous tribes bordering the Baltic, and



were at first distinguished for their wild appearance and warlike propensities ; but so rapid was the influence of climate and example, that the Lombards of the fourth generation surveyed with curiosity and affright the portraits of their savage forefathers. Their heads were shaven behind, but shaggy locks hung low over their eyes and mouth, and a long beard represented the name and character of the nation.\* Their dress consisted of coarse linen garments, after the fashion of the Anglo-Saxons, decorated with broad stripes of variegated colours. The legs and feet were clothed in long hose and open sandals ; and even in the security of peace a trusty sword was constantly girt at their side. Yet this strange apparel and horrid aspect often concealed a gentle and generous disposition. And it was to this pliant conciliatory spirit that their early civilization doubtless owed its origin. The Burgundians, as his Transjuran followers were indiscriminately termed, ere long, rendered themselves excessively displeasing to these, their more refined fellow-subjects, by the coarseness of their manners, and the intemperance of their habits. Whether they spoke the German language, or em-

\* Lombards, originally *Langobards*, from the peculiar length and fashion of their beards. Gibbon says that the portraits of the old Lombards might still be seen in his time in the old palace of Monza, founded or restored by Queen Theodolinde, the Bertha of Lombardy.

ployed the *patois* romane, born indeed of Latin, but full of the guttural sounds of the dialect on which they engrafted it, the delicacy of Italian ears, accustomed to the corrupt Latin or Italian idiom then usurping the place of the original language of Rome, was equally shocked. They professed themselves "stunned" by the harshness of their voices, which they compared to the sound of thunder, or "the crash of their native avalanches." \* They were disgusted with the voracious appetites of these sons of the Alps,—with their love of wine—their gormandizing in fruits, as yet unknown or exceedingly scarce in their native lands: † and the spiritual fastidious Roman, with his flowing toga, polished address, and elegant costume, was not less annoyed by his intercourse with the stalwart heroes of the Rhine and Helvetia, arrayed in the strong, stiff, and coarse apparel of their more homely frigid country. There was, besides, a continual difficulty in finding them proper shelter in winter, because all classes of society were reluctant to

\* Liutprand mentions the railleries of the Italians on the hoarse and loud voices of Rudolph and his companions.

† The fruits of the south ever excited the ardent desires of the Northerners—it was the boast of their flavour that attracted the Varangians from the bottom of Scandinavia to Constantinople, to form the guard of the emperor. And in the Irish language, spoken formerly by the Scandinavians, they still say *figiakasta*, to desire figs—an idiom expressive of an earnest longing for something.—*Gibbon*.

receive them as guests under their roofs ; whilst the lower range of apartments surrounding the courts or quadrangles attached to the feudal castle, or palace, usually appropriated to the soldiery, became greatly inadequate for the accommodation of the troops he deemed necessary for his safety ; and tents, in the somewhat cold and damp winter climate of Lombardy, were found injurious to the health of men habituated to enormous pine fires, in the small close dwellings of their native country.

These were, however, minor annoyances—teasing rather than dangerous—others silently advanced from a more alarming quarter. The dukes and marquisses of Italy, who had had recourse to a foreign prince, not to strengthen their country, but to weaken the royal power ; and because a distant monarch was less liable to check their tyranny and ambition, had no desire that Rudolph should reside habitually amongst them, nor were by any means admirers of the loyal spirit which led him, from the beginning of his reign, to exercise justice and impartiality towards all his subjects : their attendance at his court grew less frequent—their demeanour far from respectful ; and Rudolph, little aware of all the causes of this evident dissatisfaction, thought the presence of Bertha, by rallying her sex around his throne, might strengthen its wavering pillars. He had already gone twice into Helvetia, since his

Italian conquest, to raise troops; and Bertha, ever fondly attached to him, at length, tore herself from her own throne, to partake, for a season, of the cares congregating around his. She returned with him after his third visit, and resided during her brief sojourn at Monza.\*

This inauspicious journey took place about the close of 926, and a veil hangs over it, which the hand of conjugal love and duty never lifted up: but it is believed that Bertha detected, soon after her arrival, a growing admiration of the king for one of the noble ladies, who came to offer their homage to her as Queen of Italy—Ermenegilda or Ermengarde, widow of the Marquis of Ivée. Whether Bertha was too gentle to reproach, or too proud to complain, or whether she had done both uselessly—for she was a woman and a wife—all is unknown, excepting that she re-crossed the Alps so precipitately that her return was unexpected in Helvetia, from which

\* When the writer visited Monza, the royal family occupied the quiet modern palace, and it was of course closed to strangers. Nor could she learn much traditionally of Bertha, for her guide, a young man, eager to communicate all he knew of Queen Théodolinde, and her chickens, and the iron crown, listened somewhat impatiently to inquiries about Bertha. He knew of her little more than that "she was a great spinner, and a very good woman;" but in his eyes, evidently, far below her predecessor, the glorious Queen of Autharis. At Milan Bertha was better remembered.

country, indeed, her absence was so short that it has escaped the observation of nearly every Swiss annalist.

Whatever might be the cause of Bertha's disgust, or displeasure, she was not one to sink hopelessly under present evils or mortifications. From that perversion of mind, by which, neglecting the good or the happiness that lies within our grasp, we centre all our energies to compass some distant enjoyment, or consume our weary days in pining for what is past, she was utterly free; and bending her thoughts back into their proper channel, she pursued the "even tenor of her way," governing her kingdom as before this supposed blow to her domestic peace, with vigilance and benignity.

The object of Bertha's journey thus defeated, Rudolph remained alone to stem the torrent of opposition which advanced with rapid strides. So blind also is prejudice, that the lovely young Queen, then in the prime of womanly beauty, awakened little or no admiration in a people prepared to dislike her because she was German. Her accent, however softened by feminine tones, was still guttural; and remembering that Bertha, the mother of Charlemagne, was termed by the uncourtly chroniclers of the day, "Bertha with the large foot,"\* they most

\* On a confondu notre humble reine avec Berthe, au grand pied, mère de Charlemagne.—*Vullicmin*.

unceremoniously (and as all Swiss historians indignantly notice with a flat denial of the fact) applied to her the same injurious cognomen! whilst *Testa Tedesca* (German head) became a familiar phrase, applied to the perpetrator of any act of uncommon slowness, awkwardness, or stupidity, by Rudolph's vivacious subjects of the sunny South, in allusion to their new compatriots, of certainly heavier calibre, who had followed him from the North. A Swiss author says, that the sons of Helvetia have seldom obtained from their victories in the plains of Italy the usual results of conquest; and the complaint or observation is singularly applicable to the imagined success of Rudolph. Notwithstanding the many good qualities of the Burgundians, and the really attractive character of the king, they were soon compelled to relinquish every hope of obtaining over the affections of the Italian people generally, that influence which could alone support his power against the machinations of the nobility. It was in vain that the iron crown of Charlemagne rested on his brows; one by one, the ever-restless, never-satisfied nobles deserted his banner; and he soon saw himself obliged to raise his standard, and march to quell an insurrection, excited by a few princes, once his stanchest adherents.

Pavia, the richest and most populous city in his realm, formerly the capital of the Lombard kings,

following the example of some other minor towns, threw off her allegiance; and Rudolph, never deficient in personal bravery, exasperated at this defection, resolved to punish the treacherous city. He assembled a numerous force; and, finding on his arrival, the gates shut at his approach, he encamped on the banks of the Ticino, which partly encircles its walls, and made preparations for an assault. But the thoughtless monarch brought with him, in his own breast, a more dangerous foe to his peace and power than any enclosed within the battlemented towers of Pavia. "It was at this time," says an old Italian author, "that the king of Burgundy received a message, by a trusty agent, sent to him from the Marchioness of Ivree, inviting him to repair to a castle of her own, on the opposite side of the Ticino. She told him the hearts of all the great princes of Italy were in *her* keeping—that it was to *her* he might look for security on the throne—that *her* influence over them should be exerted in his favour, and thus terminate amicably the differences now existing between him and them." Rudolph had already been captivated by the consummate loveliness of this most beautiful, but artful, woman; whose refined coquetry had indeed, "as by enchantment, chained to her chariot wheels many noble adorers." The glittering gifts of nature, annexed to the widow of the Marquis of Ivree, administering during the minority of an infant

son, his extensive possessions, account very rationally for her "enchantments."

The frail credulous monarch, the secret recesses of whose inconstant spirit had been probed by another far more subtle than his own, distrusted not the power of which she boasted. He felt but too well her control over himself; and, intoxicated by hopes of all kinds, he hastened to obey the flattering summons. Such was his confidence in her personal attachment and political importance, that, regardless of the prayers of his principal officers, to whom he was obliged to confide his intention, he crossed the Ticino, a dangerous river, by night nearly alone, and the next day saw him a member of her luxurious court.\*

From this moment the reign of Rudolph, in Italy, was virtually at an end. He suffered his troops to remain without making any hostile demonstration, awaiting the wonders she was to perform in attaching "all hearts to his cause;" and, his senses steeped in voluptuousness, he lost, for the first time, the inherent goodness of his very nature. The soil and climate favourable to vegetable beauty is often found adverse to the human constitution. The position of

\* Queste parole di un senso misterioso e scuro crollarono il coraggio di Rodolfo; di notte tempo lasciò il campo e risalito il Ticino sopra una barchetta corse a trovare la bella insidiosa Ermengarda.—*Cavato dal Museo Bellisani di Pavia.*



Pavia is delightful, from the luxuriance of its waving crops and general fertility; but the water of the Ticino is bad, the land marshy, and even now, when so much has been effected for its improvement, the neighbourhood is not considered healthy. The soldiers, confined to tents, began to suffer; the marchioness had, however, inspired him with such distrust for all excepting herself, that he turned a deaf ear to the remonstrances of his generals, threw off the nobles who were his first and truest friends, and would not permit a hint to her dishonour to be breathed in his presence. The Transjurane and Italian nobility, whose sagacity enabled them to foresee some part, at least, of the impending catastrophe which was to end and punish this disgraceful connexion, were consequently unable to avert it. Thus blinded by the seductions of a shameful passion, he remained ignorant of the plots of the marchioness in favour of *her own brother*, till, the conspiracy being complete, the *dénouement* ready for development, the syren threw off the mask; and he found himself a prisoner in her castle, and in the absolute power of a most formidable and unscrupulous rival!\*

\* Une femme Italienne finit par s'emparer de son esprit confiant et crédule, &c.—*La Reine Berthe, Vulliemin*, p. 5.

Bientôt après, Rudolphe II. fut abandonné par ceux qui l'avoient appelé. Hugues, Comte de Provence, fut élevé, à sa place, sur le trône, en 926.—*Simondi*.

Hugh, Count of Provence, and his sister, were the grandchildren of Lothaire II. by their mother, a daughter born from his illegitimate union with Valdrada, married when very young to the Count of Arles. They both inherited the personal graces of their too celebrated grandmother, for Hugh was accounted the handsomest man in Europe. He was bold and enterprising, risking everything in his insatiable thirst for dominion and pleasure. He possessed, like his sister, the rare and sometimes dangerous art of bending men's minds to his will and views: he had long felt himself cramped by his narrow sovereignty of Arles; and turning to profit the wavering character of the Italians, and the infatuation of their young monarch, he determined, by the aid of his sister, to wrest from him the Italian crown,—and thus obtained it.

As Rudolph's death, under such circumstances, must have overwhelmed them with ignominy; and would not have prevented the other confederate nobles from offering the vacant crown, if so disposed, to a fresh candidate, he was permitted to depart; after signing a most disastrous convention, by which he agreed to draw off all his troops from Pavia. Burning with shame, resentment, and mortification, he made his way back to Monza, which always remained faithful to his interests; and when his feelings, both

as a monarch and a man, had recovered this shock, he wrote to his father-in-law, the Duke of Swabia, imploring his assistance to recover the elevation from which treachery and folly had so abruptly hurled him.

The behaviour of Burcard to the Agilolfingers, some years before, had proved that he was not indifferent to the pomps and vanities of this world ; his prompt determination to support his son-in-law, with even his personal aid, evinced that this sentiment had experienced no diminution from age. He raised a large army in his own domains and in those of Rudolph, and with these he marched intrepidly upon Milan by Ivree, to punish, not only the rival of Rudolph, but the perfidious beauty whose meretricious arts had triumphed over his pure, lovely daughter. Milan, once the most strongly in Rudolph's interests, was now in possession of the opposite faction ; and sheltered within its walls the two objects of his especial wrath. He encamped at a short distance from the city, intending to starve it into capitulation ; and, the conspirators not having had much time to prepare for a siege, he might have been successful, had not his career been suddenly and frightfully terminated. Whilst one day riding round the walls to reconnoitre, accompanied by some of his staff, he exclaimed, in the elation of his heart, "The gates of this city shall soon be opened, and, as truly as I am

Duke Burcard, I will make the Italians mount on horseback with a single spur." \*

The vain boast was heard and understood by a German beggar, possibly sent there as a spy on the words of the invaders. On learning this menace, which implied all the degradation to which they would be subject if he succeeded, the proud Italians felt their antipathy sharpened by fear. A small band bound themselves to effect his death. He was surprised and murdered.

On learning the fatal tidings, Rudolph, overwhelmed with grief and remorse, abandoned the country to his rival ; and returned, in 929, into Burgundy, to soothe the sorrow of the queen, as well as take effective measures for the prosecution of a war which was now become one of vengeance. His departure was followed by the immediate recognition of the pretensions of the Count of Provence by all the nobles of Italy ; nor did his coronation experience any obstacles from the court of Rome, the popes, during the many changes of dynasty which marked this epoch, showing little repugnance to legitimatise any candidate for a throne who arrived at the head of an army.

\* "Aussi certainement que je suis le duc Burcard, ajouta-t-il, je ferai monter les Italiens à cheval avec un seul éperon." He had also said he would make them ride *haridelles* (sorry horses). —Müller.

A tyrant was, perhaps, necessary to make the Italians feel the consequences of that wavering spirit, now prompting a wish for one mode of government and one line of kings, then seeking their antipodes in another form and another family ; and that tyrant was Hugh, to whom they had decreed their crown after having deprived Rudolph of it, in 926. He soon displayed the metal of his mind ; and the Italian nobles contrasting Rudolph's always gracious generous rule with that of his stern, haughty, ambitious successor, united almost unanimously in wishing his recal. Hugh, also, was a Burgundian, and this circumstance increased their dislike, in some degree certainly unjust, since they had called both Rudolph and himself to their throne. Hugh, too keen-sighted not to penetrate into their ill-concealed sentiments, made some dreadful examples of those he deemed the most inimical to him ; and then, to take away from Rudolph the temptation to return, opened a treaty, by which he ceded to him the sovereignty of Arles, a kingdom possessing the advantage of increased contiguity to the Transjurane, and betrothed his only son, Lothaire, to Rudolph's daughter, Adelaide.\*

When this overture reached Rudolph, he was in a state of great anxiety and considerable embarrassment. Right worthily had his sceptre been wielded

\* Histoire de Suisse ; Mallet, tome i. page 126.

in his absence by the fond and faithful wife, to whose heart he had given so cruel a blow by his infatuated attachment to the Marchioness of Ivrée; but the resources of the country were becoming exhausted by his long Italian wars, and the exertions still absolutely necessary to keep the swarms of barbarians, continually haunting his borders, from ravaging the entire country. It does not appear that Bertha received any very important increase of territory or riches from the death of her father, since the Duchess of Swabia from that period governed the whole of the country belonging to him, and stood, thenceforth, prominently forward as one of its most distinguished rulers.\* “To swear by the days of Hedwige,” says an old writer, “was considered as common and solemn as formerly, at Rome, by the head of the emperors. These were sufficient reasons for inducing Rudolph to listen to a truce; it is possible, also, that the experience he had had of the fickleness of popular favour—the disgraceful episode of the Marchioness of Ivrée, and the certainty of a long, wearisome, and expensive contest with such a competitor, determined him at length to accede to the terms offered. They were, undoubtedly, extremely advantageous to him, and had not the death of the Duke of Swabia, and the treachery which planted so bitter a sting in his

\* Bâle was ceded to Rudolph by treaty as part of Bertha's dowry.

heart, whilst it robbed him of a crown, intervened to keep up resentful feelings towards both Hugh and his sister, they would doubtless have been sooner accepted. In 930, he finally relinquished all his pretensions to the throne of Italy, accepting in exchange that of the kingdom of Arles or Provence. This beautiful country, united to the heritage of his fathers, rendered his kingdom one of considerable magnitude and great riches, extending from the borders of the Rhine to the Mediterranean Sea, and commanding the passages of the Alps and the Jura.\*

A great and happy change in the affairs of the Transjurance followed this convention. The too-long separated couple again seated themselves upon the same throne, "Rudolph, near Bertha, as Heroism accompanied Virtue and the Graces." From this moment, the erring monarch and inconstant husband

\* Two kingdoms, afterwards united, were formed by usurpers out of what was then called Burgundy, and comprised the provinces between the Rhone and the Alps, with Franche Comté, and great part of Switzerland.

These kingdoms were denominated Provence and Transjurance Burgundy. The latter was very small, comprising only part of Switzerland; but its second sovereign, Rudolph II., acquired by treaty almost the whole of the former; and the two united were called the kingdom of Arles.—*Hallam*.

Les deux royaumes de Bourgogne (transjurane et cisjurane) sont réunis par Rudolphe II.—*Manuel Chronologique, par Jean Humbert. Mallet*, tome i. page 126.

became all that his fond wife and loyal country could desire. He had found the Transjurane, notwithstanding the disastrous incursions of the barbarians, in so healthy, if not prosperous, a state, that nothing was wanting but a few years of peace to raise it, in conjunction with the kingdom now its appendage, to great wealth and importance.\*

Provence, the beautiful region which subsequently became so celebrated as the land of the Troubadours, and the seat of the ecclesiastical kingdom of the French popes, was even then, though fallen from its primitive glory, of great weight in a political point of view from its proximity to Italy and its choice productions. The Romans, so quick to perceive the respective local advantages of the many countries they conquered and colonized, had early made Arles and Nismes important stations. Both abound with remains of the noblest monuments of their genius and skill. Amphitheatres, theatres, aqueducts, triumphal arches, temples, sewers, spacious forums; and all those other works of beauty and utility which attest the

\* Rodolph II. (de 911 à 937) exposa par des guerres imprudentes le bonheur dont ses peuples jouissaient; mais les qualités éminentes de son épouse Berthe firent oublier les fautes de ce prince. Cette reine, qui fût le modèle de toutes les vertus, encouragea l'agriculture dans nos contrées, répara les routes, construisit des châteaux, fonda des églises et des monastères, auxquels elle assigna des propriétés et des revenus.—*Dic. His. du Canton de Vaud*, par Louis Levade, page 420.



existence of a noble Roman city. Arles was the favourite residence of Julius Cæsar, who built the arena ; and of Constantine the Great, two of whose sons, Constantine II. and another named Arles, were born there. It was in marching from thence to his last battle against Maxentius, that Constantine saw (as he announced to the Christian world) the heavenly symbol of his conquest, and read the solemn words, " By this sign thou shalt conquer."

On the right side of the Rhone, opposite to the amphitheatre, in the once thickly populated, but now melancholy deserted, faubourg of Trinquetaille, may be traced a few dark dismal brick walls, all that time and the Saracens have left of the splendid palace called *La Truille*, inhabited by Roman emperors, French monarchs, and their successors, the independent counts and kings of Arles. The site of their very abode is conjectural ; and the local guides of the place point out two noble columns of granite, supporting the half of a Corinthian pediment, built into the *façade* of the *Hôtel-du-Nord*, as a proof that Constantine held there his court. But the remembrance of Bertha's humble industry has better outlived the obliterating power of nine centuries ; and at Arles, as at Monza and Milan, the stranger is told, " the time is no more when good queen Bertha spun." Arles had lost much of its imperial splendour when Bertha became its queen, still a vast number of

Roman antiquities, remaining *even yet*, must have struck such a mind as hers with wonder and delight, as she rode through this rich classical city of bygone ages.\* The majestic arena was then a citadel, sheltering three thousand of the poorest of her subjects, who had fled to its thick walls for protection from

\* Mons. Estrangin, Advocate of Arles, in his description of his native city, just published, says, that almost within the memory of man, Arles presented a museum of Roman antiquities, broken statues, columns, and other *débris* of the reigns of Julius Cæsar, Augustus, and the Constantines, dispersed without order in the streets, and built into the houses. Some of the most perfect have since been collected, and are now in the rich museum held in the old church of St. Anne, opposite the cathedral—many others were sent to embellish various museums in France; and a vessel, freighted with several of great value, on its way to Paris as a present, at her desire, to Catherine of Medicis, when with Charles IX. she visited Arles, was lost in the difficult navigation on the Rhone near Vienne. In the time of Bertha, therefore, Arles must have been still a Roman city, though “its glory had departed.” Twice has the writer of this sketch lingered with delight in Arles; and saw, during each sojourn by the clear light of a bright southern moon, that stupendous monument of Roman power, the Amphitheatre, hallowed by the modern shades of Goethe, Byron, Madame de Staël, and Chateaubriand, left so entire, that it was soon afterwards the scene of a bull-fight, given by a popular member of the city to his constituents, who, to the amount of ten thousand persons, there witnessed a renewal of the ferocious pastimes of antiquity. With grief the writer learnt *this* appropriation of the arena. A railroad will, it is said, soon annihilate all vestige of the Roman burial ground immortalised (in verse at least) by Dante and Ariosto.

the Saracens a century before. The busy hum of man engaged in his daily travail — the gleeful sound of infant voices shouting in their play, had succeeded to the roaring of savage animals, and the agonized shrieks of their victims — to the clashing arms of the miserable gladiators fighting, even unto death, for the amusement of the cruel, though refined, population of heathen Rome—and to the wild shout of applause, echoing in prolonged thunder, when the victims fell ; but the stern grandeur of that wondrous pile remained in all its majesty of form and solidity of construction\* — the Egyptian obelisk telling of the earliest ages of the world, of Moses and of the Pharaohs, as the *Alis-camps* or Elysian fields of the Greeks and Romans (so spake they of the last resting place of man !)

\* — “ Here, where murder breathed her bloody steam ;  
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,  
 And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream  
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;  
 Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise  
 Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,  
 My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays  
 On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd—  
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

“ A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass  
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd ;  
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass  
 And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.”

*Lord Byron. Pilgrimage of Childe Harold, canto iv.*

spared by the awe-struck barbarians of the north, were there as now; and the solemn cemetery was still crowded with magnificent sarcophagi, graceful pillars, breathing statues, and monumental tablets, funereal urns, and votive altars\*—the beautiful

\* Les Aliscamps or les Champs-Élysées of Arles, the Rome of Gaul, have excited the admiration of the two most celebrated poets of Italy, familiar with the far-famed Campo Santo of their native land at Pisa—Dante and Ariosto. Ariosto makes the Paladin Roland (Orlando), that nephew of Charlemagne so celebrated in all the chronicles of the middle ages, fight under the walls of Arles, whose Champs Élysées received, according to the poet, the mortal spoils of the chevaliers who fell on each side:—

“ Della gran multitudine ch’uccisa,  
Fu d’ogni parte in questa ultima guerra. . . .  
Se ne veda encor segno in quella terra,  
Ché presso ad Arli, ove il Rodano stagna  
Piena di sepolture è la campagna.”

(*Orlando Furioso*, xxxix. 72.)

Before him a yet nobler poet had made allusion in the *Divina Commedia* to the tombs of the Elysian fields on the borders of the Rhone:—

“ Si come ad Arli ov’el Rodano stagna,  
Fanno i sepolcri tutto’l loco varo.”

So celebrated was this Elysium, even before the Christian era, that neighbouring cities, when willing to do especial honour to the dead, brought them by the navigation of the Rhone, taking care to place under the tongue a small sum of money, usually an obole, to satisfy the demand of Charon, that stern avaricious boatman of the dead, who suffered none to cross the gulf, separating this world from the next, without duly paying the tributary fee.—*Ville d’Arles, par J. J. Estrangin, Avocat à Arles.*

cathedral in all the freshness of its first completion and perfection of finish — the theatre with its two majestic marble columns standing in lonely sublimity amid the ruins of its circular terraces, its buried stage, its half-developed orchestra — the profusely scattered wrecks of sculptured friezes, cornices, and façades — of marble porticoes, twisted pillars, and slender pilasters, pedestals, and inscriptions built into, and incrusting the walls of every domicile — the bright striped or chequered awnings spread across the streets, and projecting from each door and window — the rich vegetation of mural foliage of every kind, springing from the grey time-stained walls — the olive, the mulberry, and the palm-trees, around which the vine threw her green branches and purple clusters; and at whose feet bloomed and ripened myriads of flowers and fruits — and, above all, the strange but picturesque costumes of the people — the brilliant colours of the flowing robes — the long dark flashing southern eye, shaded by lashes and tresses shining and black as polished ebony, and, the soft pale olive of the speaking physiognomy of mingled origin, Roman and Saracenic. How strange! yet how exciting and delightful, must all this have been to the German queen, whose eloquent blood

*Mélanges.* Gervais de Tilbury, annaliste du XIII<sup>e</sup> siècle et Maréchal du Royaume d'Arles sous Othon IV., Empereur d'Allemagne.

spoke through the pure red and white of her fatherland ; and whose life, save a brief interval, had been spent in the primitive cities of Swabia, or in wandering over the primeval Alps and half-cultivated lands of Helvetia.

Anxious to secure the attachment of his new subjects, the good monarch went many times every year into Provence ; where, as in other parts of his dominions, he would frequently seat himself under a great tree, on the border of the high road, to administer justice, like the judges of Israel, to all his people.\* Relinquishing on this point his feudal and royal rights, he allowed them to elect their own parish priest, at the same time that he was vigilant in watching over the conduct of those thus appointed.† Bertha accompanied him once or twice

\* “ Leur empire s’étendait des bords du Rhin, près de Schaffhouse, à ceux de la Saône, et, le long du Rhône, jusqu’à la mer. Le roi parcourut mainte fois ces contrées, s’asseyant sous un grand arbre au bord du chemin, pour rendre, comme autrefois les Juges d’Israël, la justice à tout venant.”—*Conservateur Suisse*.

One of those majestic oak-trees for which Switzerland is so remarkable has been pointed out at Montpreveyres, as often honoured by sheltering Rudolph whilst presiding at these simple courts of justice ; and at Arles, by the side of a spacious arcade, almost the sole remnant of the ancient palace of the court royal (now a prison), is an elevated bench of mouldering discoloured marble, supported by stone steps, on which, according to tradition, justice was publicly administered by the king.

† Il respectait le droit du peuple, d’élire son conducteur

in these royal progresses, but she seems to have resided habitually in the Transjurane, and did not cease to direct its government, as principal, rather than subordinate.

From 927, when Bertha was forced to take refuge in the town of Neuchâtel, which formed the nucleus of the present romantic town, the Saracens and Hungarians, either imagining there was not much more to gain in a land so devastated, or unwilling to test their strength with that of so potent a monarch as Rudolph was become, (and withal of such warlike reputation,) returned no more for several years into Switzerland, though they still kept possession of many of the defiles of the Alps, whence they made pillaging excursions into other countries; and Bertha, thus without alarm or molestation, could continue her customary vocations. As the acute queen knew that example is a far more efficient assistant in the guidance of others, than even that, "line upon line, and precept upon precept," enjoined

spirituel, en même temps qu'il veillait à ce que les charges de l'Eglise ne fussent remplies que par des hommes irréprochables.

\* \* \* \*

Libon, Evêque de Lausanne, fut élu par la communauté, puis interrogé, dans le château de Chavornay, sur ses dogmes et sa morale, par le roi, les ducs et les évêques. Là se trouvaient les Evêques de Genève, Elizeger Evêque de Belley, le Margrave Hugues, &c.—*Chronique du Chartulaire de Lausanne*, A.D. 927.

to all in authority, she had soon after Rudolph's first departure for Italy adopted a custom, which she seems never to have relinquished through her whole life, the habit of spinning as she rode on her little palfrey. The distaff, then the sole instrument by which thread could be spun for the use of the loom, admitted of being placed on her saddle, and thus as she travelled from castle to castle, and town to town, the gentle queen realized one of the most beautiful descriptions of industry in Sacred Writ, so full of exquisite imagery :—"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry ; her clothing is silk and purple." Nor must the fair netter of purses, embroiderer in German wool, or manufacturer of the thousand ingenious and elegant trifles that so well become her sex, regard this occupation as below the dignity of a great queen. So important did the invention of the loom and the distaff appear in the early ages of civilization, that it was piously ascribed to the gods ; and in every succeeding century a variety of animal and vegetable productions have been skilfully manufactured through their medium, to protect or adorn the noble but defenceless form of humanity. Each country, and each epoch, has its own separate arts and embellishments. The empress Irene, wife of Leo IV., when banished to Lesbos,



gained her bread by spinning, and rejoiced in her possession of the power to do so ; and Charlemagne had all his daughters taught both to spin and work wool, that idleness might not corrupt their morals. Bertha seems to have half lived in the open air, and this was clearly the only mode she could, under such circumstances, adopt for the employment of her fingers — one of the most graceful and most useful of all the multiplied acquirements of woman.\*

At first it appears almost impossible that Bertha could ride and spin simultaneously, or that what she

\* Although the delicacy of modern times places Bertha on her palfrey in the same attitude and with the same grace as the youthful Victoria now appears on her charger, it is certain *she* rode *en cavalier*. A seal appended to several charters in existence shows her thus seated, spinning with her distaff, and under her effigy is her motto—*Bertha humilis regina*—Bertha humble queen. Her saddle also, carefully treasured up in the church of Payerne, is masculine, with a place on the pommel for the admission of the distaff. From the length and folds of the drapery, she probably wore something like the full petticoat still used by females in the Pyrenees, open before and behind, and thus removing every idea of coarseness by entirely concealing the feet on each side. This seal, or a duplicate, was found under the abbatial church of Payerne, her last monastic foundation, when the building was in part pulled down to be converted into a school.

In a painting, of ancient date, she appears surrounded by a glory like the saints, her long blonde tresses extending nearly to her knees, spinning and weaving with St. Helena, the patroness of the art ; and is depicted in another with a page bearing her purse.

might thus achieve on her palfrey could be of any worth ; but, in all probability, when she appeared in state, she had a page to guide her palfrey. At other times she probably rode slowly over the unmacadamized bridle-paths of the eleventh century ; and as it was her custom to sit for hours together inspecting the progress of her gigantic undertakings, this might very easily have been no mere vain display to excite attention, or attract popularity. She is, besides, stated to have really spun great quantities of the finest thread, afterwards woven for the use of the royal family. She does not appear to have aspired, like her step-mother, to literary renown. Nor is it recorded that she imitated Hedwige in the embroidery of priests' garments, or altar coverings, then the fashionable "ladies' work" of the day, for which the duchess was almost as distinguished as for her erudition. Bertha was eminently *utilitarian* in all her proceedings, and her capacious mind displaying to her the vast power of majesty for effecting great objects, seems to have rendered her, to a certain degree, indifferent to minor pursuits ; and without the smallest affectation or pretence of any kind, from which she was singularly free, her sole feminine amusement, when not actively engaged in governing her kingdom or superintending her household, seems to have been her ever-ready distaff, the employment of which rendered her besides a striking model for

the female subjects of her realm. Her incessant activity, and the fearless energy of her character, are thus strongly painted by a very old writer :—" She went spinning along, over mountains and valleys ; building castles and convents, and putting into them châtelains and monks, and nuns, on her way."\* How truly anxious Bertha was to inspire a love of industry ; her quick perception and her generous yet shrewd character is shown in a little anecdote related by many chroniclers.† Being one day on her palfrey, crossing some retired pasturages, she came unexpectedly upon a young girl seated quite alone, spinning like herself whilst she watched her flock of sheep ; and the good queen, all pleased to find her so careful not to lose time, rode up to her and gave her a very handsome present with much commendation. The next day several noble ladies, hearing of this from

\* Filant tout en cheminant par monts et par vaux, bâtissant châteaux et couvens, et mettant en ceux châtelains, prêtres et nonnes.

† This pleasing anecdote is variously recorded by several writers. Berthe rencontra un jour près d'Orbe, une jeune fille qui filoit, en gardant quelques brebis, et lui envoya un riche cadeau, pour recompenser sa diligence. Le lendemain, plusieurs nobles Dames parurent à la cour avec un fuseau ; mais la Reine ne leur fit aucun présent, et se contenta de dire : la paysanne est venue la première, et comme Jacob, elle a emporté ma bénédiction.—*Conservateur Suisse, Feuille du Jour de l'An, Lausanne, 1843, M. L. Vulliemin ; Ollivier, &c. Journ. de Saint-Romuald.*

their lords, appeared before her in like manner with a *fuseau*, in the hope of some recompense; but Bertha, knowing their industry was only assumed for a purpose, contented herself with saying, making allusion to the Holy Scriptures, which she daily read, "the peasant girl came first, and, like Jacob, she has carried away my blessing, leaving nothing for Esau."

It is said that Bertha, to whom the whole of that noble portrait of womanly worth in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs might, in the spirit of prophecy, have been applied, looked more narrowly into the ways of her household, and took more effectual care that none should eat the bread of idleness than was, at times, quite agreeable to its members. The versatility of her genius, which could descend to the merest trifles, and then soar back again to the high duties of her exalted station, is displayed in some anecdotes of her private career not a little amusing. With her great ancestor, Charlemagne, she knew, it seems, the very number of the pigs on her farms, and the eggs in her poultry-yard; and, the sworn enemy of laziness, whether in her court or kitchen, she quickened by her vigilant *surveillance* the rather heavy step of her Burgundians; spurring on their activity by occasional reproofs, and not fearing to lay upon their broad shoulders the taxes necessary for the well-being and prosperity of the country at large.

Without having learnt the science of political economy in any academy of philosophy, she knew that imposts are not an evil, excepting when they exceed the finances of a people, or are exacted, without due regard to their interests or feelings, to be lavished in vain expenses. The villagers of the Mont near Lausanne relate still, and not without some expression of dissatisfaction, unextinguished after nine centuries, that Bertha, always coming and going, one day inquired in a little hostelry, where she alighted to take some repose and refreshment, whether they had given oats or wheat to her palfrey and the horses of her suite, in order to lay a tax upon the most abundant produce of their fields. Without, indeed, recourse to this method of raising money, it must have been impossible to carry on the government of the kingdom, or meet the heavy outlays to which she was subjected by her various public works and charities.

About this period several important undertakings, commenced in the earlier part of her reign, but interrupted by the incursions of the Saracens, were completed ; amongst them was a bridge over the Birse, near Basle ; and she was projecting many others alike beneficial to the country, when the happiness she had experienced since Rudolph's abandonment of the crown of Italy was converted into intense misery by the death of that amiable monarch, after scarcely six

years of public repose, prosperity, and domestic harmony, so entire that the royal pair, in all their acts, opinions, and pursuits, appeared guided by the same spirit. Rudolph expired at Orbe, about the end of 936, or early in 937, so beloved and regretted by all his subjects that, in their gratitude for his parental goodness, they would, without scruple, have placed him in the list of saints.\*

Rudolph II. died in middle age, though after a reign of twenty-five years. The manner of his death is not authentically recorded; it is simply said that "the end of his reign was tranquil and glorious;" and that if, at its commencement, he might be reproached with pride, ambition, and pomp, he showed himself, at its close, affable, benevolent, and just. He brought the kingdom of little Burgundy to the highest point of splendour and prosperity it ever attained, and his subjects in the kingdom of Provence were scarcely less afflicted at his premature demise than those belonging to his paternal heritage. He left five children—Conrad, who succeeded him in both his thrones; Burcard, subsequently bishop of Lausanne and archbishop of Lyons; Adelaide, then only six years of age, affianced to Lothaire, son of the king of Italy; Gisèle, still younger; and a posthumous son named Rudolph.†

\* La Reine Berthe, p. 8.—*Vulliemin*.

† Conservateur Suisse.

Although this blow must have fallen more heavily on his sorrowing queen, because it appears to have resulted from a sudden attack of disease, she evinced on this, as on every occasion of her adventurous life, the utmost wisdom, fortitude, and energy. She immediately called together the chiefs of the kingdom, and within a few days after his father's death, the young monarch was solemnly crowned in the church of St. Maire, at Lausanne, by the bishop, with all the pomp and magnificence that could be displayed under such circumstances, to add every possible publicity and importance to the rite. Conrad was, at his accession, only ten years of age. He had been named from his great-grandfather, in accordance with an ancient custom which prevailed in Burgundy and Helvetia, and perhaps other northern nations, before the science of blazonry enabled each member of a family to trace himself distinctly up to a common founder. Adelaide, the inheritor of all her mother's graces of mind and person, whose history, still more eventful and singular than hers, has been written by several contemporary authors, was then little more than six,\* Burcard and Gisèle, infants, and Rudolph,

\* Vie d'Adélaïde, par Odillon.—*Liutprand*.

La Bourgogne prit dès-lors la forme d'un royaume électif. Conrad, fils de Rodolphe, fut proclamé Roi aux Etats-Généraux assemblés à Lausanne, l'an 937, et son fils Rodolphe III. l'an 993. . . . . Il (Conrad-le-Salique) les convoqua

born some months afterwards. The affliction of Bertha, for the loss of the lover of her girlhood, the father of her children, and the beloved sharer of all her views and pleasures, with whom she might, without presumption, have hoped to pass many years of sweet companionship, noble as his mind, matured by age and chastened by wholesome adversity, had become, was soon destined to many cruel aggravations. Counting on long days of health and life, Rudolph appears to have left no written will, and although Bertha's glorious regency might well have authorized her to continue to guide the state, a demur arose on this subject between the people and the ministers of the crown, the cause of which is variously and most contradictorily stated. By some it is said that the great vassals of France and Burgundy, considering themselves at this epoch independent of the royal power, wished to profit by it to extend their frontiers; and that one of them having commenced a campaign with that intention, the emperor Otho the Great took the field at the request of some of the nobles, and forced him to retire into his fief; that afterwards, fearing the country might become the prey of anarchy or powerful neighbours, he then declared himself the protector of the mother

(Etats-Généraux) de nouveau à Soleure, l'an 1038, pour remettre, de leur consentement, le Royaume de Bourgogne à son fils Henri.



and tutor of the children, and in that character took possession of the person of the young king.\* Other writers, also contemporary, declare that the alleged rebellion of the Count Hugh of Maçon was a subterfuge ; that the country had nothing to fear from him, and had never solicited the emperor's interference ; that he had not been designated by the will or wishes of the late king, Rudolph, on the contrary, having appointed Bertha, whom he greatly loved and respected (*que grandement il amoit et consideroit*), to govern during the minority of her son ; that his sudden appearance at the court of the Transjurane was equally unexpected and undesired, and that his separating the child from his mother, by taking him into Germany, on the plea of giving him a proper education, was a most cruel, arbitrary, and unjust act.

To increase the mortification of Bertha, the emperor further declared that the education of Conrad had been neglected, and would be more so if he remained in female hands. This assertion was considered a mere pretence to colour his own intention to retain as a hostage an infant prince whose subjects he wished to control ; and as, for fifteen years Conrad was never suffered to return into the Transjurane, there appears much *vraisemblance* in this impression. From this period a thick cloud hangs over Swiss

\* Mallet, tome i. p. 127.

Romande, for scarcely any charter signed during that epoch has descended to posterity.\* It would seem that the government had in some measure ceased ; that the great feudal vassals considered themselves independent ; and that Bertha, thus robbed of her son and of her rights, had sought, by keeping up her friendship with the princes of Italy, to oppose some barrier to the almost overwhelming power of the emperor. This is probable : the bereaved mother and injured queen would naturally endeavour to retain the alliances of her late husband for the sake of her children, and the young Lothaire, on learning the surpassing beauty of his betrothed bride, was doubtless equally willing to continue his engagement. Adelaide was scarcely twelve months old when her father, sacrificing her to political interests, had plighted her hand as soon as she should have completed her sixteenth year ; and a few weeks afterwards the punctual bridegroom crossed the mountains to redeem her pledge and his own. He was accompanied by a gallant train of Italian nobles, and the king, his father, the wily, bellipotent rival of Rudolph, whose single virtue appears to have been paternal attachment to this son, his sole legitimate child. Although the prestige of queenly power

\* A document preserved in the convent of St. Maurice in the canton of the Valais, proves that charters were, nevertheless, expedited in the name of Conrad.—*Vulliemin*.

did not attend Bertha, as in the days of her husband's life, she had been permitted to enjoy her own private fortune ; and she possibly continued to exercise considerable sway in the Transjurane, for she is reported never to have ceased from works of mercy, though on a less extended scale, or to have been regarded by the people in any other light than their queen ; and her reception of the young prince, her future son-in-law, and his party, was truly royal. She was then occupying the antique castle of Vufflens, still perfect in all its strangely beautiful exterior ; and at the church of the adjacent village of Colombier,\* the wedding was "blest by the priest," amidst the tears of her mother, and a numerous population to whom she had already become endeared by her many virtues.

In tracing, step by step, the history of Bertha through many a scattered notice, thrown as if by chance amid other matter, the writer of this sketch has never met with one single sentence not breathing the highest, and apparently, the sincerest eulogy till this epoch, when the old chroniclers who had so loved her, and still loved her, slide gently and most

\* Tradition has fixed the royal farm at Colombier as the scene of this reception, but Mons. Vulliemin is of opinion that it took place at the castle of Vufflens, which Bertha either wholly built, or in great measure restored, for some part of its strange architecture is believed to be antecedent to her epoch.

respectfully from high panegyric to something bordering on apology. It is very probable that, half confined as she had been during the nine melancholy years of her widowhood to the Transjurane, or Provence, she might not have learnt that Lothaire was a prince of most dissolute habits; and, even had the unwelcome tidings met her ear, it would have been impossible for her to make any change in her daughter's destination. After a sacred betrothal, the parties were usually considered as man and wife; and, though political changes sometimes effected a separation before the final binding ceremony of marriage, it was never accomplished on light grounds, or without much trouble, and often warfare. She was unfriended—seeking protection from the emperor in this very connexion; but Adelaide's was not the only union celebrated in the little country church of Colombier; for, within a very short period afterwards, Bertha gave her own hand, in second marriage to Hugh king of Italy, one of the most unprincipled and unpopular monarchs of Europe!

“The queen was fondly attached to her daughter, and could not bear the idea of their separation—Bertha hoped to strengthen her power of resistance to the emperor—she considered it a duty to her people—the Transjurane was now scarcely governed by her—she shrunk from letting her lovely daughter go alone at so tender an age away from her maternal

care." Such are the excuses or reasons thus offered for Bertha's second marriage ; and, no doubt they had, each and all, great weight with her in deciding this important change in her situation. Her first-born son was a sort of honourable prisoner in the court of the emperor ; her youngest daughter had died at the castle of Chavornay, a few months before, of a fever ; and Burcard was preparing for an ecclesiastical career in the monastery of St. Gall ; Rudolph must soon quit her care to enter upon his education, and her deserted hearth, thus solitary, would have been melancholy indeed. Still a union with such a man was hazardous in the extreme ; and detracted somewhat from the matronly dignity of her past carriage ; contrasting too, very strongly, with that of her step-mother, the Duchess of Swabia, still her father's widow. But between them there was no resemblance, excepting in their mutual widowhood. Hedwige sat at ease in her immense possessions, which comprehended a great part of Northern Helvetia : she had none to fear and none to conciliate. Her attention had been early turned to study and literature, by the necessity of applying herself to the Greek language, as a preparative for becoming Empress of Constantinople ; her union with the Duke of Swabia had brought small interruption to her classical pursuits ; and, after his death, announcing her intention never to barter her independence in

exchange for any future lord, she was suffered to enjoy it and her love of science together in unmolested tranquillity, or, at least, she was not subject to the tender importunities of lovers, sighing either after herself or her enormous wealth; for Hedwige, nine hundred years ago, was not exempt from the sneers, or suspicions, or witticisms, that occasionally follow the footsteps of a learned lady. \*

Bertha's very essence was love,—her being existed in that of others,—her husband, her children, her people formed a portion of herself: all these ties were either broken or vanishing, and in the very desolation of her heart, she could not seemingly refuse the offer which gave back to her maternal arms the lovely and gifted daughter, from whom she was on the point of being separated for ever, and promised a renewal of the protection she felt she so much needed for herself and other children. No newspapers then existed to blazon forth the frailties of sovereigns as well as their subjects; and individuals would be fearful of circulating, too openly, the misdemeanours of such a delinquent. Hugh's character darkened after his assumption of the crown

\* On ignore l'époque précise de la mort d'Édvice; mais on sait qu'Eckard termina son utile carrière vers l'an 968, digne à tous égards de l'éloge que lui donne Hépidan, annaliste de St. Gall, d'avoir été un homme tout pénétré de sagesse et de vertu.—*Fragmens Historiques.*

of Italy ; and its worst features had, most probably, never been presented to her eyes. He was a man of extraordinary abilities and cultivated education for the age, and fully shared with his sister Ermengarde, Marchioness of Ivree, in those personal graces, accomplishments, and blandishments, which had overcome the dazzled senses of her beloved husband, Rudolph. Too juvenile to be married to Rudolph in 919, she might now not be more than forty—and a painful history attached to a young page is a too strong proof that she yet retained many of the personal charms which distinguished the spring of her life, whilst a natural consciousness of her claims to the love and respect of all around her, might, without vanity, induce the flattering persuasion, that she could affect a favourable change in whatever she found displeasing in the temper or habits of the King of Italy.

Every precaution that a fond mother's anxious heart could suggest under such circumstances—every evil that might occur to the country in her apparent desertion, she anticipated and provided for. Her youngest son, Rudolph, was sent to the protecting walls of St. Gall, where he joined his elder brother, Burcard. She appointed to all places of trust in her jurisdiction men of eminence and worth ; and gave (say two chroniclers) many châteaux to her nobles, to engage them to preserve their fidelity towards her

absent son, Conrad, whose interests she ever protected with maternal love and loyal solicitude.

About this period she bestowed the castle of Vufflens on an Italian nobleman, simply termed by the old writers Duke Azzoni, who had followed the fortunes of Rudolph into Switzerland, perhaps, compromised by his attachment to Rudolph's cause. in his native land ; and a melancholy tradition hovers over one of the four towers surrounding the great centre citadel. A young brother of the duke's, page to Bertha, in his admiration of her personal charms and goodness, forgot, it is said, the gulf between the queen and the woman. If he did not aspire to the hand of his royal mistress, he at least permitted a misplaced attachment to rob him of his reason, and died insane, after many years of captivity, in this singular specimen of half Saracenic architecture.

There is a sort of corroboration of this sad tale, in the fact, that after Bertha's return to Switzerland, she never more inhabited this castle, residing principally at the château of Baldern, which she received from her father, the Duke of Swabia. As a portion of his hereditary property, and built by Bertha's cousin, the Princess Hildgarde, abbess of Zurich, he, perhaps, could not alienate it from her, in favour of Hedwige, to whose interests he sacrificed some of the usual pride of a father ; "For at his death," says



an old chronicler, "Hedwige inherited his vast domains, which comprehended a great part of Northern Helvetia, and his power as vicar-general of the empire, which gave her, in these countries, the right of judging, without appeal, all crimes, excepting those of leze-majesty."

In tracing the history of Bertha, and whilst glancing over that of the Duchess of Swabia, one rather painful testimonial to the commonly accredited opinion that amity seldom exists between those so connected, has presented itself; and it would seem the relation of step-mother and step-daughter, too often (for many bright exceptions are found) rears a sort of invisible barrier between the hearts of the parties thus united by a conspicuous bond. No evidence, either chronological or traditional, points to their meeting as visitors in their respective dominions, or that during Bertha's solitary widowhood, when clouds and darkness hung on her horizon, Hedwige sent succour or lent the splendour of her name and power to strengthen Bertha's diminishing importance; and at her death, in very advanced age, for she is believed to have long outlived the Queen of Italy, all her immense possessions passed away from the grandchildren of her husband; yet she had apparently no kindred of her own to clash with them—the usual source of dissension. Even the castle of Hohentweil, dearly obtained by the extinction of the blood of the

Agilolfingers, went to the emperor in default of legal heirs,\* although the children of Rudolph were collaterally descended from that hapless line; and after being transferred to the Abbey of Stein on the Rhine, was, with it and the rest of her domains, given to the bishopric of Bamberg, just founded by the emperor. She had previously transformed Hohentweil into a monastery, partly, perhaps, as an expiation of the manner of their death, already avenged on earth, in the eye of man, by the frightful fate of the Duke of Swabia (which, on the presumption that there was something unfair in their execution, certainly offered a striking instance of moral retribution), for it did not escape the observation of his contemporaries, too prone however to see supernatural judgments in remarkable events—that it was this stain on his reputation which brought him in contact with their champion Rudolph, and that, in fighting for a son in law, obtained under such circumstances, he fell himself by the treacherous hand of an assassin near the gates of Milan. Despite, however, this estrangement between Bertha and the duchess, reflecting, as such estrangements necessarily do, prin-

\* It should be rather male posterity of the duke, for Otho II. was his great-grandson, by Adelaide, Rudolph's daughter. From the wording it seems, however, to have reverted to the crown as an escheat, and was immediately appropriated to a public purpose.

cipally on the stronger or maternal side, the latter was a good as well as a distinguished woman ; and their alienation (if it ever existed, for there is absence of all proof excepting, in legal phrase, circumstantial evidence, to establish that they were not friendly,) might be owing more to the wide difference in their habits than to any deficiency of kindly feeling in either. Hedwige continued to the end of her days the strong-minded, keen-sighted, woman, whose prudence made her reject the glittering shadows of an imperial court in the far East, for the solid honour of presiding as undisputed mistress over her own broad and fair heritage in her fatherland.\*

"From her high eminence at Hohentweil," says an old writer, "the Duchess of Swabia looked down upon a rich and prosperous country submitted to her will, and ruled many a mile on either side, all the rich provinces bathed by the fertilizing waters of Lake Constance. She judged her subjects 'even

\* Hedwige, or Edwige, Duchess of Swabia, is sometimes mistaken for another German princess, Saint Hedwige, daughter of the Duke of Carintha, and wife of Henry, Duke of Silesia and Poland, who flourished two centuries later. She quitted her husband and six children, three of whom were daughters, to retire into a convent of Cistercian nuns at Trebnitz, where she died, in the odour of sanctity, and was canonized by Pope Clement IV., in 1267. "Le serment le plus sacre en Souabe étoit, par les jours d'Hedwige."—*Müller*.

unto death by the counts, her gentle vassals,' and acquired by her strict impartiality, still more than by her beauty and her learning, a reputation that eight (now nine) centuries have never effaced in Swabia, in Thurgovia, and the district which forms the canton of Zurich. Even in the Alps of the Tyrol, and of Rhetia, they swore by the days of Hedwige, as formerly at Rome they invoked the head of the emperor." The cultivation of the *Belles Lettres* formed still the amusement of her leisure hours; and, on this subject, the chronicles of St. Gall afford some very amusing proofs of the reluctance of the lords of the creation to admit the claims of a feminine rival to erudition—their scepticism as to its existence—or distrustfulness of the motives which lead to its prosecution. Hedwige, it seems, not yet disgusted with grammars and lexicons, wished to improve herself in Latin—a certainly far more useful acquirement in her present situation than the Greek learnt to qualify herself for Oriental sway—and soon, by the force of genius and intense application, Virgil and Horace became her favourite authors. Like all, however, who drink deeply of the Castalian spring, she became only more thirsty, and, although thus advanced, she felt the want of a learned man always near her to direct and assist her studies. St. Gall was then in the zenith of its scholastic glory, and for this purpose she went to the convent under the

*"pretence of devotion at the shrine of its founder."* The Abbot Burcard, to whom she was nearly related through the Duke of Swabia, received her with all the respect due to her rank and sex, and when her prayers were duly recited, conducted her into his abbatial apartments, where, after a sumptuous repast, he offered her some rich presents, which she however declined.

"I want nothing, good father," said she, "but one single thing—it is to lend to me for some time Eccard, that he may give me lessons at Hohentweil." Now Eccard, the most learned and spiritual of all the monks of St. Gall, more known without doubt to the duchess by his pointed epigrams than his theological writings, was extremely necessary to the schools of the monastery, of which he had long been the chief director, though still quite a young man. It was, therefore, with great unwillingness that the abbot complied with this petition, though but for a season; and the same day the talented Eccard exchanged his cell for the palace of Hohentweil. "When they arrived," says the minute chronicler, "his beautiful pupil took him by the hand, and introduced him into her apartment, where they thenceforth passed the day, and sometimes part of the night, together, in reading and commenting upon Greek and Latin authors, the door of the study being constantly open, and one of the ladies of her suite always in

attendance to bring them volumes for consultation, —trim their often exhausted lamp, and intervene between them and the suspicions of the ill-minded." There is, however, such a tendency to distrust—such a proneness to slander in human nature, that notwithstanding these sage precautions, many evils sprung from this immoderate love of learning on the part of the duchess. The young monk forgetting, in the propinquity of the woman and the pupil, her high station and rigid virtue, ventured upon some trifling liberty; but he soon discovered his error; and had the fair Hedwige's history reached the not less fair, but frailer Heloise, who flourished two centuries later, it might have proved a lesson beyond all price to her. Hedwige caused her youthful instructor to be bound to one of the massive pillars of the monster bed which received her royal limbs at night, for in Swabia, at that distant era, the bed of greatness was not, as now, fastidiously hidden from vulgar sight—it might not occupy the throne-room or council-room, but its giant proportions and gorgeous magnificence, surrounded by a gilt balustrade, often threw a degree of awful splendour over "my lady's chamber," into which, at proper hours, even mailed knights and surpliced priests might enter without scandal or indelicacy. There the offended dignity of Hedwige kept him many doleful hours, a piteous spectacle, no doubt, to the sedate matrons and demure damsels who formed her suite; but, it

may be, a rather ludicrous one to the discreet or scornful knights and saucy varlets, for whose edification and example he was, perhaps, mainly thus publicly exposed. A threat of severer chastisement was announced in case of a second transgression. But there was no need of this precautionary admonition. She had so effectually "whipped the offending Adam out of Eccard, that he pined for nothing more but to get back to St. Gall." \*

Whilst Hedwige thus punished, *en Reine*, the venial offence into which her juvenile master had been betrayed, in a moment of idleness or luxury, she could not, nevertheless, ward off the suspicions, sneers, and sarcasms of the abbot of Reichnau, a sharp-witted man, at the head of a rich monastery, situate on the lake of Constance, always in open or secret rivalry with St. Gall, who had the impertinence to indulge in many pleasantries at her expense, amongst others, that, "although the young cenobite certainly limped a little on one leg, he had a marvellously sweet distinct voice with which to communicate his lessons, besides a pair of the finest eyes he ever saw in human head ;" "and *certes*," adds the loquacious,

\* Elle étoit même si sévère avec son maître, qu'un jour prétendant qu'il lui avoit tenu des propos despectueux, elle le fit dépouiller de son manteau, attacher à une colonne de son lit, et le menaça de la discipline.—*Conservateur Suisse*, vol. iii. p. 366.

thoughtless annalist, stamping with his unnecessary testimony, as he registered the tale, the spiteful abbot's base inuendoes, "*le docte* (learned) Eccard had an excellent understanding, insinuating manners, and a seducing voice, with most sparkling and piercing eyes." \* These scandalous insinuations did not fail in due time to reach Hedwige, for there will always be found as many to convey unpleasant speeches as to make them, and the indignant duchess, whose quick perception fully comprehended the entire meaning of these personal compliments to her tutor, soon made the scurrilous abbot repent of his unseemly jesting. As his *suzeraine*, she speedily taught him, by imposing a heavy fine, that such witticisms were not to be indulged in with impunity; and at her command he received a very smart reprimand from his diocesan, the bishop of Constance, a wise prudent prelate, not given to the same licentious use of his tongue. Altogether, this leaf in the book

\* Le docte Echard. Ce moine avait du savoir-vivre des manières douces, une voix seduisante, des yeux vifs et percans. Il lui arrivait fréquemment de passer des journées entières seul auprès d'Hedwige, occupé à la lecture des anciens.—*Müller*, vol. i.

Ce fut en lisant à Hedwige ce vers de Virgile. . . . *Je crains les Grecs même lorsqu'ils font des présents*, qu'Eckard lui raconta les insultes que l'Abbé de Reinau avoit faites au Couvent de St. Gall, les mauvaises plaisanteries qu'il s'étoit permises sur leur liaison littéraire et le présent d'un beau cheval qu'il en avoit reçu.—*Conservateur Suisse*, vol. iii. p. 368.



of the intellectual duchess's history, might have been torn out without loss to the worth or gravity of the volume; for the young monk, at length, weary either of his confinement night and day in her apartments, conning hexameters and Latin measures of all feet with so stern a scholar, or resenting his past punishment and humiliation,—or ashamed of the cynical laughter of the abbot of Reichnau, one day made his escape, and returned to his beloved monastery, where he was exposed to no further temptations from the duchess or her ladies. And when Hedwige, displeased by the disrespectful manner of his exit from her castle, went in state to redemand him, the good-natured Abbot Burcard, entering with paternal tenderness into Eccard's feelings, would not force him to resume a situation which circumstances had rendered so irksome and unpleasant.\* Hedwige, little accus-

\* Burcard, then abbot of St. Gall, was the son of the hapless pair whose second union, under circumstances alike affecting and romantic, had been dissolved for ever by his birth, Vindelgarde and Adalrick, count and countess of Lintzgau. Always of a most feeble constitution, he reached to very nearly one hundred years, and although he abdicated before his death in favour of the celebrated Notker (who survived him only six months), it was rather to enjoy more leisure for personal piety, than from unfitness to discharge his arduous duties. When quite a youth he had displayed extraordinary heroism, energy, and wisdom, during a fearful attack of Hungarians,—although several of the monks were killed, and the building in great measure burnt, after being sacked, he contrived to rescue many

tomed to opposition, was extremely affronted by this peremptory refusal: she had made many magnificent gifts to the convent, as a remuneration for his services, one of which was a stole of her own embroidery. Pearls and fine coral beads were, as well as gold and silver, then very usually worked into the elaborate embroidery of altar-coverings and ecclesiastical garments, as in Germany small coloured beads are now employed to adorn the pictorial designs of the artist, and Hedwige was determined that this notable specimen of her practical skill in the science of stitchery, should no longer adorn the shoulders of the abbots of St. Gall. Under the plea of further enriching the precious donation, she readily got back the stole from the gentle and unsuspecting abbot, and would never more return it.\*

What casuistry the learned duchess employed to bring her conscience to this spoliation of St. Gall is not recorded, or it might afford a curious specimen of the sophistry which can pervert the soundest under-

MSS. from the flames, and secreted several valuables belonging to the church, at the peril of his life. His learning equalled his piety, and at the early age of twenty-two he was unanimously elected abbot of that illustrious community. "He was so good and so meek," says an old writer, "that too great gentleness was his single error." This excellent man, who bore so striking a resemblance to his cousin Bertha, died 997, having outlived Conrad four years.—*Conservateur Suisse*, vol. iii. p. 359.

\* Müller, first edition, vol. i.; *Con. Suisse*, vol. iii. p. 366.

standing, and dull the most scrupulous perception of justice, where our own personal interest intervenes. It was, doubtless, given under the impression that Eccard's instructions would not have terminated so soon nor so abruptly ; but the way in which it was accomplished brings to remembrance the wide mouth and squinting eyes of the portrait sent to the Greek emperor, and conveys the idea-coupled with the sinister, ambiguous expression of the artless or artful monkish chronicler, that, when seeking Eccard, she came to St. Gall under the *pretence* of praying at the shrine of its patron saint,—that the besetting sin of Hedwige's moral organization might be a certain tendency to something like *finesse*. Perhaps Bertha, equally shrewd, though guileless as a babe, gave her gifted step-mother credit for a little address in obtaining so large a portion of her paternal inheritance, for Basle and Eglisau, which Rudolph received at his death, were merely a portion of Helvetia made over to him by the treaty between the duke and himself after their battle near Winterthur.

From the period of the unlucky termination of her course of reading with the gifted Eccard, the duchess wisely pursued her literary labours alone ; but she was of "sterner stuff" than to permit the errors and caprices of a peevish resentful young monk, or the slanders of a venomous old one, to interrupt her habits. She continued the liberal patroness of learned men,

and was so justly esteemed for the general nobleness of her demeanour and grandeur of soul, that this untoward event and its teasing concomitants soon ceased to disturb her tranquillity. Invested with all that could charm or dignify life, her days glided peacefully away in literary pleasures, splendid pomp, and unlimited domination ; whilst Bertha, risking once more the perils of a voyage on the uncertain ocean of marriage, ventured to embark again upon the Mediterranean with the former rival of Rudolph, to resume (as his wife) the rank and title he had wrested from the lover of her girlhood—the father of her children !

As has been already observed, individual notices of Bertha are scattered so scantily over the page of history, that her memoir must often be traced through that of others ; and this remark applies especially to her second residence in Lombardy, where her very existence almost merges in that of a monarch, whose turbulent rule threw into obscurity those popular virtues which rendered her name, when governing alone, so distinguished. In her previous career she stood prominently forward as the unshackled regent of a rich and beautiful country—indebted to her wise and beneficent legislation for its happiness and prosperity—adored by her husband, and blessed by his people. Some clouds darkened her domestic and political hemisphere, but they were transient, rendering her

bright blissful course yet more glorious from these passing shadows. Even after Rudolph's death she was still regarded as a sovereign, though shorn of a portion of her external magnificence, and no longer exercising absolute power in the state ; she had never ceased to be queen in the eyes of the subjects of her son. Notwithstanding the tremendous lagune in the history of the Transjurane, from the death of Rudolph II. to the accession of Conrad, fifteen years afterwards, can only be supplied by conjecture and tradition,—from the latter it would appear the country was always governed during this interregnum by Bertha, but with diminished authority—and well ;—no terrible catastrophe is engraved in the memory of the inhabitants—no famine—no fighting beyond those occasional skirmishes with the Saracens that habit had rendered supportable. She was yet the queen-bee of the hive, murmuring her lessons of wisdom, and, like that winged sage, ever employed from day to day in providing for the present and future. Far different was the roll she enacted on the stage of life after her union with Hugh king of Italy : but though far different and far more difficult—for she had soon to learn the hard, strange lessons of submission, endurance, and humiliation—its performance was equally perfect.

Hugh, Count of Provence, the successful usurper of her beloved Rudolph's throne, was a scion springing

from the great Carlovingian stock, though not from its most honoured branches. His grandmother was Valdrada, second wife (as the French prelates obstinately maintained) of Lothaire, King of Lorraine,—excommunicated by two popes for having married her, after he had repudiated Theutberga of Swabia; and his mother was Bertha, Marchioness of Tuscany, usually called the Great.\* Whatever surmises might be entertained as to the character of Valdrada, none ever existed respecting that of her daughter. Though one of the most celebrated princesses of Italy for rank, beauty, and abilities, she comes down to posterity sullied by stains which no gifts of nature, however splendid, no eminence however exalted, could conceal. She was successively wife of Theobald II, Sovereign-Count of Arles, and of the Marquis of Tuscany, by whom she had two children, Lambert, Marquis of Tuscany, and Ermangarde, Marchioness of Ivree, whose charms triumphed over Rudolph at Pavia. The example of maternal dissoluteness was not lost on the marchioness's children: Hugh and Ermangarde were especially marked by her personal fascinations and lax morality; and the absence of all virtuous principle in Hugh was rendered more terrible by the great powers of his mind, his acute

\* Berta figlia di Lotario, re di Lorena, moglie di Teobaldo II., conte di Provenza, e quindi d'Adalberto II., madre d'Ugo re d'Italia e di Guido duca di Toscana.

penetration, cultivated education, inordinate ambition, and unscrupulous cruelty.

The beautiful kingdom of Provence, or Arles, had been erected into a monarchy about 878, by Boson, brother-in-law of the emperor Charles the Bald.\* He was the most illustrious nobleman in France, his sister, Richilde, being the wife of Charles, his daughter affianced to Carloman, and he himself the husband of Ermangarde, only daughter of the Emperor Louis II. Europe was then a vast chaos, from which the strongest ascended to power on the ruins of the feeble. There was in reality no great empire that could preserve a preponderating balance, and thus shed its constraining salutary influence over the rest. It is said by some annalists, though contradicted by others, that this new state was formed with the consent of the emperor, but whether Charles voluntarily dismembered his dominions, or Boson was a successful usurper, is uncertain: the crown was, however, conferred on him by the council of Man-

\* L'Empereur Charles décembra de ses états, la ville d'Arles, qu'il érigea en royaume, en faveur de son beau frère Boson, qui étoit déjà Gouverneur general de Provence et d'Italie. Cette ville, depuis cette époque, fut pendant longtems la capitale de ce nouveau royaume, qui contenoit un immensité de pays, savoir : la Provence, le Dauphiné, le Comtat Vénéssin, la Principauté d'Orange, une partie du Lyonnais, du Piémont, et de la Savoye jusques à Genève, ainsi que la Franche-Comté et partie de la Bourgogne.—*Abrégé chronologique de l'Histoire d'Arles, par Monsieur de Noble Lalauzière.*

taille, near Vienne, with all the solemnities observed at the coronation of legitimate princes ; and after remaining some years in peaceable possession of this fair portion of earth, he transmitted it to his posterity.\* A short contest, indeed, arose between him and the successors of Charles the Bald, who resented his having offered homage to the emperor of Germany for Provence and Dauphiné, which they considered treason to them ; but he came triumphantly out of the struggle, and preserved his dominions by a treaty of peace with Charles the Simple. Hugh, the representative of this line of sovereign-counts, had already driven away from Arles his cousin Charles, son of king Louis, when his restless ambition presented to view the goodly kingdom of Italy as one not unattainable. It was distracted by intestine broils, and Rudolph, young, frank, inexperienced, and fond of pleasure, sat insecurely on his newly-erected throne. He knew his abilities were immeasurably superior to those of the Burgundian monarch, and he had that entire self-confidence which arises from an innate consciousness of being capable of great enterprises, and great crimes, if necessary to their prosecution. Skilled in the arts

\* Un fait incontestable, c'est que la couronne lui fut déferée par le concile de Mantaille, près Vienne, avec les mêmes solennités que l'on observait alors pour les princes légitimes.— *Ville D'Arles, par J. J. Estrangin.*



of diplomacy, and possessing that unsleeping perseverance which usually insures success in any design, he pursued the object of his wishes, and succeeded, mainly, indeed, through the influence of his half-sister Ermangarde, over whose mind he exercised the most absolute and fatal sway.

Torrents of the noblest blood followed the first years of his accession. He was determined to change into despotic power a limited monarchy ; the nobles proved rebellious to his wishes, but he had not, like his predecessors, to contend with the half-sovereign families of Spoleto or Friuli,—they were extinct, or had been despoiled of their principal fiefs at the time that Berenger lost his life and crown. By skilful artifices he excited the mutual jealousy of the inferior nobles, and when he had divided them by his intrigues, he crushed them, one after another, till no barriers remained between him and his despotism. Among the hecatombs of victims thus sacrificed were his half-brother, the Marquis of Tuscany, and his nephew Anscar, Marquis of Ivree, the only son of that sister Ermangarde, whose attachment to him, triumphing over infamy and treachery, had encircled his brows with the diadem of Italy ; for the ties of affinity, or friendship, or gratitude, were cobwebs when standing in opposition to his interests. Without a spark of religion he honoured the church, because, with his customary tact, he knew the favour of the clergy

strengthened him ; and he gave encouragement to learning as a small, but potent, engine which enabled the lettered few to govern the great mass of the ignorant. But individually, every bishop and priest in his dominions was obliged to be an abject tool in his hands, or resign their preferments ; whilst the first dignities in the hierarchy were filled by a numerous illegitimate progeny. Many abbeyes were conferred on his mistresses in recompense for the loss of reputation, and ecclesiastical patrimonies were objects of the most open and unblushing sale.

Italy still, at intervals, remained a prey to the predatory invasions of the barbarians, and to this period the beautiful lines of Gray might yet be applied with nearly all their truth and force of expression :—

“The prostrate South to the destroyer yields  
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields ;  
With grim delight the brood of winter view  
A brighter day, and skies of azure hue ;  
Scent the new fragrance of the opening rose,  
And quaff the pendant vintage as it grows.”

The reign of Berenger I., signalized by the civil wars of Italy, was also the disastrous epoch of the invasion of the wandering tribes of the North and the South ; of the Hungarians and the Saracens, who, during fifty years, continued their fearful visitations, till they changed the manners of the Italians

by forcing them to adopt a new system of defence. And these savage hordes were so ferocious—so devastating, that they contributed to the growing idea of the approaching end of the world. Berenger and Rudolph had each endeavoured to master this terrible scourge. Hugh, on the contrary, whilst theologians were discussing whether they might not be the Gog and Magog of Scripture, ever guided by what he believed would promote his own plans, instead of chasing them away, took them to a certain degree under royal protection, permitting a very considerable body to occupy some fortresses they had taken, on condition of receiving recruits for the army, aware that he could count more implicitly on the fidelity of these wild, fierce, foreign allies than on that of his legitimate subjects.\* Thus, bold and enterprising, risking everything in his insatiate thirst for dominion, his politics in Lombardy were crowned with complete success. At Rome, however, he was not so triumphant, though, to ensure his rule there, he had disgraced himself and his crown, by elevating to the throne one of those extraordinarily infamous women whose name tarnishes her very sex. Strange fate, to have been the husband of the vilest and noblest of the species!

\* These Saracens of Frassineto, supposed to be between Nice and Monaco, were extirpated by a Count of Provence in 972.—*Hallam.*

The immediate predecessor of Bertha was Marozia,\* widow of Guido, Marquis of Tuscany, a woman distinguished for her refined beauty, great talents, and greater voluptuousness. She was the daughter of Theodora, a noble Roman lady, not less remarkable for her personal charms and equal want of virtue, and whose power was so omnipotent at Rome that she resided in the castle of St. Angelo, and for many years governed the election of the popes, without a shadow of resistance. Having, however, towards the decline of life, elevated to the papal throne John X. Bishop of Ravenna, in opposition to a favourite candidate of her daughter (or, it is said, because he remained faithful to the mother), Marozia determined on his ruin ; and, after a not inglorious reign, during which he defeated the Saracens in several combats, John was deposed, and soon afterwards strangled in prison by her merciless order. Theodora, less wicked than herself, died subsequently of chagrin, and from this moment her absolute reign commenced. After murdering another pope, Leo VI., also in prison, that she might raise to the tiara a son, considered illegitimate, John XI.,† her power grew so unlimited that Hugh (whose

\* *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, page 277, says Marozia was the sister of Theodora. The Abbé Ladvoat states her in one account to be the daughter of Theodora (which seems to be borne out by other testimony), and her sister in another.

† Liutprand says he was the son of Pope Sergius III., and Marozia.

towering ambition had not yet reached its altitude) resolved on adorning her brows with the crown of Italy, that he might become master of the castle of St. Angelo. The kings of Italy elected in a Diet of Lombard princes and bishops at Roncaglia, had hitherto held small sway over the eternal city, and to extend his dominion there was then the supreme object of his desire. Marozia was no longer young, and the widow of two noblemen, Alberic, Marquis of Camerino and Duke of Spoleto, and Guido, Marquis of Tuscany, half-brother to his own uterine brother Lambert, whom he had executed as a traitor to himself. This family connexion had brought them in frequent contact, and a similarity of views and feelings ultimately led to their union. In the eye of the world they were well matched, and apparently there was nothing to interpose as an obstacle to their future prosperity. Hugh was a widower, and desired no heir to interfere with his only son Lothaire, ever the object of his tenderest attachment, and it might have been supposed her two sons would not prove adverse to their mother's promotion to a throne. But such was not the case. The pope, indeed, still a very young man, scarcely twenty, was delighted with the additional prop given to the papal chair; but Alberic of Spoleto had conceived a personal dislike for a man whose domination in Lombardy was so ruthless and despotic. He had been, during his minority, deprived

of many fiefs belonging to his family, as he believed unjustly, and perhaps apprehended Hugh's future influence over his mother might prove further injurious to his interests. Under the impression of these fears and feelings, he became the guest of his younger brother, John XI., invited to meet the king and queen of Italy, then sojourning at the castle of St. Angelo. Many grand entertainments were given to the Roman nobility to propitiate their favour on the occasion, and all betokened happiness and hilarity, when a sudden flame burst out in the royal circle, which ended in the destruction of its two principal members.\*

Whilst officiating in the honourable capacity of cupbearer to the king, the young Marquis of Spoleto was called upon to present water in a silver ewer to his step-father after dinner; and either Hugh's manner in receiving this service was peculiarly offensive, or the marquis felt, from some secret cause, in unusual ill humour, for he contrived, in taking the ewer away, to spill at least half its contents over the king's hands.

\* Dopo la morte di Alberico I., Marozia sposato avea Guido, marchese di Toscana; il primo de' suoi figli fu marchese di Camerino come il padre; il secondo venne papa nel 931 col nome di Giovanni XI. nel 932. Morto Guido, Marozia sposò Ugo di Provenza, re d'Italia. Nei conviti che succedettero a queste nozze, Ugo chiese al giovane Alberico di dargli la brocca per lavarsi le mani: al che avendo quegli ubbidito con poco garbo, ricevette dal re uno schiaffo.

Hugh was not of a disposition to tolerate insults—he saw the act was premeditated, and, forgetful of all but rage, he asserted, too soon, his paternal prerogative, by bestowing a hearty slap on the cheek of the offender. The marquis, roused to madness, drew his sword; and but for the prompt interference of several noblemen, who instantly separated the exasperated pair (at personal peril to themselves), the haughty father and his newly-made son would probably have fallen by each other's hands on the spot. The marquis fled from St. Angelo, and it was hoped that he had departed for his own domains, when, in the middle of the night, he returned with a numerous force, headed by several Italian nobles, to whom Hugh was as little agreeable as to himself. Alberic, besides his other titles, was lord of Rome, and the Romans and Italians, secretly disgusted at the insolent pride of the numerous provincial nobility always in Hugh's train, eagerly seized on the pretence that a national insult had been offered them by the blow given to the lord of Rome. The castle was invested—it was unprepared for resistance—Hugh unpopular—the young pope considered his creature had no weight over the panic-struck soldiery—Alberic forced the gates, and Hugh narrowly escaped by descending the outer walls, with the aid of a rope ladder, at the great risk of his life. He made good his return into Lombardy, and there soon learnt that

Marozia was the inhabitant of a convent, to which she had been banished by her son. The fate of John XI. was less deserved, and more terrible. Cruel in his triumph, Alberic caused his hapless brother, after a hard captivity of four years in prison, to be assassinated, and from that period governed the church of Rome for twenty years, as completely, and with as much caprice, as his mother and grandmother, Theodora and Marozia, had done before him.

Hugh's mercenary views in forming this scandalous alliance were thus not only defeated, but his power diminished, for he was never more permitted to visit Rome: and although he made some cold attempts, by way of negotiation, for the release of Marozia, during the two years she lingered in confinement, he was probably not sorry at their failure. Not, however, easily turned from his purpose, he subsequently led an army against Rome, and Alberic, though successful, was so unwilling to be exposed to the incessant hostility of such a relentless foe, that he finally received his illegitimate daughter, Alda, in marriage, with a large dowry, on the express condition that he should never more set foot in Rome, which was, in fact, the asylum of all Italians discontented with his government elsewhere.\* Lombardy consequently continued

\* Nel 933 resistette con valore al re Ugo, che venne ad assediare. Alberico si rappacificò poscia con esso e sposò la di lui figlia Alda, ma non volle permettere allo suocero di por piede in



the chief scene of his dominion, and when he offered his hand to Bertha he was not, probably, insensible to the possibility of re-uniting, through her co-operation, the dissevered kingdoms of Arles and Burgundy. Conrad had been estranged from her ten years, and might never be allowed to return into the Transjurane. Adelaide, justly the object of her pride and extreme affection, never separated from her for a single day, was united to his son; and the crafty, selfish, unprincipled man, relying on those persuasive arts which had so often bent the stubbornest wills to his own, perhaps hoped to prevail on Bertha to sacrifice the interests of Conrad to the aggrandizement of Adelaide. If a scheme so unjust, and so unnatural, ever floated through his brain, it was doomed to disappointment from the unswerving uprightness, and the unwavering rectitude of the woman, whose maternal love for the absent Conrad contributed, in the opinion of many writers, to make her his wife. Several subsequent donations began with, "In the reign of my lord and son Conrad," as if to mark, by every act of her life, the existence of his rights in Burgundy-Transjurane, and the unalienable nature of his claims as her own sovereign.

Whatever were Hugh's motives for the connexion, — whether crooked policy, or transient attachment, —

Roma, essendo allora quella città l'asilo di tutti gli Italiani malcontenti di quel re.—*Nuovo Dizionario Storico.*

it soon ceased to afford him happiness. Nor is this surprising—he could have no sympathy in the tastes, habits, opinions, or principles, of a woman whose whole life was one continued act—one unvaried example of virtue, justice, benevolence, and truth. The patron of the Saracens in Italy was incapable of appreciating or applauding the energy which overthrew them in Burgundy. The chief of a harem knew nothing of feminine delicacy, or cared for feminine intellect. Her matronly purity was shocked, and her piety alarmed by the existence of three rival mistresses, invested with the classical, but pagan, appellations of Venus, Juno, and Semele.\* His licentious carousals filled the palace with midnight orgies, and his fierce temper, ever leading him to punish the smallest offences with the severest chastisements, wounded to the quick a heart so compassionate and so forgiving. Her own personal cares and disappointments were not, however, those which the most afflicted the sorrowing Bertha. Adelaide, considered the loveliest woman of the age, and endowed with every grace of mind and manner, proved also “a pearl of great price” unworthily bestowed on a depraved young man; who, after the first charm of novelty faded away, returned to the abandoned women who had corrupted his early youth. “Both he and his father,” says an old chronicler, “soon changed, by

\* Gibbon, vol. vii. p. 70.

their irregularities and infidelities, the unions they had formed into a bitter bondage." Lothaire did not, however, treat his youthful bride with personal unkindness—he was proud of her beauty, and felt no jealousy at her superiority of mind ; and the discreet princess, prematurely wise, controlling her conjugal chagrins, endeavoured to obtain future influence over him by enlisting in her favour the nobles who composed his court.

As the south of Italy was in great measure closed to Hugh by the adverse power of the Marquis of Spoleto, he fixed his residence principally at Pavia, the ancient capital of the Lombard kingdom, leaving to Lothaire the government of Milan ; and, however otherwise miserable, the fond mother and her devoted daughter had at least the happiness of frequent intercourse during their brief sojourn in Italy, for neither there found a permanent home. One pang to Bertha's heart was spared her by the death of Ermangarde, a short time previous to her ill-starred alliance with Hugh—she thus never met her former rival. That miserable woman died broken-hearted from the ruin brought on all her race by the half-brother whom her unworthy artifices and scandalous depravity had contributed to elevate to the throne of Italy. Her youngest brother Lambert, a man of kindlier character, with whom she had ever been on terms of friendly intercourse,

was the first family victim sacrificed at the shrine of Hugh's fears of deposition—her only son was the next. A daughter remained, betrothed to Berenger II., grandson of the emperor assassinated at Verona; and, from some sentiment of gratitude towards his sister, Hugh not only sanctioned their marriage, but allowed the young Berenger to enjoy the confiscated title and estates of Ivrée. His continual encroachments, however, on the privileges of the nobility rendered him so obnoxious that he was ever afraid of some sudden revolt, and, in a few years, alarmed at the growing popularity of Berenger, he determined to cut off at once the descendant of a sovereign whose virtues, unacknowledged whilst alive, had long been recognised with sorrow and remorse, lest he might be selected for a successor. Berenger and her daughter, with their young son, had only just time to escape into Germany, by crossing the St. Bernard in the midst of winter, from the fate of the young Marquis of Ivrée, and Ermengarde sunk under this last blow.\* Meanwhile Berenger found a hospitable asylum at the court of Otho the Great, and from thence carried on a secret correspondence with many of the dis-

Ermengarda, figliuola di Adalberto II., il Ricco, duca di Toscana, e pronipote di Carlo Magno, fu celebre nel sec. 10 per la sua bellezza, per l'ingegno, pel coraggio e massime per li maneggi che essa fomentò per turbare il fine del regno di Berengario I., ed accelerare la ruina di Rodolfo di Borgogna.

affected nobility of Italy. But the dominion of Hugh was so established, that no part of Italy could begin a resistance without being soon suppressed;—every responsible situation under his government was filled by natives of Burgundy or Provence; and as there was no decided character to overturn such a man by the weight of his personal influence and power, a foreign force was requisite to bring together and consolidate the parties who desired, but dared not attempt his overthrow. The emperor at length yielded to the unanimous wishes of the Italians, and Berenger appeared in Italy at the head of a numerous and well-disciplined army. Thus supported, the Italian nobility avowed their hatred of the tyrant under whose oppression they had long groaned, and the troops he raised, on the spur of the moment, were soon defeated by the want of loyalty of their commanders. But although thus far aiding the views of Berenger, the Italians were by no means disposed to elect him for their sovereign. Lothaire, though stained by the vices of undisciplined youth, had shown some amiable and generous qualities, particularly since his union with the Swiss princess; and Adelaide was become so popular, that they bounded their wish of change to the mere deposition of his father. It was felt, however, that Berenger, who had procured their emancipation from the yoke of the latter, was deserving of some reward

—he came too amongst them as the *protégé* of the emperor ; and, after a long negotiation, it was decided that Lothaire should reign as king, whilst to Berenger should be confided the general administration of the realm. The paternal affection of Hugh was strikingly displayed on this trying occasion ; forgetting in that—the sole redeeming virtue of his character—pride, ambition, the love of dominion, and resentment, he yielded gracefully the crown obtained by so many sacrifices, and withdrew to Vienne on the Rhone. Here, in comparative adversity, the first glimpses of a better future—the first proofs of the benign influence of a virtuous woman began to appear. The bread thrown on the waters proved not wholly lost—as the good seed early sown in the heart of infancy by parental love, rises at some auspicious season from the load of earthly pleasures and earthly cares under which it had long lain buried, to show the blessed hand of former culture, and bring forth its fruit when all hope of harvest had disappeared.

Vienne, one of the most ancient cities of Southern France, then belonging to Conrad, Bertha's son, was formerly a part of his own patrimonial inheritance, relinquished to Rudolph II. by treaty, after he had torn from him that very kingdom whence he was now in turn expelled. Perhaps he felt more interest in its prosperity from this singular circumstance, for

he immediately commenced many embellishments ; and Bertha, whose love of monastic endowments remained undiminished, incited him to begin building, under her auspices, the convent of St. Peter—a splendid institution for monks of the order of Clugny. Well might the trials and reverses of this world press from day to day with greater force on the always religious and reflective spirit of Bertha, suggesting thoughts of a more abiding home. Twice had she been queen of Italy, and twice had she been obliged to descend from its throne, by the degradation of each successive husband. Adelaide sat on the precarious eminence from which she was chased away, destined probably, ere long, to the same fate ; and Conrad, though now arrived at the age of twenty-one, was still prevented from wearing the legitimate crown of his fathers by the cautious or sinister policy of the Emperor.

Whilst the humbled Hugh, now neither count of Provence nor sovereign of Italy, thus filled up the unwelcome leisure bestowed on him by the expulsion he had long dreaded, the youthful pair, whose brows were encircled by the diadem which had fallen from his, were doomed to experience the too common lot of sovereigns raised by popular favour to a wavering throne,—“uneasy lies the head that wears a crown :” —vicissitudes and anxieties, far more than equivalent to its pomps and pleasures, environed them. The

partition had ever been displeasing to Berenger. He considered his services underrated, and remembering his descent from Berenger I., believed he had a better right to the throne than Lothaire. He was afraid, also, that the warm attachment of all classes to Adelaide would in time suggest the propriety of Lothaire's governing alone; and he sought to strengthen his own position by rendering that of his colleague wearisome and difficult. At this epoch Lothaire died suddenly, poisoned, as it was said, by a nobleman whose jealousy had been excited, either by his own licentious pursuit of that nobleman's wife, or suspicions artfully infused into his breast by Berenger to bring about the catastrophe. He died, after a few hours of terrible suffering, in the arms of his young wife, who found herself at the same moment a widow and a prisoner! Berenger, alarmed lest the nobles, in a sudden burst of sympathy and affection, might raise her to the vacant throne, immediately closed the gates of the palace, sent her under a strong escort to a distant citadel, and caused himself to be proclaimed king. When the fatal news reached Vienne, Bertha and her husband were inconsolable; but Hugh's grief speedily subsiding before the stronger passion of revenge, he rapidly raised, under its stimulus, a powerful army, and marched upon Milan determined to punish the treachery which had robbed him of all he held dear on earth. The miser-



able man, whose hands had been so often imbrued in blood, and whose soul had been so often jeopardized by his desire to aggrandize this sole object, which his hard heart had ever loved—for whose sake he had resigned without a struggle the crown won at the peril both of temporal and everlasting life, hurried on to Italy—laid siege to Milan—defeated Berenger in several engagements—forced him to fly, and compelled the astonished nobility, paralysed by his furious energy, to acknowledge him again for their king. Adelaide, however, was still a prisoner in a distant castle built near the lake of Garda, whither she had been conveyed by Berenger, whose cunning policy it was to force her into a union with his son Adalbert, as a means of securing the crown through her extreme popularity. Adalbert was some few years her junior, but Adelaide's youth might well authorize her waiting till Adalbert attained to maturity, and her betrothal to him would prevent both her individual election, or her union with any other prince who might be raised to the throne as her husband. In the midst of this prosperous career, the fatigue and grief to which Hugh was continually subject brought on a severe attack of illness, and the personal safety of Adelaide being secured by the interest Berenger had in her life, Hugh returned to Vienne to recruit his health, and raise fresh troops ere he attempted her release. But

to him might now be applied the warning words of that illustrious poet, born and educated more than three centuries later, in the two kingdoms which had each once owned his dominion—

“————— thing of dust!

Man strives to climb the earth in his ambition,  
Till death, the monitor that flatters not,  
Points to the grave where all his hopes are laid.”

*Petrarch.*

That hour which reaches all was come to him—he had hardly arrived at Vienne when his malady assumed a darker aspect, and he felt he must die. He commanded himself to be conveyed to the convent of St. Pierre (Peter), which Bértha's active superintendence had brought nearly to completion, and there, arrayed in the habit of the order, gave up the breath which had so often extinguished that of his fellow-men. The last will, as well as the hours of this extraordinary man, bear unequivocal testimony to the ascendancy which a virtuous and sensible woman may sometimes acquire over the most brutal and callous of tyrants, by a systematic course of goodness on her own side. The despiser of all religion died in a monastery founded by himself, attired in the religious habit which custom and the superstition of the times considered a proof of profound piety in the wearer, and the whole of his property, still very considerable, was bequeathed to the wife he

had so neglected and insulted, with remainder to her son Conrad.\*

\* In the chronicle of Arles, by Monsieur Noble Lalauziere, Provence is said to have passed by Hugh's will to the Transjurane kings; but they already possessed it. Possibly Hugh retained some fiefs which he bequeathed with the rest of his private property to Bertha, and thus conferred the entire country on Conrad. The great increase of the Transjurane territory did not, however, add strength to the dynasty of its kings. The kingdom, so composed, was rather a grand magnificent passage, or high road leading to other realms, than a condensed monarchy standing alone in compressed security. The Rhone, and the Rhine, and Pennine Alps, brought, nearly every spring, their legions of foes to be fought, and fed, till they were overcome or expelled. Italy was soon lost, and Provence returned to join her lustre to the land of which she seemed an integral part.

In 1793, that epoch of barbarous demolition and bloody rule, the busts of the ancient counts of Provence, and two large medallions representing the first six kings, were destroyed. Thus all trace of the husbands of Bertha has been swept away from the seat of their former dominion.

Liutprand, Bishop of Cremona, who wrote the life of Adelaide, and has furnished many particulars for the history of Bertha, says *Ugo re d'Italia* died of the consequences of his dissoluteness; but a very different cause is assigned by the historians of Provence; and it must be borne in mind, as some apology for Hugh, that Liutprand, a Lombardian by birth, and once private secretary to Berenger II., might be a little prejudiced against him; for although he subsequently left Berenger, and entered into the service of Otho the Great, that change of situation would not diminish any previously-formed antipathy to the Provencal monarch. Liutprand is also incorrect as to the period of Hugh's death.

The watchfulness of a shrewd mind, and the unselfish love of a devoted mother, are alike displayed in the appointment of Conrad as his heir. He had never seen him ; and Adelaide, the exemplary wife and afflicted widow of the son whom he adored, had apparently a far greater claim to his possessions. It was, doubtless, the express wish of the anxious mother—who would never resign the image or pretensions of her absent son—who fondly hoped by this measure to confer on him importance in the eye of the emperor, and suggest the necessity of his return from Germany to receive this new heritage, with that so long unjustly withheld from him. As her return into Italy might have endangered her own liberty, and would not be of use to Adelaide, Bertha made immediate preparations for her departure from Vienne to the land of her adoption—the scene of her happiest hours ; and about the spring or summer of 949, she arrived in Helvetia, and fixed her abode at the castle of Baldern. This once-magnificent feudal castle lay at the foot of the high chain of the Albis, between Zurich and Lucerne, and, when built by the royal abbess of Zurich, must have been situated in a region singularly wild and romantic—fit abode for recluses shunning the bustle of earthly pursuits—and it was, perhaps, on that account selected at this time by the widowed queen. Here she remained while a suitable residence was

prepared for her in the pretty town of Payerne, where she finally ended her checkered, but ever-honoured, career; and till that period she held a splendid court in this seat of her father's race. "In less than three years," says a Swiss historian, with one of those minute touches of affection that, springing from the heart, conveys volumes to the mind, "the dear queen was become aged from grief" (*vieillie par le chagrin*); but though the outward frame was so sadly altered, the inner and better part remained unchanged. She recommenced her little equestrian journeys, and appears to have made every effort to show that she was the mother of the monarch of the country, by resuming, in the middle of his people, her former beneficent course. Many churches were repaired by her at this time; and, soaring far above the pitiful ambition of wishing to appear what she was not, every charter or document carefully commences with the acknowledgment that she lived "in the reign of my lord Conrad." In the midst of all these outward demonstrations of entire security in his rights, how often must her heart have been chilled by the dread of his never being permitted to assume the functions of royalty, and how often must the fate of Adelaide, still a girl in the hands of Italian enemies, have hung on her spirits! Italy was now again the scene of civil war; many of the nobles were adverse to Berenger, fearing he might

avenge the wrongs their ancestors had inflicted on his ; others desired Adelaide should be appointed to the throne, as, in former days, Theodolinde had been elected after the death of Authoris ; some deemed a fresh sovereign, unfettered by all previous bands, whether of friendship or of hate, essential to permanent tranquillity ; whilst a not unnumerous body, weary of such incessant changes, thought it would be better to place the kingdom at the disposal, and consequently under the safe protection, of the emperor. The counsels of the latter party prevailed to a certain degree, for Otho was finally invited to come into Italy, and by his sovereign arbitration restore peace to the distracted country. To these prayers were added those of Bertha ; she wrote from Helvetia ; imploring the emperor to rescue from her perilous situation the daughter of Rudolph, of whom he had voluntarily constituted himself guardian at her father's death, or allow her brother and natural protector, Conrad, to quit Germany for that purpose.

The short-lived triumph of Hugh had restored him to sovereign rank, and the rich widow of the King of Italy was a petitioner not to be despised. Otho, called the Great, both from his prosperous career and many popular qualities, was not free from ambition—he saw in this solicited interference a precedent for the future ; and in 951 he arrived at

Milan. Berenger, who counted on his favour, not adverse to this settlement of the dispute, met him as a former friend, and at the emperor's request accompanied him to the castle of Canossa, where Adelaide, after encountering extreme perils and the most cruel privations, had at last found a secure shelter from his persecutions with an ally of Lothaire's. In the necessary absence of Berenger, whilst prosecuting his claims to the throne, Adelaide, abhorring the idea of the slightest connexion with the possible assassin of her husband, had escaped from a dungeon in the castle of Garda by the aid of a benevolent priest, who concealed her for many days amongst the marshes, flags, and underwood surrounding the lake, till the heat of pursuit having relaxed, he ventured to conduct her disguised to the impregnable fortress of Canossa. During the whole of the period she passed near the lake, she had nothing to support life but a few fish, which her generous protector contrived to drop near her retreat; and the journey to Canossa was performed on foot, clad in the dress of a peasant, without shoes, stockings, or covering for her head, beyond the coarse kerchief which cautiously veiled her exquisitely beautiful features and hair. The attachment of the Italians, the majority of whom desired to elevate her to the throne, with the report of the matchless charms of her person and understanding, excited the em-

peror's curiosity and, perhaps, compunctious pity. He knew that he held her sole legitimate protector, Conrad, in honourable bondage; and, ere he would decide on any step, he determined to learn from her own mouth what were her wishes as to her future destiny. The barred gates of Canossa were thrown open to the Emperor of Germany, and Adelaide appeared before the sovereign who had so long held her brother in captivity. That interview decided her fate—the fate of Conrad—and of the Transjurane. Otho was a widower, and already in middle age, but of majestic presence, great abilities, and insinuating address. The attachment he conceived for the young widow was permanent as sudden—he offered her his hand; and she who entered the walls of Canossa a barefooted desolate fugitive, flying from a foe who might yet prove too strong for repulsion, quitted them the bride of one of the greatest and noblest emperors that ever occupied the throne of Germany.

The affairs of Italy were soon arranged after this happy adjustment of Adelaide's. Berenger and his son were permitted to bear the title of king and prince of Italy, on condition of offering feudal homage to the emperor; and Otho returned into Germany, accompanied by the young wife, "whose counsels," says Müller, "rendered him in his latter years, far superior as a sovereign, both in wisdom and generosity

•



to his foregoing career." "She was," adds Müller, "a woman of great mind, like her mother;" and by other historians she is uniformly represented as the most distinguished female of her age for beauty, talents, and that strong sense, which guided her actions through a long and glorious life. More illustrious by her virtues than even by her fortunes; and early taught by adversity to estimate the fleeting possessions of this world at their proper value, she lived so simply in her palace, "that it seemed," says an old chronicler, "a noble, well-ordered, religious institution, rather than the residence of the first princess in Europe—her luxury was to do good, and the influence of her magnanimous soul over the emperor was soon visible and soon salutary."

The road to Burgundy was thenceforth open to Conrad, and in 952 he returned to the arms of his mother, and the scarcely less impatient subjects, from whom he had been separated fifteen years. When Otho the Great tore Conrad from his weeping mother, to educate him in Germany, he had given as one principal reason for the harsh step, that he feared the young monarch would be improperly neglected, or injudiciously spoiled by feminine guardianship—there was, however, nothing in Conrad's mind or education to sanction the idea that he might not have been equally well trained in his native land. He had, indeed, learnt the refinements of a luxurious court,

and early displayed a fondness for that lavish expenditure which was later developed ; but the example of active energy presented by Otho to all around him, had failed to make impression on the senses of his young pupil. Perhaps it was not desired by this subtle guardian that he should so profit by a residence at the German court. His manners were, however, gentle and pleasing, and the first years of his reign were of happy augury. He went over his two kingdoms of Burgundy and Arles—visited all the principal cities, and bestowed the important offices of his government on upright and enlightened men. A fresh irruption of Hungarians and Saracens, who had for many years confined their ravages to other countries, excepting occasional short predatory descents from the Pennine Alps, soon presented him with the opportunity of showing that, despite of a temper inclined to idleness and peace, he was not deficient in personal courage, nor the shrewdness necessary for a contest with such foes. Two bands of this plague of Christendom arrived at the same time from the north and the south. Whilst the Saracens descended the St. Bernard, the Hungarians, under the guidance of three well-known intrepid chiefs, named Botund, Irchund, and Zobulsu, had followed the banks of the Rhine ; massacred the Bishop of Basle, and advanced by rapid strides towards Lake Leman. All ranks and all ages fled before them. Bertha quitted Payerne to

take refuge again in her old tower of Neuchâtel ; and Conrad, assembling his troops, as they approached Lausanne, went to meet them with a resolute bearing that inspired some awe even into their breasts. When, however, within a short distance, he stopped, and "employing," says Eccard, a monk of St. Gall (instructor of Hedwige), "a noble cunning,"\* he sent

\* Nobili astuciâ usas.—*Ekkhard* ; *His. des Suisses*, tome i. p. 127 ; *La Reine Berthe* ; par M. Vulliemin ; *Olivier, le Canton de Vaud*, vol. ii.

Eccard, or Ekkerard, the indiscreet tutor of the duchess Hedwige of Swabia, became a very distinguished member of St. Gall, with a reputation for occasional miracles, and was the most esteemed of its many annalists. His chronicle of the abbey dates from 890 to 980. He wrote also a memoir of the very learned abbot Notker, who succeeded Burcard. Eccard ranks among his contemporaries as a great *modern* linguist, and possessed a thorough knowledge of the beautiful Swiss Romande, or national language of the Transjurane, like those of Italy, France, and the Spanish peninsula, springing from the Latin, but enriched by many graceful idioms, and delicate turns of expression, engrafted on the original stem from the Spanish, Italian, French, German, and Arabic tongues. A brother monk records his adroit detection of the imposition of a Swabian beggar, who sought to excite compassion at St. Gall as a wanderer from the, then considered, distant country of the Transjurane, by employing some words he had casually learnt from another mendicant (really a native), as a proof of his miraculous gift of looking into the heart ; but the misapplication of *kalt*, German for *cold*, instead of *caldo*, Italian for *hot*, would have enabled many a less accomplished scholar, ten centuries later, to make the same discovery without being supernaturally enlightened.

messengers secretly to each camp. His envoys addressed themselves in these terms to the Saracens :—

“The Hungarians, these wandering robbers now encamped near us, weary me with messengers, entreating me to make peace with them, and then unite in driving you from this fertile land. If you are men, you will fly to their attack, and whilst you fall on their front, I will assist you by advancing with troops in their rear : thus I am persuaded we shall exterminate them all, and let their spoils be your recompense.”

The Hungarians, whose fierceness distinguished them above all other tribes, were beguiled by a compliment to their ferocity :—

“Why, O most valiant of warriors ! why do you wish to fight with me ? is it not better for brave men to live in peace ? Follow me—drive from the face of this country these swarms of vagrants—these swarthy dark-eyed Saracens—these mutual enemies—and take your place in my kingdom, well-beloved subjects, as your reward.”

These propositions proved equally acceptable to both parties. The Saracens advanced first to the place Conrad had indicated as the best fitted for the display of their valour ; they bore the arms of the West—the cuirass, buckler, and lance. A heavy club, supported by their war horses, hung at the side, a scarlet tunic floated over their slight shoulders, and

a light graceful cap replaced the turban of their race. The Hungarians, leaving their women and children on their heavy chariots, advanced next to the encounter. Like the wandering tribes of their country, they were mounted on small fleet horses, and lightly armed with arrows, against which the swords and lances of European nations could not avail. Each confided in the assistance of Conrad, and felt no fear of the other. Meanwhile the astute King of Burgundy occupied with his men-at-arms a secure position, whence he commanded a view of the bloody battle which soon ensued between the deluded strangers; and when he saw they were become mutually exhausted, he gave the order to his troops to fall indiscriminately on both.

"To-day, my brave fellows," he cried, "let the polished lance and sharp sword perform their duty. To us it is of no moment which of these demon hosts may triumph; let the arms in your hands know no difference between the Saracen and Hungarian!" The sons of the land comprehended the order of their king. Unworn by previous fatigue, they rushed to the scene of action, not to succour either, but overwhelm all.

The astonished barbarians, confounded and panic-struck, lost for a time self-possession; then seeing, too late, the stratagem, multitudes fled, whilst a desperate band, in their agony, shame, and despair,

endeavoured to turn on their deceiver. But Conrad's position was well chosen; the country aided her own children; they intercepted each pass, each rocky defile; cut off all access to the heights; and, after a short, terrified, vain struggle, Saracens and Hungarians fell alike an easy prey to the fresh, vigorous troops appointed for their slaughter. Conrad's success was complete.

Public thanksgivings were offered up at St. Maurice; many of the captives were sent to Arles\* to be sold, others perished by the sword of the executioner; and during the next ensuing three or four years Conrad gradually swept away from the caverns and fastnesses of the adjacent Alps all the stragglers who yet came or lingered there.† Such was the vic-

\* The intercourse subsisting between the two kingdoms at this period was naturally very close. Both the Roman and Transjurane monarchs had extensive trains of pine wood brought from the Valais by the Rhone, and Lake Lemman, and from thence floated to Arles and Marseilles; the Rhone not being then obstructed by the fortress of the Ecluse, and on the lake was (at that time) a company to conduct these rafts, as is now practised on the Rhine. To the long residence of the Saracens at Arles, and the vast number of female captives sent after Conrad's victory, is attributed the distinct physiognomy often to be remarked at Arles in the lower classes of society—the flashing eye—the dark glossy hair, and oriental *tournure* of the head and features. The Hungarian women, fewer in number, with prouder hearts, and habits of yet wilder liberty, could less brook slavery—they sunk gradually under the sudden blow, leaving little trace of their Northern line.

† “The St. Bernard, a sacred mountain which these sons of

tory which obtained for Conrad the title of *Pacifique*, and renown of having freed his country from a scourge which had kept it during long years in terrified suspense. There is not, however, much to admire in this notable conquest, but the conquest itself. It has indeed been the received, but Machiavellian opinion, that all stratagems are fair in war; and if ever this pernicious maxim can be admitted, Conrad is entitled to its full benefit. Still the mind recoils

Mahomet," says an old writer, "had made the dwelling of Belial, was now reconquered for Christ." St Bernard de Menthon, a monk of noble race in Savoy, was the first who ascended to the summit. On reaching it, he solemnly exorcised the Devil, and then threw him, bound hand and foot, a prisoner, into the flinty bottom of the rocks. A new monastery arose on the old foundation of one long desecrated and destroyed, of which he became the abbot; and although his success over the enemy of mankind proved not so decisive as imagined, for his convent was many times afterwards devastated, it yet exists a monument of his merciful spirit and true piety. The Saracens long lingered in the Swiss Romande, and their memorial is yet fresh. At Avenches, at Vully, at Payerne, and many other villages, the stranger is shown the "tower, the hollow, the foss," or burial-ground of the Saracens; and the name is still gratuitously bestowed on all that wandering tribe, skilful in music, still more expert in telling the fortunes of those whose purses they conjure away without appearing to touch them. Nor is Bertha less remembered by rural *ciceroni*. "*Voici les champs aimés de Berthe*" (Here are the fields Bertha loved), "*Voilà l'église bâtie par Berthe*" (There is the church Bertha built), are exclamations which attest her hold over the hearts and memories of the people.—*Olivier, le Canton de Vaud*. 2. *Conservateur Suisse. Feuille du Jour de l'An*. 1843, par M. L. Vulliemin, &c. &c.

instinctively from deliberate falsehood ; from ensnaring by words of friendship to its ruin the heart that has confided in our sincerity, whether in the bosom of brother or barbarian. After this exploit, more useful than glorious, Conrad had the wisdom to prefer peace, on all occasions, to the chances of hazardous war, and merited the surname of *Pacifique*. He married Matilda, sister of Lothaire, King of France ; and niece of the emperor Otho, by his sister Gerberge of Saxony, and their union was celebrated at Chavorny with right royal splendour. From this time the details of his reign are little known, and, perhaps, deserve to be buried in oblivion. All contemporary chroniclers bound themselves to the melancholy declaration, that he availed himself of the long peace, which succeeded so many storms, to become prodigal and profligate ; lavishing on favourites, mistresses, and illegitimate offspring, the finances of his kingdoms ; that, to meet these boundless extravagances, he alienated many of the rights and domains of the crown, and thus prepared for the fall of the throne of his fathers. He was, notwithstanding these monstrous faults, popular with his people ; he inherited the sweet disposition of his mother ; and though he ever wisely preferred peace to war, he showed on several occasions something of the valorous, chivalrous spirit of the two gallant Rudolphs, his father and grandfather. His



vices were evidently those of education ; and had the generous heart of Bertha been capable of such a meanness, she might have smiled at this proof of the emperor's self-conceit and arrogance in withdrawing Conrad from the same hands which had formed the mind of the distinguished woman who, whilst young enough to be his daughter, directed his counsels, and threw a lustre over his last and best years.

Burcard, Bertha's second son, did great honour to the guardianship of his mother. Although raised to the episcopal bench of Lausanne at the early age of nineteen, his conduct was the reverse of his brother's ; grave, dignified, and benevolent, on his removal to the archbishopric of Lyons he was mourned as a lost friend, and is considered as one of the best prelates that ever occupied that see. Of Rudolph, her posthumous son, so little is known beyond two casual historic notices that he must either have died unmarried, or retired into a convent. It is certain that he filled no official appointment in the two kingdoms ; and as there is a tradition that a member of the royal Transjurane race ended his days at St. Gall,—thither, where he resided whilst Bertha was in Italy, he possibly withdrew after her death. He had not professed in his youth ; for Conrad, the same year that he returned from Germany, bestowed upon him some considerable fiefs ; and in the charter of endowment granted to Bertha's last foundation, the monastery of Pay-

erne, in 962, the formula runs, that she bestowed such and such possessions with the consent of her sons Conrad, Burcard, and Rudolph. It may therefore be inferred, that Rudolph was another instance of the blessed results of maternal care in early age. Had he been profligate or profuse, like Conrad, these blemishes would have descended with his name to posterity, under some of those second patronymics so freely bestowed by the people in the middle ages, often better remembered than the first: and thus a "Rudolph the Proud," or "the Prodigal, Perverse, or Penniless," would have swelled the list of the Transjurane princes. A judicious author has observed, that one of the injurious features of monastic institutions was the withdrawal into their oblivious cloisters of the excellent of the earth, whose influence and example, on the busy stage of life, might have been salutary to their less virtuous fellow-men. The youngest son of Bertha is, probably, an illustration of this remark.

It has often been a question with the Christian philosopher and heathen sage, whether the morning or evening of life's eventful day is the happier portion; whether the pressing solitudes and fallacious hopes, for ever recurring to be almost continually frustrated, do not neutralize the pleasures which wait on that otherwise brilliant season. The problem, as a general one, can never be solved; because the

tranquil happiness which is supposed to attend our decline must depend on the employment of the first hours of existence. No wealth, no honours, no success, can stifle the voice of conscience; and sorrows not our own, misfortunes not merited, may throw a melancholy tinge over our setting sun. But, individually, Bertha would no doubt have decided that after the return of Conrad to his kingdom, and the splendid marriages of both her children, she experienced more unalloyed felicity than even during the existence of Rudolph, excepting the brief period between the resignation of his precarious rights to Italy, and his death, when, the heart chastened by adversity, and the judgment matured by age, he redeemed his early errors by a constant course of goodness and wisdom. The errors of Conrad might, indeed, sometimes awaken a sigh, but they were infinitely more marked as he descended into the vale of years, when she had gone to her rest; and the fond mother, with hope maternal—the strongest of all delusions—ever anticipating good from a darling child, doubtless flattered herself that, as he became older, they would disappear, like the slight spots in his father's brilliant escutcheon, to render his last days more illustrious.

The dark opening of the tenth century\* was fol-

\* The tenth century, accounted that of the densest ignorance, and gloomiest, darkest superstition, was more enlightened

lowed by a meridian not less fearful to the natural terrors of man. An impression (the result of the many woes which crowded its annals) began to prevail

in France and Germany than in England and Italy. In Germany especially, letters were cultivated with honourable industry by many learned men, and even ladies. Heroswitha, Abbess of Gandersheim, a small town in Brunswick, about thirty miles from the capital, was a much valued Latin poet at this period. She wrote several sacred comedies in imitation of Terence, and Hedwige of Swabia, besides her German translations into Greek, is reported to have used the purest Latinity both in speaking and writing: Bertha's familiarity with this then hardly dead language is not therefore surprising. History, however, was at its lowest possible ebb. Not one contemporary writer gave a continuous account of his times, even before the awful check given to all exertion by the delusion that the world drew to its end. But this proceeded rather from inability to learn what was passing among other nations than want of talent, so much were all communications interrupted by incessant wars, and the continual changes of dynasties which, offering no solidity—no unity to the recital—no great head to foster genius, or animate its hope of fame or of recompense—chilled or chained the pens of those who could have left monuments of their age.

Perhaps the princess Anna Comnena, daughter of the emperor Alexis I., may without impropriety be permitted to join this fair sisterhood of female *savans*; although the history of her father's reign from 1081 to 1118 is pronounced by modern critics drearily dull, and wofully wanting in accuracy. Still it was history in the tenth century—history, too, that has met with learned translators, and been illustrated by learned notes; and well would it have been for the honourable fame of the royal scribe, had a partial and drowsy recital of her father's reign proved the worst thing her ambition prompted her to concoct; but Anna Comnena's soaring spirit lured her from

ere the first half had waned away, that the weary world would be brought to a final termination at its close. This awful idea strengthened as years rolled on, and the nearer the epoch which would complete one thousand years since the birth of Christ approached, the more affrighted grew the souls of all the living. It was, in part, this universal expectation of the speedy dissolution of the world that paralyzed the pens of many contemporary historians, and rendered the annals of others so meagre of information: they naturally considered it useless to address a posterity never to be born. Three centuries before, Marius, Bishop of Lausanne and Avenches, had composed a sort of abridged chronicle of the principal events of his turbulent age, and, subsequently, several lords took a generous pride in preserving with their rent-rolls many facts interesting to the millions destined to come after they were in the dust. But when the end of time became confidently predicted, there was no apparent use in recording what none would ever live to read. Why painfully engrave the remembrance of an unhappy generation for another that might probably, at least, never succeed it? Science was thus buried before the sick world died,

the broad, open highways of knowledge to the dangerous, intricate, unworthy by-paths that lead to an unlawful crown. Her erudition is disgraced by an abortive attempt to seize on her brother's throne.

and the more study was abandoned, the deeper ignorance and superstition took root in the land. The panic was greater because several prophets, with a politic prudent caution, which some of the enthusiasts of our own day would have done well to imitate, left the exact date undetermined between two or three epochs ; it might arrive before the end of the fatal thousand—certain only at its ultimate completion.

But this was not the worst consequence of the prevalent mania, however the literary may lament the loss of documents which would have thrown light on much that was useful and curious. Labour became gradually suspended : the briar and the thistle again asserted their prior claims to the lands cultivated by the vigorous arm which, contemplating a distant future, had planted the exotic vine. Fervid piety or guilty terror opened the least liberal hands, and innumerable were the donations and bequests made to the clergy of property that the giver or testator took away without regret or remorse from relatives, who would hereafter have no need of it. Numerous chantries were founded for the souls of those who had yet made small spiritual provision for them ; and as a counterpoise to much evil inflicted on individual interests, under the first impression of horror the niggard loosened his purse-strings—the tyrant let go his grasp—the oppressor ceased to per-

secute, and the slave went free ; thousands of serfs were manumitted, because it was believed their services would soon cease to be necessary, and many towns obtained from their baronial ruler the important rights of citizenship for the sake of a loan to enable him to appoint a mass or build a chapel.

It is astonishing that more misrule and disorganisation did not arise from this chimera, when the unshackled slave revelled in the strange sudden delight of freedom ; and the wand of power falling from the nerveless hand of Fear seemed to authorize meagre Want to seize upon the hoarded wealth of covetousness. Happily, however, some strong minds, and Bertha's was one, struggled against its dangerous consequences, and strove to avert them to the last hour by wise precautions, in case it should prove ungrounded. Although some charters actually assert the infallible and evident signs of the rapid dissolution of the world, from various changes in the seasons, the clergy under her control endeavoured to soothe the agitation and fortify the sinking courage of the people by remarking, on the contrary, upon their order and regularity—on the continued productions of nature, and the known mercy of the Great Creator of all things. She tried to awaken a corresponding feeling of doubt on the awful prognostic, fostered, if not propagated, by mercenary men who reaped a golden harvest from the fears thus created, by sedu-

lously pursuing her plans of improvement; and the power of habit, added to the hope thus suggested, conquered in many instances this malady of the imagination, which tended to the suspension of all human industry. To evince, perhaps, her confidence in the stability of the terrestrial globe, and acquire an imperishable treasure by the religious employment of a further portion of the ample dowries she enjoyed as the widow of two kings, in the year of grace 962, eight years after Conrad's victory over the Saracens and Hungarians, she restored at Payerne a convent of Benedictine monks following the order of Clugny.

The almost innumerable institutions of this nature that Bertha had already founded or endowed, might well have authorized her to spend the residue of her days without incurring the fatigue of body and spirits, necessarily brought on by prosecuting this extensive undertaking; but she was a being of such incessant energy and continuous exertion, that whilst a field remained open for the scene of labour, there would she, like a faithful workman in God's great moral garden, be found. Payerne, where she had fixed her residence, was one of the many Roman colonies so profusely planted in Helvetia. After the Romans departed, Marius, Bishop of Lausanne, (about 600), cultivated there a considerable estate, upon which he erected, first, a church, and then a



monastery; the latter, in the lapse of ages filled with contending struggles for pre-eminence among the many rulers striving for the possession of sovereignty, had become dilapidated and deserted even before the arrival of the barbarians, and to the restoration of this desecrated establishment she now turned her attention. The peasantry and artisans who languished without employment, from the popular superstition, were thus roused to industry, and the beneficial results of this enterprise rendered it Bertha's favourite endowment. The antiquary will regret that the economical propensities of the queen, prudent even in the profuseness of her charities, and perhaps her little love or respect for anything Italian, led her to the Vandal demolition of a part of the ruins of Avenches or Aventicum, the magnificent Roman capital of Helvetia, whose single majestic Corinthian column, a wreck yet standing in solemn loneliness, and the fate of its priestess, have been immortalized by the lines of a hand conferring fresh life on all it touched :—

“ By a lone wall a lonelier column rears  
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days :  
’Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,  
And looks as with the wild-bewildered gaze  
Of one to stone converted by amaze,  
Yet still with consciousness ; and there it stands,  
Making a marvel that it not decays,  
When the coeval pride of human hands,  
Levell’d Aventicum, hath strewed her subject lands.”

In the annals of Tacitus is recorded the history of a young Aventian priestess named Julia Alpinula, who, when her father, a noble Helvetian, had been condemned to death for an insurrection against the Romans seventy years after Christ, rushed from her sanctuary to the Roman general, Cecina, and, flinging herself at his feet, implored him to spare her father's life. He proved inexorable to her prayers and tears : her youth, her beauty, her innocence, and her filial piety were alike unavailing—the sentence was fulfilled, and the gentle spirit of the daughter fled away to join that of her father—she died broken-hearted.

“ . . . Oh ! sweet and sacred be the name !—  
Julia—thy daughter, the devoted—gave  
Her youth to Heaven ; her heart, beneath a claim  
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.  
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and her's would crave  
The life she liv'd in ; but the judge was just,  
And then she died on him she could not save.  
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,  
And held within one urn, one mind, one heart, one dust.”\*

To the calm dispassionate eye of reason, it seems

\* Fifteen hundred years after this event, the epitaph of Julia was found among the ruins of Avenches, with this inscription : “ I, Julia Alpinula, lie here—unfortunate child of an unfortunate parent, priestess of the Goddess Aventia. I failed in averting by my prayers the death of my father : the Fates had decreed that he should die ignominiously. I lived to the age of 23.” Lord Byron says—“ I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish.”

passing strange that death, whose natural approach is always hidden—yet always certain—always near in pleasure and in grief,—in youth and in age,—who lurks in every act and incident of life,—whose portal, *alike*, closing one world and opening another, thus reveals *in a single moment* what man can never call forth from the chambers of mortal imagery,—is so little speculated upon,—so little feared, whilst a rumour,—a passing malady,—the prediction of the weak or the wicked, daring to penetrate into the secrets of the Most High, awakens the alarms of even the gifted and the good. At this awful season of national discouragement, even the masculine intellect of Hedwige bent before the breath of fanaticism; and she too deemed it expedient to do something for her soul, and that of the murdered Duke of Swabia. Hohentweil was now converted into a monastery, and richly endowed, or, rather, perhaps, a building adapted for the residence of a small community of nuns to serve a chantry appended to it, for she never quitted the walls of that lordly abode, nor did she take the veil. Notwithstanding her industry and skill in embroidering altar coverings and priest's robes, she was not considered so great a benefactress, or so staunch a friend at heart to the church as Bertha.

Each glimpse through the long vista of ages shows Bertha to be one deeply sensitive and ima-

ginative, whose ardent spirit, soaring above the things of that world which yet held chained her mortal frame, sought communion with her God by every channel through which she was told, or hoped it might be obtained. Hedwige was cast in a colder, severer mould. From her youth a hard student, and the constant associate of learned men, she appears to have been less under the influence of the times than even Bertha, and consequently no great favourite with churchmen. The monkish Chronicler of St. Gall slyly slips in, when recounting "her pretended" visit to the relics of their patron saint, that "she was doubtless better acquainted with Eccard's Latin Epigrams than his theological writings." The loss of the costly stole evidently sat heavy at his heart; and had Hedwige's reputation depended solely on the annalists of that convent, or its rival, Reichnau, would have come down to the nineteenth century robed in less eulogistical garments than other writers have bestowed upon it. Such is human frailty, that the purest history is often tinged or embroidered by the hand of prejudice. The existence of the invisible power that sets in motion the marvellous machinery of the mind, with all the tiny springs and wheels which work unseen its complicated movements, is often unknown to the possessor; and the material manufactured in the loom of this mysterious engine, assumes quite a different colour in the eyes of the warm native artificer, from

that which it wears in those of the cool unimpassioned beholder. Hedwige, deeming her lessons already amply remunerated by previous donations,—offended at Eccard's unceremonious exit from her palace before the stipulated period had expired, and yet more with the abbot's espousal of the fugitive's cause by positively refusing to compel him to the fulfilment of the term,—thought she had a right to repossess herself of her highly-prized handiwork. Aware that all reclamation would be vain, (for where the sacred goods of the convent were in question, the meek Burcard, unselfish in all other things, grew a lion,) she resorted to stratagem, a mode not possibly repugnant to her nature, though, perhaps, unsuspected by herself, and the stole thus returned somewhat surreptitiously again into her own possession, without her strictly challenging the justice of this settlement of the point at issue. The monks, on the contrary, smarting under the loss, made no allowance for the extenuating circumstances that warped the duchess's usually clear judgment,—they kept doggedly to the naked facts that it had been fairly given, and was unfairly resumed. In Hedwige's opinion they were unjust,—in theirs she was a grievous delinquent; and the story of the stolen stole is not only duly worked into her history, but sundry dark shades dexterously added to dim a little the gaudy colours of her other panygyrists. The unbiassed will all agree that the

Duchess of Swabia, blinded by the false reasonings of self-love, forgot her natural dignity to gratify a foolish resentment; but will still accord her the rare merit due to a long life distinguished for the most munificent patronage of letters,—scrupulous purity, boundless charity, and such a constant consistent course of impartiality in the government of the country, “that if,” says an old writer, “her severity made iniquity and the oppressor tremble, her active goodness caused her to be blessed by the feeble and unfortunate;” and thus like Deborah, the lawgiver of Israel, the children of Helvetia came up to her for judgment from all parts of her wide domain.

St. Maurice had hitherto been the sepulchre of the Transjurane dynasty, and was once a considerable governmental station, but its exposed position, truly and beautifully painted by a living poet, then rendered it scarcely tenable.\* The Transjurane had

\* “I enter’d where a key unlocks a kingdom :  
The mountains closing, and the road, the river  
Filling the narrow space.”—*Rogers*.

The bridge of St. Maurice which spans the rapid Rhone, “that there comes down a torrent from the Alps,” with one bold beautiful arch seventy feet wide, of ancient architecture, leans for support on the bases of the majestic Dent de Midi and Dent de Morcle, varying in altitude from eight to ten thousand feet. It unites the smiling scenery—industrious neatness and proverbial wealth of the canton Vaud, with the terrific

indeed, the disadvantage of being placed at the confluence of all vagabond nations—the common bridge generally selected by those who went and returned from Italy, Gaul, and Spain, independent of the Saracens, who had so many years occupied the chain of the Pennine Alps; and Bertha determined to confer on her new edifice the honour of sheltering the royal dust of a house that promised to be so glorious if the world lasted. In pursuance of this idea, the monastery of Payerne became one of the most magnificent and richly-endowed cloisteral institutions in the Transjurane; not, indeed, equal to that of St Maurice, on which Sigismond, King of Burgundy, had bestowed nearly half the royal domains, besides incalculable gifts arising from other great princes, Charlemagne included, but still worthy of “the queen, its nursing mother;” and the abbatial church bore ample testimony to the improvement of her architectural taste by her recent residence in the classic land of Italy. It was constructed in the round or Byzantine style, so frequently seen in the earliest churches of Lombardy and Genoa, and “is a monument of an age,” says an historian, “which we may be

sublimity, squalid poverty, *gôitres*, and *cretins* of the Valais; and is now, as in former days, defended by its barred gate often won and lost by contending foes—no longer, alas! Saracens and Hungarians, but brothers. (Written 1846.)

authorized to term barbarous only, when we can display edifices which shall equal it in beauty."\*

Bertha's last favourite foundation, commenced in 962, was so far finished that its charter of endowment was drawn up at Lausanne, on the 8th of April, 963, and from thence expedited to the castle of Chavornay for the signature of Conrad.†

The cautious policy and exactitude which marked her career are strikingly visible on this occasion. Two distinct charters, the first written by herself, and the other despatched to Conrad the year afterwards, left no doubt as to the authenticity of the act of donation, and still further to confirm the rights of her abbey, the second was drawn up in the office of the chancery at Lausanne. But these were not the sole distinctive signs of that great mind, looking behind and before—remembering the past, anticipating the future—which identifies Bertha with her

\* Müller.

† Du 8 Avril, 963. La charte est expédiée de Lausanne.

In a bas relief subsisting some time ago at Neuchâtel, Bertha on her knees before the Virgin Mary was offering to her the model of a temple, whilst a bishop in pontifical habits stood by her side; and an inscription perpetuated the foundation of a convent and its church where Neuchâtel now stands. It is believed to have been built, during Conrad's minority, in gratitude for her safety in the little tower, when, after a most courageous attempt to drive out a sudden torrent of barbarians in 924, she was finally constrained to take refuge there.



charter. This most curious document, the authenticity of which is admitted, the original act still subsisting in the archives of Berne, is yet more interesting, by the irrefragable proof it bears of being (as declared) Bertha's *own composition*—one of those original effusions, precious to posterity as affording glimpses into the heart of the writer and the times, which the prescribed labour of the secretary or narrative history of the biographer could not furnish. It is animated throughout with the *personal* emotions, and recollections, and fears of the royal author, expressed in the colloquial style of one, whose heart dictated each sentence, too intent on making her meaning clear to attend to the ornaments of oratory, and still displaying a deep knowledge of the sacred lore and worldly usages then in fashion. Latin, the sacred and legal language employed by all writers in the tenth century, was the one Bertha necessarily used, and there is a tradition that at the dedication of her monastery she herself read it before a vast multitude assembled from all parts of the Transjurane to witness so imposing a ceremony. It is, however, probable that some of her chaplains, or the royal almoner, who constantly accompanied her in public, gave an immediate translation into the *Romande*, the vernacular tongue of the people, without which its awful terrors must have been hidden from them. Assuming, therefore, the charter of Payerne

to have emanated from the royal donor, it is, perhaps, the oldest unadulterated feminine composition in the whole world, and might have added one more to the many instances cited by an erudite divine, to satisfy James I.'s scruples as to the antiquity or propriety of crowned heads descending to the humble avocation of a scribe,—if, indeed, James, who had little gallantry in his temperament, would have deemed a woman's precedent good authority. On one point, however, the pedantic monarch might not, perhaps, have found so much to disapprove as some of Bertha's later commentators; the strange enlistment into her service of all her miscellaneous as well as sacred, learning, could not have wounded the refinement or good taste of the royal author of the Basilicon Doron. The wording of this extraordinary production is, in truth, well calculated to provoke discussion and misconception;—it is not, therefore, surprising that it has been the subject of some little pleasantry even on the part of those of her children, whose elegant pens have yet, with true filial piety, removed the accumulated dust of ages that, hanging on her beloved name, dulled its lustre, and reared a monumental memorial over her mouldering remains nine hundred years after the one which first shrouded them had perished, as playful sons and daughters arrived at maturity will sometimes, without a spark of malice, permit themselves to jest with the aged, but adored mother,

whose habits and manner of expression seem to them obsolete or ludicrous. And yet, making allowance for that fervidness of character which marked Bertha as energetic in everything, her charter was in conformity with the spirit and usages of the times, and but stamps an epoch in the history of the human mind.

"In the name of the holy and undivided Trinity, —Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—Amen. As an atonement for my sins, and for the salvation of my soul," &c., &c., was the general exordium, to which, at this awful period, was often subjoined, "the end of the world being approaching." The commencement, therefore, of this relic of antiquity is not the least singular portion of the strange totality, for in its ambiguous phraseology the enlightened spirit of her, who made the scriptures "a daily study," breaks through the Cimmerian darkness that environed her, —the doubt of salvation to be purchased at the price of money. After the customary preamble, Bertha's secret misgiving of her own power of making her "calling and election sure" by founding a monastery, is conveyed in the following cautious expressions:—

*"As it appears* that the riches of man *may contribute* to the redemption of his soul; I Bertha, queen by the grace of God; make known to all living in the unity of Christ, that with the consent of my son, the most glorious king Conrad, I give of my sub-

stance, *for the love of God*, to St. Peter, to St. John, and to St. Maurice, as well as to all the saints abiding in a place named Payerne—I give to them the town of Payerne, with all its serfs, the fields, the meadows, the forests, the waters, the running streams, mills, rights of going and coming, lands, cultivated and waste—a church at Chiètres, another at Pully, and a third at Pibersin.\* I give these things for the love of God, and for the love of my lord Rudolph, of my sons, of Otho) the very-glorious king), of my daughter Adelaide, and finally for myself, and for the salvation of the souls of all those who shall hereafter endow this temple of the Lord. I *make this donation*, that the pious brothers may be enabled to seek, with ardent souls, *celestial communion*, and *exercise charity* towards the poor,

\* Puis elle écrivit l'Acte de fondation qui se lit dans nos archives, et que nous connaissons sous le nom de Testament de la reine Berthe.

“Comme il parait (dit-elle) que les richesses de l'homme peuvent servir au rachat de son âme, moi, Berthe, reine par la grâce de Dieu, je donne à connaître à tous ceux qui vivent dans l'unité de Christ, que, pour l'amour de Dieu, je donne de mes biens à St. Pierre, à St. Jean, à St. Maurice, ainsi qu'à tous les Saints qui demeurent dans un lieu nommé Payerne; et cela du consentement de mon fils, le très-glorieux roi Conrad. Je leur donne le bourg de Payerne avec tous ses serfs, les champs, les prés, les forêts, eaux, courans d'eaux, moulins, entrées et sorties, terres cultivées et en friche; une église à Chiètres, une à Pully, une troisième à Pibersin,” &c. &c.

*strangers*, and *travellers*. The monks shall elect their own abbot and their own advocate. It has pleased us also to decree, by this solemn testament, that from this day the friars who may there unite themselves shall neither be subject to our dominion, nor to that of our family, nor to any terrestrial yoke of authority whatever. I adjure then by, and in the name of God—by all the saints, and by the awful day of the last judgment, every secular prince, every count, every bishop, and *even the sovereign pontiff* on the throne of Rome already named, to *beware* of invading, dividing, diminishing, subtracting, changing, or alienating the possessions of these servants of God, or *obliging any other to do so*, and not to attempt to establish over them any superior contrary to their will. And that such crimes may be still more impossible to any rich or wicked man, I conjure you, Peter and Paul, holy apostles, and glorious princes upon earth, and thou pontiff of pontiffs, occupying the seat of the apostles, that by the apostolic and canonical authority you have received from the Lord, you will declare deprived of communion with the holy church, and lost to everlasting life, all those who shall by robbery, or invasion, or craft, seize on the property which I give expressly, and with hearty good will to the holy Virgin Mary, and to the saints before named ; and that you prove the protector and defender of the servants of God, who shall abide in

the said town of Payerne, and of all their possessions, for the sake of the charity, mercy, and goodness of our blessed Saviour. If by chance (which God forbid, and I hope from Divine goodness, and the protection of the apostles, will never happen), any either amongst our neighbours, or strangers, of whatever condition or authority, using subtlety against this my testament, shall attempt to infringe or encroach upon what I have thus sanctified for the love of Almighty God, and through veneration for the holy Mary, mother of the Lord, and the saints before named, may he draw upon himself first the wrath of Almighty God—may God take away from him his portion in the land of the living—may his lot be with those who have said to the Lord God, Depart from us—with Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, that the earth swallowed up in an abyss opened to engulf them alive, and may he be damned for ever:—may he become the companion of Judas, who betrayed his Lord, and be devoured by eternal torments. And that even in this present life he may not appear to remain unpunished in the eyes of men, may he experience a foretaste in his own body of the sufferings of future damnation, enduring a double chastisement with Heliodorus\* and Antio-

\* “ Heliodorus, a courtier of Seleucus Philopator, King of Syria, was commanded by that prince to go to Jerusalem to

chus, of whom the one beaten by angels with many cruel stripes escaped only half dead, and the other struck by a superior power, perished miserably, eaten by worms, and rotten in all his members. May the

bring away the treasures belonging to the Temple. On his arrival the high priest Onias remonstrated with him, and pointed out that these sums were destined to the relief of widows and orphans. Regardless, however, of this sacred appropriation, Heliodorus came with his guards to the door of the treasury-chamber, determined to force it open; but, at the instant he gave the sacrilegious order, he was miraculously struck by two angels with sticks, driven from the Temple, and left for dead. Then some of his friends went weeping to the high priest to supplicate his interest with the Almighty in favour of the wretched man; and whilst Onias was in prayer, behold! the two angels presented themselves to Heliodorus, and said, 'Return thanks to the high priest Onias,—it is in answer to his intercessions, and for his sake, the Lord has granted you life. Having now been chastised by the Almighty, go and tell to all the world His wonders and goodness.' Then they disappeared, and Heliodorus, rising from the ground, offered his vows and thanksgivings to God,—presented some valuable gifts to the high priest, in acknowledgment of his gratitude, and departed to announce to the king and every living creature the wonderful works of the Almighty which he had witnessed with his own eyes. This passed 176 years before Christ."—*Dictionnaire Historique, par Monsieur l'Abbé Ladvocat.*

"Antiochus Epiphanes usurped the throne of Syria. He deposed the high priest Onias, besieged and took Jerusalem, 170 years before Christ. He profaned the Temple, sacrificed to Jupiter, and carried away the sacred vessels. Finally defeated by Judas Maccabeus he was obliged to return to Babylon, where he was struck with a horrible disease, and died of despair."—*Abbé Ladvocat.*

like be awarded to him as to other sacrilegious wretches who dare to touch the treasures of the house of God, and that he may have (if he return not to amendment of life) the chief of all ecclesiastical monarchy, as well as St. Paul and St. Peter, for adversaries! and may they close to him the holy entrance to Paradise, instead of having them, as they would otherwise have been but for his wickedness, pious intercessors for him with God!"

After having thus strengthened her work by this remarkable collection of terrific maledictions, she evinced her innate sagacity, and her deep knowledge of human nature, by imposing the heavy penalty of one hundred livres of gold on those transgressors against her will who might not be terrified by her curses; and limiting the sum of two sols (not one penny of our current money) *a year*, as the pecuniary obligation owing, or at least usual, from every monastery to the court of Rome. This sum bore then a far different value, but it must ever have been a mere trifle, expressly affixed by long-sighted policy to ward off the possibility of any future extortionate demand, and that claim to the nomination of abbot which so frequently ended in bloody quarrels between the head of the papal church and its dependents. Having, by these precautions, endeavoured to provide for every contingency, Bertha expresses her anxious wish that any opposition to her testament



may prove abortive, and that both in spirit and letter it will remain inviolate for ever. Her seal and signature, with the words "Here are the seal and signature of Bertha, lady, and queen, &c., &c., &c.," the names of her sons, and many members of the royal family follow; and the whole closes by the testimony of the secretary, thus couched — "I Sunfhard have written this charter, instead of the chancellor Ponchon: given Tuesday, the Kalends of April, in the twenty-fourth year of Conrad. Made in the city of Lausone:" "*Moi Sunfhard j'ai écrit cette chartre, &c., &c., &c. Fait dans la cité de Lausone.*"\* The seal appended to the charter bears her legend, *Bertha humilis Regina* (Humble queen Bertha), and represents her spinning with a distaff

Those in whose eyes Bertha has hitherto appeared a ministering angel will have perused with amaze-

\* Ce document se trouve dans le Conservateur Suisse, iii. ; dans Bouquet, ix. 667 ; et dans Guichenon (Sebusian), page 1.

La chartre est signée par Berthe, Dame et Reine, par plusieurs Princes de la maison royale, etc. ; et le socau qui y est attaché porte pour légende : *Bertha humilis Regina*, et représente cette princesse filant au fuseau ; car, elle donnait l'exemple du travail et aimait à le récompenser ; et jusqu'à nos jours, il est resté dans la Suisse Romande le souvenir proverbial de *bons temps où Berthe filoit*. L'authenticité de cette chartre est reconnue, et l'acte original subsiste encore dans les archives de Berne.

In 1848, a subscription was opened at Lausanne, for the publication, by Monsieur Matile, of a facsimile of this charter, at the house of Monsieur Martignier, Place de la Palud.

ment the fearful denunciations contained in this last authentic record of her earthly course, so foreign to the spirit which guided her preceding years, and the tenor of her whole life. It is, consequently, a simple act of justice to the memory of so good a woman, to remind the reader that imprecations were not peculiar to her taste; for their employment she had the precedent of universal custom; they were legitimized by the usages of society, and consecrated by erring piety. It would have been gratifying to modern feelings and ideas, if Bertha had abstained from the use of this mighty engine of fear; but so complete an emancipation from prevalent prejudices could not reasonably be expected even from her. She was a moral phenomenon, but superstition sometimes holds at intervals its mastery over the strongest intellect; and the permanent grandeur of her character is not tarnished by this transient cloud; although the strangely frightful images of present and future suffering, culled from her intimate acquaintance with scriptural and traditional history, to give force to her intense desire to preserve intact all that she had so munificently bestowed, has produced a charter "richer," says an old writer, "in maledictions (it must be owned) than was common at the period." Nevertheless, two charters dating from the years 878 and 879, contain the horrible wish, though differently expressed, "that whoever should read them with

malevolent dispositions, or evil intentions, might be struck with blindness,\*—a far greater punishment for a small offence. The charter, which emanated from the Counts of Gruyères at the foundation of the priory of Rougemont, in the Romande, anathematizes all who shall withdraw anything from the aforesaid donations, even to the value of four sols, or who may disturb these servants of God in that place, *unless* they repent and give satisfaction.† The paternal, benevolent spirit by which that noble, generous race of pastoral princes was ever instinct, breathes in this Christian clause—"unless they shall repent;" and Bertha's native goodness peeps, in like manner, out of the cumbrous clothing of superstitious policy, in the merciful reservation (*s'il ne revient à résipiscence*; "if he shall not amend his life").

Bertha was in truth the child of glowing feelings, lively imagination, and reflective mind: nothing that might prove prejudicial to the establishment in which she took so deep an interest escaped her keen perception or memory.‡ She wrote not merely for Saracens

\* Une chartre de 879, dans Herrgott, renferme le vœu qui celui la lira dans des dispositions malveillantes soit frappé de cécité.

† The charter of the counts of Gruyères anathematizes "tous ceux qui soustrairaient quelque chose des susdites donations, même pour la valeur de 4 sols, ou qui inquiéteroient les serviteurs de Dieu en ce lieu-là, à moins qu'ils ne viennent à se repentir et à donner satisfaction."

‡ "When Bertha wrote her charter, the reigning pontiff,

or Hungarians, undisciplined armies, or petty domestic freebooters: she lived in half lawless times when the right of the strongest proved often the best. The nobles of the earth were frequently little noble but in title. She had been twice chased away

John XII., was the grandson of Marozia, and also of her second husband, Hugh, King of Italy, by his illegitimate daughter, Alda, married to Alberic, Marquis of Spoleto. He succeeded to his father's rank and influence in Rome at eighteen, took priest's orders, and mounted by his own power to the throne of St. Peter. He had bestowed the imperial crown on Otho the Great, but his monstrous vices at length induced the emperor to depose him in a council held in his presence in 963, after writing to him a letter of admonition, which paints in lively colours the reputation of this papal descendant (rare genealogy) of Theodora, Marozia, Hugh, and Alberic.—'You are accused of drinking the health of the Devil, as the friend and patron of the church by the fears he inspires: of bestowing the government of towns on your numerous mistresses, and of giving them, as mere ornaments of jewellery, the sacred crosses and chalices belonging to the church, &c., &c.' After the emperor's departure, John returned in triumph to Rome, and signalized his cruelty, as well as depravity of nature, by tearing out the tongues, and cutting off the noses and fingers of the principal instigators of his deposition. He was assassinated the year afterwards by a nobleman, whose wife he had seduced, and was succeeded by Leo VIII., and Benet V., both of whom, branded with the stigma of anti-pope by their respective opponents, made way in two years for John XIII. He owed his election to the authority of the emperor, which rendered him unpopular with the Roman nobility, and he was in turn driven from Rome in Bertha's lifetime. With such a near insight into the affairs of Rome, her fears of spoliation—her little confidence in the head of the church, may well be accounted for."—*M. l'Abbé Ladvoeat.*

from her throne in the Transjurane by barbarian hosts into her little tower of refuge on the lake of Neuchâtel ; and twice driven from the throne of Italy by the machinations and violence of turbulent, ambitious, rebellious princes.

Her marriage with Hugh made her but too well acquainted with the papal court ; and threw unwelcome light upon the moral nakedness of the splendid pageant there enacted. The step-grandmother of Pope John XII. had been behind the scenes at Rome ; and the genuineness of this document is strikingly attested by the minuteness of its deprecatory details. None but Bertha herself could have guarded against the lands of the abbey being either *changed, divided, diminished, or alienated*,—none but Bertha have nullified all papal pretensions by a *legal* legacy of two sols a year,—none but Bertha herself, penetrating with the keen eye of profound thought and apprehensive fear into the many secret folds of man's treacherous heart, anticipated and guarded against the clerkly casuistry which might hope to elude the requisitions of her diploma, by employing subordinates to do that which was not effected in person. The country was then quiet, but she who had so many times journeyed over its unprotected passes, and was acquainted with all its internal weaknesses, its formidable adversaries, knew not how long Conrad's subjects might each yet sit under his

fig-tree, and eat the labour of his hands; and she wished to protect the institution, through whatever trials it might be destined to encounter, by the highest of all authority, — analogies drawn from sources no one could dispute. It was her object that the goods of her convent should be considered as sacred things, like the ark and the shewbread of the Israelites, to be touched by no profane hand, nor eaten but by those for whom it was appointed. Influenced by these feelings she appears to have thought it impossible to throw too many barriers—erect too many safeguards, around the holy sacrifice she had set apart for the use of the Levites of her temple at Payerne. Most assiduously had she searched, and most thoughtfully had she weighed all that might injure or defend them; and that this creation of her old age might outlive any sinister attack from foes foreign or indigenous, she hedged it in with all the examples of sacred vengeance her reading supplied, that the awful terrors of the next world, added to the penalties of this, might render it invulnerable, without her kind heart uniting in a single wish thus registered. There is, however, in the total omission of the name of her second husband Hugh, King of Italy, that which has exposed her to the half-sportive half-caustic reflection of having forgotten what she owed to him. “The good queen did not consider it

one of her duties to pray for his soul :”—“ Bertha in this endowment overlooked her second husband, King Hugh, because his dissoluteness had rendered him more than once unfaithful :”—“ Hugh, King of Italy, had no share in her prayers :”—these are observations detracting in some slight degree from the magnanimity of her real nature, and if Bertha had deliberately refused, whatever benefit she believed might accrue to his guilty soul by abstaining from all mention of him, she would have deserved yet severer animadversion ; but Bertha’s character, like that of every genuine Christian, progressively improving as she ripened for heaven, is unsullied by this single reproach. The foundation of the monastery of St. Peter at Vienne by Hugh himself, two years before his death, expressly for the repose of his own soul and that of his son Lothaire, is at once a reason and apology for this ominous silence. So many centuries have elapsed since the two king-

\* “Veuve de son premier mari, Berthe donna sa main à Hugues, roi d’Italie ; mais il paroît qu’elle ne mettoit pas au nombre de ses devoirs de prier pour l’âme de ce second epoux, dont les fréquentes infidélités avoient rempli sa vie d’amertume, puisqu’elle n’en fait ici nulle mention.”—“ Berthe ne songea point au roi Hugues, qu’elle avoit épousé en secondes nœces, parceque le goût des voluptés lui avoit fait commettre plus d’un adultère.”—“ Hugues, roi d’Italie, son second epoux, n’eût point de part à ses vœux.”

doms of Provence and Little Burgundy were separated, that this fact may well have escaped the memory of Bertha's Swiss historians, or perhaps never been known to them. It belongs, indeed, rather to the annals of Provence, from whence it was derived.\*

The unions that Bertha and Adelaide had contracted with Hugh and Lothaire could have left no pleasing reminiscences in their hearts, and were doubly dissolved by the death of both: the subsequent marriage of Adelaide might render her unwilling to perpetuate her miserable reign and Lothaire's frightful death in a charter uniting their names once more; for Hugh could scarcely have appeared in the family circle without his son; and as the eternal happiness of the two kings was already amply provided for, (in the opinion of the church,) by the erection of a magnificent monastery in their

\* "Hugues, après avoir chassé Bérenger, parvint à se faire reconnoître de nouveau roi d'Italie; mais étant bientôt tombé malade, il fut obligé de retourner à Vienne, où il mourut dans le monastère de St. Pierre qu'il avoit fondé: Berthe, son épouse, fut héritière de tous ses états par son testament, avec substitution en faveur de Conrad, fils de Rodolphe II., roi de Bourgogne, et de Berthe. Par sa mort la Provence sortit de la maison des princes issus de Lothaire, fils de Louis le Débonnaire, empereur et roi de France, et entra dans celle des nouveaux rois de la maison de Bourgogne Transjurane."—*Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Arles, par Monsieur de Noble Lalanzière.*



native land with the same design, no sense of necessity, or even propriety, would require the restamping of so painful a page in the history of either the mother or daughter in the annals of Helvetia. But other reasons of a political rather than a private nature probably led to this seeming dereliction of duty in the widowed queen. A traditional remembrance that Bertha entertained with royal hospitality the emperor Otho and her daughter at Payerne, is confirmed by the chronicle of St. Maurice, which has recorded the royal visit of that emperor and his party to honour the relics of the Theban legion in 962.\* The emperor was then on his return from Rome, where he had with Adelaide received the iron crown of Lombardy, once more vacant by the final expulsion of Berenger II. and his son Adalbert. The profound, unworn attachment of the Italians for Adelaide, even more than the emperor's merits, is believed to have united all suffrages on this great national question. Yet Otho is accused of wishing to wear the crown rather as the reward of conquest than the award of a free people ; or at least of being indebted for it to his own wise policy and power, not to Adelaide's virtues. The right of election, perpetuated by the assumption that affection for the widow of Lothaire

\* "L'empereur Othon vint en 962 honorer les martyrs Thébéens, &c. &c., St. Maurice et sa célèbre Abbaye."—*Eugène Duffoug-Favre*.

influenced the decision of the Italians, the long-sighted emperor was desirous should merge in the safer opinion that he had been irrevocably called to a vacant, but henceforth hereditary throne, from a sense of his own fitness. If such were the sentiments of the emperor he would naturally be averse from any future recognition of Adelaide as the former wife of Lothaire; and when it is remembered that Bertha commenced her convent in 962, the *very year* in which she received the imperial couple as her guests, it may be presumed that her son-in-law's opinion had been consulted and abided by on this point.

As the love of the Lombards for Adelaide resembled that which the nation evinced some centuries earlier towards Theodolinde, it will not perhaps be deemed irrelevant to give a slight sketch of this celebrated princess, the predecessor of Bertha, and who probably by her illustrious example shadowed out, or at least confirmed, her young resolves to benefit mankind. Theodolinde, like Bertha, was a German, daughter of Garibold, King of Bavaria; and her memory is little less cherished in Lombardy than that of her successor in Switzerland. She is said to have been extremely beautiful, and possessed a capacity for wise and generous government. She had refused many royal alliances, when Autharis, the young and spirited sovereign of Lombardy, prepossessed in her favour by public fame and the report of some wan-

dering minstrels, sent an embassy to her father's court with guarded proposals for a union ; but the cautious monarch, unwilling to be deceived on so important a point, accompanied the bearers of his overture ; and habited in the simple costume of a man of rank attached to the mission, was admitted into the presence of the king. Autharis had previously been disappointed by the failure of a negotiation for a Merovingian princess, and he was now determined that no impediments should arise from the mistakes of diplomatists, or the delays of office. At the public audience granted to the Lombard embassy, he abandoned so far the privacy of his position as to announce that he was the friend of Autharis, and by him intrusted with the delicate commission of giving a special representation of the manners and person of the intended bride. As the accredited minister of Autharis did not refute this bold statement, the princess was summoned to undergo the painful ordeal ; and her beauty heightened by her confusion, she appeared before this important member of the suite, whose opinion was to decide her fate.

Enchanted by her charms, after a pause of ecstasy, Autharis stepped forward, and hailed her queen of Italy. He then humbly requested that, in pursuance of the ancient custom of the nation, she would present a cup of wine to the first of her new subjects. At the command of her father she obeyed : he re-

ceived it on his knees, but in restoring the jewelled pledge to the princess, he secretly contrived to touch her hand, and then drew his finger over his lips. Theodolinde, although much struck and pleased by the gallant bearing of the handsome stranger, still with German *hauteur* considered this familiarity indiscreet, if not disrespectful, and in the evening imparted these sentiments to her nurse (that ever important personage in noble German or Italian households), from whom she received the consolatory and agreeable assurance that such presumption and audacity could only emanate from the king himself. Without confirming this sagacious prediction by an open declaration of his royal rank, Autharis departed with his ambassador, accompanied by several Bavarian nobles, who were to return with the King of Italy's formal recognition of the princess as his wife and he preserved his incognito till they reached the confines of Italy, when, delightedly raising himself on his charger, he darted his battle-axe against a tree with incomparable strength and dexterity, exclaiming to the astonished Bavarians, "Such are the strokes of the king of the Lombards." The necessary preliminaries for the union were incomplete when the sudden approach of a French army drove Garibold from his throne. He fled with his daughter to the court of his ally, and the marriage was celebrated at Verona, 588.

Autharis, a boy at the time of his father's death, had been elected, on obtaining his majority, by the free suffrages of the nation, weary of a ducal aristocracy of thirty tyrants during his minority. He was a prince of great promise, and his death, after a year of uninterrupted happiness with Theodolinde, was deplored as a national calamity. The virtues of his widow had, however, endeared her to his people, and she was permitted to bestow, with her hand, the sceptre of the Italian kingdom on the Duke of Turin.\* Agelulph proved worthy of her choice; and for a long period the annals of the Lombard monarchs bear favourable testimony to their ability and uprightness. Theodolinde was the friend of Pope Gregory the Great; and by her wisely-exerted influence over Agelulph, prevented some ambitious designs on Rome, in which city the Lombard kings were always anxious to acquire more power than they possessed, by the nominal title king of Italy: and to the pontiff's gratitude are to be ascribed the most esteemed objects of the saintly *reliquaire* or *Tesora*, at Monza, his authenticated gifts to her. The iron crown, so called from a thin plate of iron which lines the golden diadem, is held in profound reverence from the tradi-

\* "Gannone has justly censured the impertinence of Boccaccio, who, without right, or truth, or pretence, has given the pious queen Theodolinde to the arms of a muleteer."—*Gibbon*, vol. v. page 321. *Edition of H. H. Milman.*

tion that the iron was hammered out of two nails employed at the crucifixion. They are said to have been collected by the Empress Helen at Jerusalem, and sent as a present to her son Constantine, from whom (through the mediation of the pope) they reached Theodolinde in the form of this very crown.\*

\* Many singular articles of personal use once belonging to this excellent queen are to be seen at Monza, about ten miles from Milan ; now reached in twenty minutes by a delightful railroad. Her comb of gold filagree, and fan of painted leather ; her book of Hours or Prayers, the binding of silver-gilt ; and her crown of pure gold, all richly set with unpolished but costly gems, are interesting and instructive memorials of a very distant epoch. And better protected after death than Bertha, her rude huge sarcophagus of thick stone still rests, unpolluted by the hands of sacrilegious invaders, in the cathedral church she founded, under a fine old gothic baldaquin. Little of the original building remains ; but a chapel covered with fresco paintings, executed about 1400, testifies the respect of the Italians for this early patroness. They represent the principal events of her life, and there is a striking resemblance in her features, (probably painted from tradition or some ancient portrait long lost,) to those of Bertha, as described by Müller. Both indeed were Germans, and the fair red and white, blond tresses and national physiognomy of the two lovely queens may be a key to the fancied similarity. A silver tray, with a hen and chickens pecking with all the industry of their tribe, elaborately and beautifully wrought, their eyes of rubies, is believed to have been a sort of ornamental *plateau* for the royal table, symbolical of the seven provinces of the ancient Lombard kingdom, and speaks much for the refinement of Italy in the sixth century. Theodolinde's cross, given her by Pope Gregory, on the baptism of her eldest child, containing a portion of the true cross, is

Rudolph and Hugh, the husbands of Bertha, were alike ambitious of wearing this insignia of the Lombard kingdom ; and till 1254, with two exceptions of brief duration, the brows of her descendants were encircled by its sacred glory.

Amplly as Bertha had endowed the favoured monastery of Payerne in her original charter, her increasing attachment soon afterwards induced her to add many fresh and most valuable gifts : the royal vineyards at La Vaux and Vully, celebrated for the quality of the wine produced from them, even now ; the tithes, forest, and canal, which joined the lakes of Morat and Neuchâtel : the rich farm at Grand-cour, comprising the ground on which Berthold of Zœringen afterwards built Friburg, with the important rights of holding a fair, and coining money. Payerne, in consequence of these extraordinary privileges, soon became a very important town, and was occasionally the seat of Conrad's government, as it

now worn by the archpriest, or chief ecclesiastic of the cathedral on high days and holidays ; and was with many other valuables given or bequeathed by her to the cathedral. With what interest must Bertha have contemplated these relics of her predecessor and compatriot ! A very singular and well-executed *basso-relievo*, in high preservation, of white marble, in the chapel of San Stefano, is believed to represent the coronation of one of the early emperors descended from Bertha, as it is proved, from the historical internal evidence of its details, to have taken place before 1290 ; tradition says Otho III.

had been, when far more insignificant, of his grandfather's, the first Rudolph. Majolus, abbot of Clugny, was the first abbot; he came from his own monastery to establish the discipline of this new addition to his order; and during the life of Bertha she had the happiness of seeing everything prosper under his auspices.

The blessing of heaven rested on the pious labours of the first Benedictines and their successors; but when the boundless liberality of such patrons as Bertha began to create around them a little temporal kingdom, the severe code of rules drawn up at Mount Cassin gradually relaxed in practice; and the meek, humble, self-denying, industrious monk was transformed into the proud, lazy, luxurious priest. Not a single celebrated writer proceeded from the abbeys of Payerne, of Neuchâtel, of Romaine-môtier, or of St. Maurice; and the numerous monasteries of Burgundy contributed so little to the progress of letters, that it became sufficient to say of a man, he was "a Burgundian," to mark him as destitute of learning. Berenger of Tours could never persuade himself, that "a ray of mind ever irradiated, even at intervals, its Egyptian darkness;" as Nathaniel would not believe "any good thing could come out of Nazareth." "Had the monks of Payerne," says a modern historian, "proved faithful to their vocation—had they been the advocates of the oppressed, and consecrated



their leisure hours to literature and prayer—the abbey might still have been standing, a blessing to our populations; but the monasteries of the Swiss Romande, having acquired more renown for the appetites of the friars than their learning, were one by one mown down by the scythe of Time.”\* Bertha, however, was happily ignorant of this deterioration in the members of her community, nor did it wholly neutralize her benevolent intentions. For many, many years, the abbey shed a beneficent influence over the adjacent country; the artisan found employment, and the needy were relieved. Thus Bertha’s object was, in part, accomplished; and, six centuries later, when Berne (a name in her days not still pronounced), by the right of conquest, came into the possession of the monastery, her original designs were more fully carried out in their spirit, if not letter, than they could have been, circumscribed within the narrow boundaries of a monastic institution; for, although the building was secularized, the senate

\* “Three religious orders, scions from the Benedictine stock planted on Mount Cassin by St. Benet in the sixth century, those of Clugny, the Carthusians, and Cistercians, all propagated classical learning, copying and illuminating MSS.; but in rugged, wild, half-cultivated districts they employed the yet more useful arts of agriculture to scatter the germs of civilization. Bérenger de Tours ne put jamais se persuader qu’une lueur d’esprit brillât par fois dans cette Bétie moderne.”  
—*Lanfranc*.

with praiseworthy regard to the intention of so distinguished a queen, made it a duty to apply a portion, at least, of the existing revenues to the formation of a stipendiary clergy and charitable purposes. Strangely changed in form and manner was this appropriation! but the republic had embraced the doctrine of the reformers; the voice of Faral had resounded from the pulpits of Berne and Geneva, and the government felt no dread of incurring any of the multifarious maledictions, so liberally bestowed on any who should rashly deviate "one jot or tittle" from her fearful charter of denunciations.

The precise period when Bertha ceased from her labours, and entered into the land of her rest, has not, from the loss of chronicles or the negligence of chroniclers, reached posterity; but she is believed to have been interred about the year 970 or 971, in the royal abbey of Payerne, by the side of Rudolph, whose remains she had, with affectionate solicitude and pious pomp, removed from St. Maurice as soon as her church was finished; and if this date is correct, she escaped the anguish she would have experienced, had she survived till 972, when a fresh army of Saracens, suddenly entering the Transjurane, advanced upon Payerne; and after committing many ravages in the vicinity, burst open the abbey, plundered it of all that the friars had been unable to hide, and then (disappointed at the small amount of

their booty), seized on the sacred person of the abbot Majolus himself, and carried him off to Osières, in the mountains, a small town within a few hours' distance of the convent of St. Bernard, where, despite of the holy exorcisms of St. Bernard de Menton some years before, they had still a stronghold. Here, heedless of his sanctity and poor Bertha's imprecations, they kept him in sore imprisonment till the monks had despatched a deputation, who brought out of the already pillaged convent treasury one thousand pounds weight of silver, and twelve ounces of gold, which being duly counted over, they released the terrified captive, and suffered him to depart in peace with the welcome bearers of his timely ransom. This was their last appearance in the Transjurane, in consequence of a signal defeat experienced the ensuing year, at Arles.\* Happy, indeed, was it for the Transjurane, that they were thus conquered in the sister kingdom, for Conrad the Peaceful, gradually sinking into indolence, luxury, and licentiousness, made rapid downward strides from honourable renown to sad contempt, after the eye of Bertha was no longer upon him to observe his ways and reprove them. He survived her twenty or

\* "Cette année encore Mayol, abbé de Payerne, fut pris par les Sarrazins, qui ne le relâchèrent qu'après qu'il leur eût fait compter, à Orsières, mille livres d'argent, au poids de 12 onces d'or. Mais défaits, l'année suivante, près d'Arles, les Sarrazins ne réparèrent plus."—*Olivier, Le Canton de Vaud.*

twenty-one years, having reigned for the long period of fifty-six years, including the fifteen passed in Germany. He had many illegitimate children, all of whom he gave in marriage to his nobles, and portioned with the property of the crown, besides the offspring of his union with the French princess, Matilda.\* —Rudolph III., his successor; Boson, Lieutenant of Arles; and three daughters, the eldest, Gisèle, married to Henry, duke of Bavaria, from whom descended the emperor Henry II., commonly called the "Lame or Saint;" Bertha, married to Eudes, count of Champagne, and secondly, to Robert, king of France, from whom she was obliged to separate by pope Gregory V., on the ground of consanguinity; and Gerberge, married to Herman II., duke of Swabia.† Towards the termination of a life so unworthily spent, he thought to expiate his sins by wearing a monk's frock under the royal mantle; and making great largesses to convents, especially those situate in the Romande, for which portion of his dominions he evidently felt the strong affection that makes us in age cling to the scenes of our youth as to old friends. He died 993,

\* From the archives of the Abbey of St. Maurice, it appears that Conrad's illegitimate son Burcard was Archbishop of Lyons. No mention is anywhere made of Boson or his posterity.

† Hist. du Dauphiné; Chron. du Pays-de-Vaud; D'Elbene, de Regne Burgundiæ Transjuranæ.

and was inhumed by the side of his mother, so much the object of his attachment and confidence, that she signed for him some public instruments the very year of her reputed demise. He left impoverished revenues and weakened authority to his son, Rudolph III., justly called the *Fainéant* or Idle.

The long reign of Conrad was signalized by the utter extinction of the Carlovingian line of French monarchs, from whom he derived his being, both paternally and maternally,—the elevation of the third house of Capet to their throne, and the rapid rise of a power, till then subordinate, destined to crush his own family, of which his second daughter Bertha was the first victim, and Conradin of Swabia the last. After the early death of Eudes, Count of Champagne, Bertha married a distant cousin, Robert, son of Hugh Capet, whose successful usurpation had placed him on the throne of the *fainéant* kings of Charlemagne's degenerate descendants. Robert was an excellent and learned man, and the composer of some beautiful church music yet used, but the spirit of superstition benumbed his faculties ; and at the command of Gregory V. (who laid the solid foundation of that ecclesiastical tyranny which his successors, especially Gregory VII., built up to so towering a pinnacle that emperors and kings knelt in silent awe and terror before it,) he put away his beloved wife Bertha. Nearer relations had been

permitted to marry before with impunity: the reason for this innovation was therefore stated to be that, Robert having stood godfather to her son by the deceased count of Champagne, there was a *spiritual parental* connexion between them! In ignorance, or thoughtlessness, or fearlessness, it seems they had omitted to ask for a dispensation to enable them to marry—her grandmother's *name* and *charter* probably bore hard upon her—concessions were unavailing. Robert, stung by this insolence, injustice, and cruelty, and passionately attached to his young wife, who inherited the graces and talents of her grandmother and aunt Adelaide, next tried opposition—it was followed by excommunication: two common menials only could be induced to linger in the palace to supply the most pressing wants of the royal couple. All the dishes and cups used at their meagre repasts were thrown into the fire afterwards, as contaminated by their unholy touch, and the fear and loathing of the miserable wretches who served them was such that, dreading a sacrilegious contact, they often failed in their attendance, and Robert and Bertha sometimes experienced actual hunger. At length a threat of putting the whole nation under interdict overcame the personal reluctance of the persecuted pair; they separated with mutual tears, that no selfish love might bring such horrors on the people. She died soon afterwards, and Robert

married Constance, daughter of the Count of Provence and Toulouse, a beautiful but imperious, capricious, unamiable, woman; the plague of her husband, and the source of incessant broils and calamities to the nation by her unnatural preference of her youngest son to the eldest, and her wicked attempts to enlist both against their gentle-tempered father.

Rudolph III., justly surnamed the Indolent, was acknowledged by the states of the kingdom, and crowned at Lausanne, 994. He had two wives, Egiltrude, who died about the year 1010, and Hermengarde, whom he survived twenty-five years. This prince utterly destroyed the work of his ancestors, ruined the country by his weakness and laziness, and drew on the Swiss Romande all the misfortunes engendered by misrule and anarchy.

Rudolph's listlessness speedily showed itself by not finding time for a ceremony which royalty rarely delays as onerous—that of his coronation—before the ensuing year after his accession, when he received the crown from the hands of his uncle, the good Burcard, archbishop of Lyons; and from that period his whole life, like the winter torrents of his native land, was one continuous struggle against the obstacles which each moment opposed themselves to his wants and wishes. The rights of a paramount lord, so little capable of defend-

ing them, were soon contested by an insubordinate aristocracy ; and he was for ever chafing against their ambitious checks, and the dire poverty that sometimes rendered nugatory the services of that usually fully employed body of domestics, the cooks of the royal kitchen. "He was," says an old writer, "the very poorest king in the universe," solely because his estates and immunities were so ill conducted. His unskilfulness in the art of governing ; and averseness from all exertion, mental as well as corporeal, with continual donations to monastic institutions, for masses to be recited for the good of his soul, made it impossible for him to bring about that salutary amendment in his affairs imperatively required after the death of Conrad.\* He, the grandson of Bertha, who settled her financial accounts herself with her stewards,—signed her own leases,—like her ancestor Charlemagne knew to a nicety the number of pigs

\* Dans l'une il rend à Dieu et à St. Pierre du monastère Romain, et ce pour la guérison de son âme, le village de Ferreyres (villa Ferrieris) et tout son territoire ; de plus un manoir à Moërier, deux à Ornyer, un à Eclépens, un à Senardens, un à Glans, un et demi à Penthazs, un à Giez, etc. Tout cela dans le comté de Vauld.

La même année autre donation ou reddition, dit la Charte, du roi Rodolph à Romainmotier, savoir, etc.—*Recherches sur le Couvent de Romainmotier, par Fred. de Charrière.*

998. Rodolph III. donné à perpétuité le comté de Valais à Hugues, évêque de Sion, et à ses successeurs.—*Tableau Chronologique la Suisse.*



that could be fattened in the royal forests, and was considered one of the best agriculturists of the age—shrunk with an effeminate pusillanimity and loathing from all such active, healthful, manly occupations; and ere long, pinched by a pressing want of money, he made some illegal attempts to withdraw certain fiefs from the great vassals of the crown, under the pretence that they were not hereditary. The nobility of the Transjurane, who had become strong in an inverse ratio as their monarchs grew weak, flew to arms: a cruel war ensued, which was terminated by the intermediation of his aunt, the dowager-empress Adelaide, to whom, in his distress, he finally applied for assistance.

This excellent princess, whose admirable qualities are more known to the world than those of Bertha, from her exalted rank as the honoured wife of Otho the Great, mother, and grandmother of the two succeeding emperors, had been a widow twenty-five years when thus called upon to interfere between her nephew and his rebellious subjects. She had already visited the Transjurane on the occasion of her mother's death, the performance of Bertha's funeral obsequies having, from some cause or other, devolved on her: the only point historically known is, that the empress buried her mother in the abbatial church of Payerne. There was a singular resemblance in the fate, as well as mind and person, of

these illustrious women ; for Adelaide, like her mother, after having been, with her first husband Lothaire, driven from the throne of Italy, was again elevated to it by her second ; and died as Bertha did, queen-dowager of Italy, in consequence of the confirmed hatred of the Italians to Berenger II., the successor of Hugh. Aware of his general unpopularity, and presuming on the emperor's protection, Berenger, soon after his accession, became arbitrary and tyrannical : the example he had presented, by invoking foreign aid, was followed ; other malcontents appealed to Otho against him, and in 961 he formally deposed Berenger at the unanimous desire of the people. The crown was thus again at the disposition of the nobles. Adelaide's amiable qualities were yet fresh in their remembrance ;—the evil of incessant change and continual civil war began to tame the most turbulent ; and Otho was invited to unite the crown of Italy to the imperial diadem.\* The succeeding year Otho was crowned at Rome by Pope John XII., and the German empire may be said to date from that epoch.

Thus was accomplished this great event—the fruit of the glory and popularity of the royal couple ; but considered by future historians as fatal to the prosperity of the Italians, since the refined became

\* Il devient roi d'Italie, par son mariage avec Adélaïde, veuve de Lothaire II.—*Manuel Chronologique, par Jean Humbert.*

subject to the uncivilized, and the descendants of Otho, forgetful that he had been elected, were more inclined to consider Italy as a conquered province than part of their hereditary dominions.

Although the Transjurane was a prey to anarchy and calamities of every kind, Adelaide did not hesitate to quit the sumptuous court of which she was the pride and ornament, and confiding in the name of Bertha, and her own innate consciousness of worth, announced her intention of visiting the scene of her birth. Commencing her journey soon afterwards, she reached the Transjurane early in 999, and from the regard felt for her personally, the animosity of the adverse parties was immediately lulled into some appearance of reconciliation. Accompanied by a few chaplains and domestics only, with the ladies of her suite, she arrived at Lausanne, where she experienced a reception that evinced how well she had comprehended the feelings of her brother's subjects. She was met by Rudolph and the bishop; and amidst the chaunting of the priests, and the glad shouts of the people, conducted on her road to Orbe. There she assembled the great vassals of the kingdom, over whom her superior mind, though now in her sixty-ninth year, had far more influence than the ill-paid, ill-disciplined troops of their sovereign. She gave audiences to all who desired them; examined into the causes of discontent on the side of the insurgents;

and prevailed upon Rudolph to render voluntary justice in many cases where he was clearly the aggressor. She obtained the pardon of several whom his reckless conduct had lashed into rebellion ; and finally, by the force of her genius, and the general respect entertained for her known judgment and piety, obtained for him an advantageous peace at the very time that the throne tottered to its fall. After having had the happiness of extinguishing this furious civil war in her native country, she still remained some time to alleviate the horrors it had engendered ; and when she quitted it about the close of the year 999, she had expended so much money among the sufferers, that her return to Germany was become necessary to enable her to obtain a fresh supply for her own wants ; and her very wardrobe was left behind her. Adelaide survived this visit scarcely two years. A widow indeed, although in the prime of beauty when Otho died, she never changed her mourning ; preserving for twenty-seven years this emblem of fidelity. Serious, but serene in her deportment — receiving with hospitable dignity foreigners and literary men, she was yet rather the denizen of another world than of that which she adorned to the last hour of her life. She ended her days in a convent ; and her walk through this short passage leading to eternity was so pure, so circumspect, so beneficent, so truly holy, that she was canonized ;

and perhaps no human being, on whom that Romish honour fell, ever more deserved it.\*

Many were the regrets in Catholic times that Bertha's virtues did not receive the same recompense†; and many, even pious members of the

\* "Adelaide, figlia di Rudolfo II. re di Borgogna, nata nel 930, sposò successivamente Lotario II., re d'Italia, e l'Imperatore Ottone I., e mort nel monastero di Seltz 1001."—*Nuovo Dizionario Storico*. "Femme d'un grand caractère, comme sa mère."—*Müller*.

† "Without the consent of any pope, the people of the Transjurane have, however, bestowed on Bertha the honour of apotheosis. Some years before her remains were discovered, a sexton of Payerne, speculating on the tradition of her interment in the abbatial church, pretended to have found one of her jaws; and when strangers or the Catholic inhabitants of the country came to see her saddle, and bow the knee over her grave, he had still always 'the last tooth of Saint Bertha to sell,' till, says one of her biographers, 'he disposed of so many that, if they were reunited, at least twenty jaws, each with its juvenile complement of teeth, would be found in different parts of Europe all belonging to the good old queen.'—*Vulliemin*."

Ulric, bishop of Augsburg, the first canonized saint of the Romish Calendar (by a council held in the Lateran 993), was either Bertha's uncle or cousin on her mother's side, and indebted to her for hospitable shelter when his diocese was ravaged by the Hungarians, 927. He fled with her to the tower of Neuchâtel, after she had ineffectually, but courageously, endeavoured to make head against them in her own kingdom. He was a wise and excellent man, of a very noble house in Germany. He survived Bertha, having attained to nearly ninety years of age. The Saracens and Hungarians first appeared in the Transjurane the year after Rudolph went to

church, did not scruple to assign as the reason of this injustice her parsimonious wary legacy of *two sols* a-year to the revenues of the papal states, and the untoward clause in her last charter, which exempted all popes from the trouble of presiding over the abundant possessions of the rich abbey of Payerne.\*

At Adelaide's death the Burgundian lords and her nephew, who had equally bowed at the shrine of her good sense, were soon again in collision ; and to the distraction of the conflict was superadded a drought, so long and so severe that the streams and their

Italy, and never ceased their incursions till 972. This scourge of Christendom visited the Romande in 924, 925, 927, 937, 941, 950, 954, and 972.

\* "The ground on which Berthold of Zœringen began to build Friburg, and especially that plot where now stands the church of St. Michael, belonged to the abbey of Payerne, which had also lands in Alsace. And from a state document, drawn up by the emperor Frederick the Third, it appears that the Abbot of Payerne was, in virtue of his office, a prince of the empire. 'Religious houses ever declined,' says an historian, after enormous and increasing wealth rendered labour and a regard to the opinion of the public unnecessary to their existence.' —'La terre sur laquelle Berthold de Zœringen commença à bâtir Fribourg, et notamment celle sur laquelle s'élève l'église de St. Michel, appartenait à l'abbaye de Payerne. (*Charte de 1178.*) On lit dans Perth's: 'Otho in Alsaciam progrediens sorori suæ Bertæ abbatiam in Erestein dedit, inter Argentoratum et Schladdistatum.' Cette abbaye, sur l'Ill, fut-elle donnée à Payerne, qui reçut 'des terres en Alsace?'—S'il en faut croire un *Etat d'Ordre* de l'Empire, dressé par Frederic III., l'abbé de Payerne était prince d'empire.'—*Vulliemin.*

sources seemed arrested by some invisible agency. A multitude of human beings, with thousands of cattle, perished; the land brought not forth its increase; and the miserable people, exposed to evils of all kinds, without a guide or protector to ward off a single danger, recalled with mingled despair and affection "the good times when Bertha spun."

Continually flying from before the face of his foes, foreign and domestic—never believing himself in safety after his life was attempted, in 1009, by a gentleman of Neuchâtel—Rudolph dwelt turn in turn at Orbe, Chavornay, Soleure, Payerne, Vevey and St. Maurice; rebuilding the abbey there, in part burnt by the Saracens—whilst at Vevey, where he sojourned in 1011, he gave to the bishoprick of Lausanne the major part of the Pays-de-Vaud, to the extreme displeasure of both the nobility and great towns, who disputed his right, and were thenceforth in perpetual opposition to him and the Chapter.

For his escape from the perils which subsequently environed him, Rudolph was again indebted to feminine diplomacy, and his niece, the empress Gisèle, grand-daughter to his youngest sister, became the mediatrix between him and his exasperated subjects on the one hand, and many aspirants to his crown on the other. The principal source of dissension at this period was the succession to the kingdom at his death. Having no issue by either of his wives, and

ever lacking money, he had (for a large sum paid in advance), made over the crown to the emperor Henry II., son of his sister Gisèle, duchess of Bavaria. Henry was a pious prince, elected to the imperial throne after the premature death of his cousin, Otho III., grandson of Adelaide, but nevertheless at this news, the whole of the Transjurane was thrown into convulsion. The states maintained that at Rudolph's demise without heirs, the choice of a successor devolved on them—whilst the Burgundian lords, who all aspired to independence, and many of whom had some claim to ascend the throne, haughtily refused to receive as their king a foreign monarch whose title was inferior to that of several other branches.\* Eudes, count of Champagne, opposing to the emperor the rights of his mother Bertha, eldest sister of Gisèle, armed his vassals, and, assisted by

\* Les seigneurs et les villes s'opposèrent à cette donation, qui dès-lors fut toujours contestée. C'est ainsi que Rudolph se dépouilloit de ses plus belles terres; s'il ne s'étoit réservé des pensions sur les évêchés et les monastères, enrichis de ses dépouilles, il n'eût pas eu de quoi pourvoir à son entretien et à celui de sa petite cour.—*Bridel*, t. v., p. 340.

. . . . il s'étoit persuadé que quand il seroit réduit à l'extrême indigence, et ne vivroit plus que d'aumônes, l'entrée du Ciel lui seroit assurée. Dans un acte de donation de ce prince en faveur de l'abbaye de St. Maurice, on trouve un long commentaire sur ces paroles de l'Evangile : "*il est plus aisé à un chameau de passer par le trou d'une aiguille, qu'à un riche d'entrer dans le Ciel.*"—*Histoire des Suisses, par Mallet*, t. i. p. 129.



some neighbouring nobles, marched with great force into Burgundy. Rudolph, abandoned by his people, fled to Strasbourg and claimed the protection of the emperor. Werner, bishop of Strasbourg, with his brothers the counts Radbod and Lancelin, from whom descended the house of Austria, took the command of a portion of the emperor's army—penetrated to the lake of Geneva, drove back Eudes, and forced the Burgundians to receive once more their despised monarch.

The falling throne thus strengthened, a short peace ensued, interrupted by the death of the emperor (childless), in 1024, leaving the succession again undecided. Many competitors now appeared on the stage; for Conrad II., called the Salique, Henry's successor, amongst others, put in a claim as such, and also as the husband of Gisèle. The emperor's pretensions were exceedingly displeasing to all parties; the treaty with Henry was considered dissolved by his death, and the count of Champagne, who stood next in legitimate order of succession, had justly many partisans.\* Rudolph himself leaned to the duke of Swabia, Gisèle's son by a former marriage, but the

\* Le régime féodal, appelé aussi Teutonique, basé sur les principes saliques, excluait les femmes de toute participation à l'hérédité des biens territoriaux (*terræ salicæ*) et des fiefs (*feuda*; *beneficia*). La coutume Bourguigonne ou Romane, dérivée de l'ancienne loi fondamentale des Burgonden; consacrait

emperor Conrad, being determined to annex Burgundy to his dominions, raised an army, and marched upon Basle. In this extremity Rudolph sought succour from the empress, and her ingenuity suggested a middle course, which saved him and the country from absolute subjection.

Gisèle, grand-daughter of Conrad the Pacifique by his youngest daughter Gerberge, and wife of the emperor Conrad the Salique, possessed the spirit and ability that placed all Bertha's female descendants in such marked contrast with the masculine line of the Transjurane. Her first husband was the duke of Swabia, by whom she had a son, but his rights were inferior to those of Eudes II., count of Champagne, son of her aunt Bertha, Conrad the Peaceful's second daughter. Under these circumstances she advised Rudolph to go to Basle and receive the emperor as an ally, coming to negotiate rather than to conquer; and there, by powers of persuasion apparently quite equal to those of her great aunt Adelaide, she had the address to prevail on the Transjurane nobles to accept, as their future sovereign, at Rudolph's demise, her

la transmission héréditaire des fiefs et de tous les autres biens fonciers (alodia) en ligne directe, sans exclure les femmes, qui héritaient préférentiellement aux agnats des lignes collatérales.

Wippol, c. p. 442. "Et diu desuetam atque pene deletam legem tunc primum Burgundiam prælibare fecerat." *Lex Gundobada*, Tit. xiii. 1 et 2; et *Boive Journ. Helvét. Mars 1747* p. 273 et suiv.

husband, the emperor Conrad, and the son she had borne him, afterwards Henry III., her eloquence, backed, it is believed, by more potent arguments proceeding from the emperor's treasury. Rudolph, thus protected, gained courage to quit the country for a season, crossed the great St. Bernard, joined the emperor and empress at Yvrée, and followed them to Rome to witness the ceremony of Conrad's coronation.

This peaceable adjustment of the question at issue, manifestly unjust both to the count of Champagne and the son of Gisèle's first marriage, did not decide it. In 1027, shortly after Rudolph's return from Rome, he found his dominions attacked by another and more formidable opponent than the count of Champagne. Ernest, duke of Swabia, Gisèle's eldest son, a spirited young prince, on no terms with his step-father, determined to try his fortune in the Transjurane. He forced the passages of the Jura, and pushed forward without opposition from the people into German Switzerland. On this memorable occasion Rudolph, sustained by great loans from the emperor, shook off his habitual want of energy, raised troops, and marched against the invader. He found him occupied in fortifying the small island of St. Pierre in the Lake of Bienne, unprepared for such prompt vigorous resistance, compelled him to come to an engagement, defeated him, and forced him to

quit the Transjurane. Dreading, nevertheless, his return, and the animosity of his own insurgent subjects, he sought once more succour from the empress ; went, by her counsel, to Muttens, near Basle, where he was met by Conrad ; obtained the emperor's promise of efficient aid in every future difficulty ; and ratified in this last interview all his own preceding acts.

However questionable the justice of this arrangement, the result was favourable to a country exhausted by wars, famine, and disorder. Had the emperor entered the Transjurane hostilely his success would have been certain, and Gisèle may be therefore considered a friend to the land of her forefathers.\* The most perfect peace succeeded this species of capitulation, which lasted till the death of Rudolph, in the year of our Lord 1032.

Mariana, in his history of the dynasty of Henry of Trastamare of Spain, whose descendants sunk into

\* The spacious old hotel at Basle, formerly known to all travellers by the title of *Drei Könige*, but now *Trois Rois*, on the Rhine, was the neutral building where, in 1026, the emperor Conrad the Salique, his son Henry III., King of the Romans, the empress Gisèle, and her uncle, Rudolph the Indolent, had their first interview. Three rudely executed, but not inexpressive, statues of the three monarchs, placed over the door, to commemorate this event, conferred the future name of *Drei Könige*. It was rebuilding three years ago on a great scale.—*Conservateur Suisse*, tome viii., p. 300.

slloth and voluptuousness, remarks that, "not only men cease to exist, but it seems (such is the inconsistency of human things) their hereditary virtues and qualities often become enfeebled ; that families have their revolutions, and degenerate as inferior animals, from their first origin by the lapse of time." The royal house of the Transjurane kings, like that of the Carlovingian monarchs, is an illustration of this melancholy observation. The successors of the warlike Conrad and his glorious son, the first Rudolph, gradually declined in valour and wisdom, till the last male branch, losing even the shadow of their mantle, laid down a sceptre long become too heavy for his weak unsteady hands, and died acknowledging the sovereignty of the emperors of Germany. After a reign of thirty-eight years, equally disastrous to his subjects and distressful to himself, during which he was several times in exile, Rudolph III. expired at Lausanne, aged sixty years, of a quinsy ; a lone and melancholy man, having survived his second wife, Hermengarde, twenty-five years. When he found himself dying, he sent his crown and the sacred lance of St. Maurice\* to the emperor Conrad the Salique,

\* The holy lance of St. Maurice, thus bequeathed to the emperor Conrad in solemn acknowledgment of his rights to the kingdom of Arles and Little Burgundy, was the same already mentioned as having been found in the hands of two bishops, Hughbert, Abbot of St. Maurice, and Burcard, Bishop of Lausanne, after their death in the field of battle. This celebrated

whom he regarded as his heir, and was buried in the cathedral, apart from all his race.

This hapless monarch appears to have been equally

relic, brought into Helvetia by St. Maurice, prefect of the Theban legion, is said to have been the identical lance or spear which pierced the side of the Saviour when on the cross. It had, however, independent of this claim to sanctity, another, arising from St. Maurice himself, who, at the head of six thousand Roman cavalry, received the crown of martyrdom from the ferocious Maximian, about the end of the third century, because they would not sacrifice to the pagan gods of Rome. The scene of this terrible butchery is laid quite close to the town of St. Maurice in the Valais; and a small expiatory chapel, called Veriolez, pointed out as built on the precise spot where, like so many lambs led to the slaughter, they offered their necks to the headsman. Voltaire, with his usual scepticism and unscrupulous insincerity where religion was in question, declared he had visited this celebrated valley, remarkable from the wild, savage, gloomy grandeur of the barren rocks which environ it on all sides, and ascertained that six thousand men could not have stood there. But the Abbé de Rivaz, whose interesting documents on the history of the Valais are distinguished for that historic fidelity and accuracy so much wanted in the splendid diction of Voltaire, has most triumphantly refuted this assertion; and proved, besides, that the disingenuous poet never went to St. Maurice in his whole life!

St. Maurice thenceforth became the titular saint of the Valais. The name of the town was changed from Agaune to St. Maurice in his honour, and the lance still remains in the treasury of the monastery. The handle is said to be of open iron-work, similar to many ancient ones found in various arsenels; *au reste*, it is certainly of great antiquity, and probably really belonged to the Christian chief of the Theban legion. Twice the writer of these sketches hoped to have seen this famous relic, and a valuable chalice given to the monastery by Queen Bertha; but

unfortunate in the domestic relations of life. No mention of either of his wives is made in any docu-

the first time she visited St. Maurice the custodier was out, and the second time she was informed the relics had been sent over the mountains, in the expectation of internal troubles, which, in fact, burst out within six weeks afterwards. Ladies not being permitted to pollute the sacred purity of the interior of the monastery, she saw the entrance chamber only, a dark vaulted dismal room, and the church, yet interesting to the lovers of the past. Whilst the gentlemen of the party went over the building, she sat with a female friend on the low wall in front of the comparatively modern *façade*, and examined the large reservoir for fish in one of the court-yards, to which is appended the following tradition. From its still dingy waters arose (in former times) a strange-looking ; fish which, after sundry wild roamings, and splashings, and flounderings up and down, to the manifold surprise and alarm of the finny tribe, its legitimate inhabitants, died ; and lay on the surface till death knocked at the door of some friar's cell, and bade him prepare for the reward of all his labours and privations. In the palmy days of by-gone splendour it seems, however, that this call was not so welcome as might have been expected ; and that on the undesired appearance of this scaly herald to another world the monks used to crowd to the brink, and, by reciting various litanies, each tried to avert the individual journey which must be performed by some one.

A noble dog, of the St. Bernard breed, the guardian of this deep pond, when the writer lingered some hours at St. Maurice, more gallant than the monks, his masters, showed no signs of an unfriendly disposition towards her.

Gibbon mentions another holy lance found at Antioch by the Crusaders ; but the point of that lance was fashioned from one of the nails employed in the Crucifixion.

ment. Hermengarde, who was married to him several years, does not seem to have followed his many wanderings, and comes down to posterity more as the mother, by a former husband, of Hugh, Bishop of Lausanne, the author of the pacific treaty termed the "Truce of God," by which, for about three-quarters of the year, all fighting was forbidden under pain of excommunication, than as the wife of a sovereign.

Thus drearily was extinguished in desolation and decay, the second kingdom of Burgundy, which arose like a bright star in the thick darkness of the moral horizon of the tenth century, illuminating all within its beneficent influence, after having subsisted 144 years under four kings: Rudolph the Valiant, who founded it; Rudolph the Glorious, who aggrandized it; Conrad the Peaceful, who preserved it; and Rudolph the Indolent, who ruined it.

At the death of this prince, whose strenuous idleness, disdaining all useful occupation, had made him the scorn and the prey of every one within his sphere, a contest again arose for the Transjurane between Conrad, Emperor of Germany, and Eudes II., count of Champagne, the undoubted legitimate heir, in which it is possible the attachment of the Burgundians to the grandson of Conrad the Peaceful might have turned the scale in his favour had he not perished unsuccessfully battling against his rival five



years afterwards, 1037. The Transjurane, therefore finally passed under the sceptre of Germany, from which it had been withdrawn by Rudolph I. in the year 888.

The fate of the sister kingdom of Arles was similar. The listless misrule of Rudolph had rendered his power there merely nominal: the principal nobility converted their fiefs into independent principalities; the lord or dauphin of Vienne, whose family became eventually masters of the whole province, was one; the lord or count of Provence, in the weakness and dissolution of the kingdom, another; and ultimately Charles, last count of Provence, the evening before his death, appointed for his heir Louis XI., king of France, though Renier, duke of Lorraine, had a claim on Arles, which, like that of Eudes, Count of Champagne, on the Transjurane, could not be repelled by any argument but the all-potent one of force. In January, 1482, the commissioner of Louis XI. came to Arles to receive the oath of fidelity to that king, and thus reunited to the kingdom of France Arles and its territory, dismembered from it by Boson in 878.\*

With the last of the Transjurane kings the memoir

\* On trouvé dans la Notice Historique sur la Ville d'Orbe (*Conservateur*, t. v. p. 223—247) tout ce qu'on a pu recueillir sur les quatre rois Rudolphiens qui ont régné sur le Pays-de-Vaud et une partie de la Suisse, depuis 888 jusqu'à 1032, pen-

of Bertha properly terminates, and nothing remains for her biographer but to touch on the numerous and affecting proofs which that memoir has furnished of the fact that the Great and the Good never die. The thrones of the Transjurane, of Arles, of Lombardy, have each been amalgamated in the vast monarchies of Germany and France ; her known legitimate posterity, long extending by various ramifications through those royal lines, became extinct in the last scion of the ill-fated house of Swabia or Hohenstauffen in the person of Conradin, beheaded by the sanguinary Charles of Anjou at Naples in 1268. Time and the vast revolution effected by the Reformation, have swept away the monasteries she founded, and levelled once more to the earth many of the churches she had raised from their ruins ; the rich revenues she devoted to charitable institutions have been diverted from their original course by the storms and changes of successive ages ; her little citadels of refuge are become so merely to the wild denizens of the earth and air ; “ the spider has wove his web, and the owl hath sung her watch-song ” in the towers of Bertha, and her palaces are dust : her children and her children’s children departed—buried and forgotten ; but she

dant 144 ans. Leurs états s'appellent indistinctement Petite Bourgogne ou Transjurane.

For many particulars of the individual life of Bertha, see vols. iii. and ix. of the *Conservateur Suisse*.

lived on—lives still—and will live so long as this world endures. The work she came to do she performed: she “fed her people with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all her power,”\* and in the hearts of that grateful people she governed with such gentleness and wisdom she will never die.†

It might have been supposed that the mortal spoils

\* Psalm lxxviii. 23.

† “The Swiss, constitutionally valorous, look back with national pride to the period when, yet in their infancy as a people, they made gallant head against the common enemy of civilized Europe; and the life of Bertha is so amalgamated with this heroic age, that she and the Saracens are bound up together in the tablets of memory consecrated by them to Swiss annals and Swiss heroism. ‘That old tower perched up so high was the refuge of the royal spinster Bertha, when the Moor and the Hungarian, contending with us field by field for our fatherland, traversed the plains, glided at the foot of our mountains, and, creeping like wild animals of prey from valley to valley, compelled our rural population to flee to the high country and nestle in our Alpine solitudes.’ ‘The tower of Gourze, that shadowy queen of the horizon, with the sky for a canopy and clouds for a footstool! Think what that tower has witnessed. All that is the most glorious, the most heroic in our history, Bertha and the Saracens!’ ‘By the side of Julia Apinula, perfect portrait of filial love—by Hubert, Bishop of St. Maurice, defending unto death his honour and that of one of our daughters, figures not less affectingly Bertha, that good Bertha, queen-mother, protectress of all!’ Such is the language employed by Swiss writers when speaking of Bertha. She is in truth the Alpha and Omega of their history; every essential

of a queen, committed to the tomb she had selected and prepared, amid the solemn pageants of the church of Rome, and the tears of an entire country, would there rest till that solemn hour when the grave shall give up its dead ; but in a world where nothing is lasting, and in a kingdom ever the sport of ephemeral power, they experienced a different fate. A band of armed freebooters, at a period now forgotten, penetrated into the monastery, opened the sarcophagus in which they were deposited, for the sake of the jewels and crown which usually decorated the persons of royalty, and, after plundering these hallowed remains of whatever the piety of Adelaide had enriched them, departed unknown.

Notwithstanding the melancholy tradition that the tomb had been plundered, and the church itself appropriated to another purpose, the Catholic inhabitants of Fribourg and the Valais generally made it a religious duty to visit the reputed scene of her burial when circumstances brought them into the Vaud, and recite a few prayers for the repose of her soul, from whence they repaired to the parochial church to gaze on her saddle, still hanging up in

period dates from before or after her reign. In a chronology appended to an almanac for 1845, printed at Lausanne, the tenth century is thus signalized :—' Invasion of the Hungarians —Time at which Bertha flourished.'''—*Olivier, Le Canton-de-Vaud*, ii. ; *Rev. P. Bridel ; M. Vulliemin.*

the nave, where it had been deposited as a relic at the period of her interment. But these were individual marks of love and respect : the shade of Bertha was destined to obtain a prouder triumph, and perhaps the "humble queen" is the single earthly sovereign whose remains (nine centuries afterwards) received a second time the rites of sepulture, granted by the unanimous veneration of an entire people, no longer under the dominion of her race, and no longer professing the same religious opinions.

Some alterations having become necessary in the school-house, once part of the monastery, in digging near the vault of St. Michael's tower, anciently the peristyle of the abbey church, a sarcophagus was discovered on the 18th of October, 1817. It was cut out of a solid block of the same grey freestone employed in the erection of the abbey, and contained a skull and the principal bones of a female, enveloped in a thick layer of dust, the crumbling remnants of mortality. The lid was gone, but, even had it remained, nothing further would probably have been elucidated, as archæologists are decided that inscriptions were rarely placed on coffins in the tenth century. The length of the bones, the care employed in walling up the tomb, the nature and form of the sarcophagus, its isolated position, and the tradition (from time immemorial) that she was interred under the dome of St. Michael's tower, all confirmed, incontestably,

the idea that the mortal remains of Bertha had been revealed to the descendants of her people. The sarcophagus was raised from the tomb and carefully covered up. The authorities assembled in deliberation, many arrangements were made, and the 15th of August, 1818, was appointed for evincing, by some public demonstration, the veneration and gratitude of the country, so immediately blessed by her abode in Helvetia. On the morning of that day these relics of Bertha, previously placed in a small coffin, covered with white cambric, over which was thrown a black velvet shawl, richly trimmed with silver, were borne by four young ladies, dressed in white, to the parish church. The magistrates and the Protestant ministers, with all the municipal authorities, in full costume, followed, attended by a numerous concourse, composed of both sexes and all conditions, crowding from the town and country. On reaching the chancel the little coffin was deposited in the same sarcophagus, elevated on a marble socle, and when this ceremony was finished the chief magistrate, representative of the government, stepped forward, and taking his place at the head, pronounced an eloquent eulogium on Bertha, queen of the Transjurane. He recalled the principal features of her life, her courage in danger, her wise administration, and her boundless charities, constituting her right to the gratitude of the people of the Vaud while time

shall endure. A solid and beautiful slab of black marble, on which was engraved the following inscription, in Latin, was then placed upon the sarcophagus :—

TO BERTHA  
 OF HOLY AND BLESSED MEMORY,  
 THE MOST ADMIRABLE WIFE OF RUDOLPH II.  
 KING OF LITTLE BURGUNDY.  
 HER NAME IS A BLESSING  
 AND HER DISTAFF AN EXAMPLE.  
 SHE FOUNDED CHURCHES AND FORTIFIED CASTLES ;  
 SHE OPENED ROADS ;  
 SHE CULTIVATED BARREN WASTES :  
 SHE NOURISHED THE NEEDY,  
 AND WAS THE MOTHER AND DELIGHT  
 OF THE TRANSJURANE OUR NATIVE LAND.  
 AFTER TEN CENTURIES,  
 THE SEPULCHRE IN WHICH, AS WE ARE TOLD,  
 SHE WAS INTERRED  
 HAVING BEEN FOUND IN THE YEAR OF GRACE  
 MDCCCXVIII.  
 THE SONS, GRATEFUL FOR HER BENEFITS  
 TO THEIR FATHERS,  
 HAVE RELIGIOUSLY RESTORED IT.  
 THE SENATE AND THE PEOPLE OF THE VAUD.

The whole assembly remained standing in religious silence, listening to a solemn dirge performed on the organ, till the lid of the sarcophagus was affixed, when they all burst into the following simple but pathetic address ;—

Ta mémoire est toujours bénie,  
 Ton souvenir est toujours beau.  
 Repose en paix, reine chérie,  
 Dans nos cœurs et dans ce tombeau.

Modèle du palais comme de la chaumière,  
 Encourageant la ville, instruisant le hameau,  
 Toi-même travaillais, royale filandière !  
 Et le sceptre en tes mains s'allait au fuseau.  
 Si des jours écoulés nous consultons l'histoire,  
 Qui n'aime à revenir, dès que ton nom paraît,  
 Vers ce temps, ce bon temps d'instructive mémoire  
 Où sur son palefroi nôtre Berthe filait ?

Ta mémoire est toujours bénie,  
 Ton souvenir est toujours beau.  
 Repose en paix, reine chérie,  
 Dans nos cœurs et dans ce tombeau.

*Rev. P. Bridel, Pastor of Montreux.*

(TRANSLATION.)

Thy name is ever blest  
 Thy memory ever fair,  
 And peaceful be thy sainted rest  
 Beloved queen ! in earth's cold breast  
 As in our hearts . . . for thou art there !

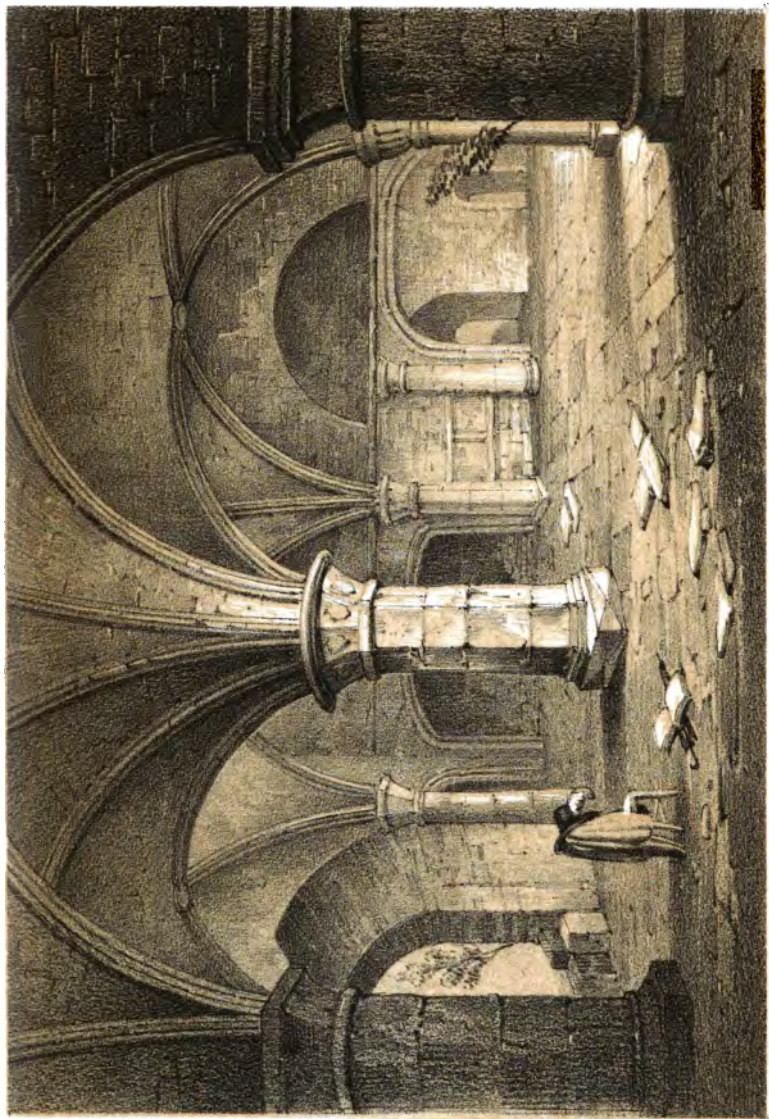
With thine own hand thou didst the spindle guide !  
 Thy royal hand, that oft a sceptre bore.  
 Instructress of the hamlet ! and the pride  
 And solace of the city : yet not more  
 A model for the great ones of the earth  
 Than for the dwellers round the poor man's hearth !  
 Ah ! who that reads the tale of days gone by  
 But loves to turn . . . yet turns with half a sigh  
 Back to the good old times, the golden age  
 When first *thy* name sheds brightness o'er the page !  
 Times full of teaching for those yet to run,  
 When Bertha on her palfrey rode and *spun*.

Thy name is ever blest  
 Thy memory ever fair,  
 And peaceful be thy sainted rest  
 Beloved queen ! in earth's cold breast  
 As in our hearts . . . for thou art there !



There is something very touching in this spontaneous effusion of homage and veneration to the manes of one over whom nine centuries had rolled their successive tides of woe and weal and wondrous change,—something that speaks powerfully for those who thus testified their admiration of virtue and their inextinguishable gratitude for benefits bestowed on their ancestors. They who could thus sympathize with a noble character, they who could thus bend in commemorative reverence before virtue, must despise vice !

Amongst the many memorials of Bertha are several national melodies, one of which, called the “Wheel Song,” is still familiar to the people, and marks how truly she has ever been loved, since, although now very ancient, it must have been composed some centuries after her death, the general use of the wheel being comparatively a modern invention. It is believed to have originated at Payerne, where they still sing it, forgetting, in unbounded admiration of their benefactress, that one of her primary claims on the gratitude of their ancestors was the shelter she afforded them and their possessions from the incessant attacks made in these “good times” by the Saracens and Hungarians and other freebooters, who, turn in turn, ravaged the miserable country.



KITCHEN OF THE CASTLE OF YUFFLINS CANTON DE VAUD BUILT BY QUEEN BERTHA. Vol. 2. 1<sup>re</sup> Pl. g<sup>o</sup> 294.  
H. & W. Mason, lith.

Public Library  
ASTOR, LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

## LA CHANSON DES ROUETS.

Ainsi que moi filoit jadis  
La reine Berthe en ce pays . . . je file.  
Par nos rouets, par nos chansons,  
Les jours d'hiver nous abregeons,  
Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.  
Quand ma voisine sur le soir  
Avec sa niece vient nous voir . . . je file.  
Autour du feu nous nous rangeons  
Et toutes quatre nous chantons.  
Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.  
A mon joli petit garçon  
En filant je fais la leçon . . . je file.  
Puis je le vois leste à souhait  
Sauter autour de mon rouet.  
Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.  
En filant on peut bien causer  
Mais du prochain ne faut gloser . . . je file.  
Quand de médire on fait métier,  
Le fil devient rude et grossier.  
Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.  
Ne tordez ni trop, ni trop peu,  
Mais gardez un juste milieu . . . je file.  
Fille qui songe à son amant  
Va trop vite ou trop lentement.  
Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.  
Oignez souvent votre rouet,  
Pour qu'en tournant il soit muet . . . je file.  
Mettez-y l'huile de douceur,  
C'est le charme de tout labeur.  
Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.  
La fille dont le rouet fait bruit  
Restera seule jour et nuit . . . je file.  
C'est l'emblème de son humeur,  
Et l'amour recule de peur.  
Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.

Bien filer du matin au soir,  
 Fileuses c'est votre devoir . . . je file.  
 Et vers vous quelqu' un à son tour  
 Filera la parfait amour.  
 Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.  
 Filez, filez, mes chers enfans !  
 Filez d'accord, filez longtemps . . . je file.  
 Filez égal, et filez doux,  
 Filez pour nous et nous pour vous.  
 Nous filons, nous filons, ma fille et moi.

## (TRANSLATION.)

## 1.

Just as *we* spin, of old 'tis said  
 Queen Bertha used to twine the thread . . . I spin.  
 And with our wheels and merry song  
 Winter's dark hours flow blithely on  
 We spin, my girl and I.

## 2.

When my neighbour comes at night  
 With her niece—to share our light . . . I spin.  
 Round the blazing fire we gather,  
 And we sing and spin together.  
 We spin, my girl and I.

## 3.

While I twist the whistling thread  
 The daily task is quickly said . . . I spin..  
 And then my little happy boy  
 Frisks round my wheel in careless joy.  
 We spin, my girl and I.

## 4.

We may gossip as we spin,  
 But to backbite is a sin . . . I spin.  
 They who slander soon shall find  
 Coarse and rough the thread they wind.  
 We spin, my girl and I.

## 5.

Twist it neither slack nor tight,  
Keep between and 'twill be right . . . I spin.  
Girls who think of lovers—go  
Always over—fast or slow.  
We spin, my girl and I.

## 6.

Oil your wheel, that turning round  
It may make no creaking sound . . . I spin.  
Oil of patience is the oil!  
Sweetener *that* of every toil!  
We spin, my girl and I.

## 7.

Maid whose wheel turns gratingly  
Day and night shall lonely be . . . I spin.  
Of her temper 'tis a proof  
Frighten'd love will keep aloof.  
We spin, my girl and I.

## 8.

Spin, spin, from morn till night,  
Maidens, do your task aright . . . I spin.  
And in time some lover true  
Shall twine a thread of love for you!  
We spin, my girl and I.

## 9.

Spin girls, then spin ever  
Spin long—spin well together . . . I spin.  
Gently go, and steadily too,  
You for us and we for you.  
We spin, my girl and I.

To this specimen of the simple ballad literature of the Transjurane has been subjoined one of far higher order—the most celebrated of that series of national

melodies known under the common title of *Ranz des Vaches*—and the Fable of the Nightingale and the Vine, also of great antiquity, equally belonging to this portion of Western Helvetia: and thus it is hoped not irrelevant to its brief history, traced, however imperfectly, for the first time in the memoir of Queen Bertha.

The *Armaillis*, or Shepherds of Colombetté, ranks as the oldest and most beautiful of the numerous list of Helvetic melodies, forbidden to be played by the bands of Swiss regiments when on foreign service, from the melancholy effect it produces on the nerves of the men, by reminding them of their beloved native country. The malady, frequently fatal, is alluded to by the learned professor of Basle, Dr. Zwinger, who first printed (1710) the music of the *Ranz des Vaches*, in his curious dissertation on Nostalgie, or *Mal du pays*. There are nearly forty, peculiar to different localities, slightly unlike each other in accent and words, but all originating from this, the genuine *Ranz des Vaches*, of Gruyères, Canton Fribourg. Monsieur Tarenne published eight of the most celebrated at Paris, in 1813. Earlier J. J. Rousseau gave the air a place in his Dictionary of Music, but incorrectly noted down; and Gretry introduced it with good effect into his overture to Guillaume Tell. Monsieur Laborde has likewise inserted it in his *Essay sur la Musique Ancienne et Moderne*; and

Viotti made it the basis of many original solos in his exquisite performances on the violin. This *chef d'œuvre* of by-gone ages is a little pastoral drama, told in couplets, full of successive scenes so varied, and so vividly portrayed, that the whole is brought at once to the mind's eye as distinctly as the legends traced above ancient pictures. First the matinal rising of the herdsmen at dawn of day, with the calling together by the alp-horn, and numbering of the flocks—black and white, red and spotted—to be milked under the accustomed oak. Then the march, soon interrupted by the dangerous quagmire and impeding torrent. The tumultuous halt—the grave consultation of the bewildered cowherds, ending in a determination to beg a mass from the *curé* to extricate them from their difficulties. The arrival of the messenger at the presbytery—the knock at the door, and the dialogue with the *curé*. The petition of Pierre, and bargain entered into between them—the efficacy of the mass contingent on the cheese demanded by the *curé*, as the recompense of his services, depending on its being made of new—not skim milk ! The refusal of the cautious priest to allow his pretty servant to fetch the cheese ; and the droll reply of Peter, through which peeps a touch of satire at the expense of the church. Finally Peter's return to the discomfited flock and their guardians—the fortunate passage through the marsh, and mire, and torrent,



followed by such a miraculous milking that the huge cauldron was quite brimming over before half the cows had been milked.—Graphic picture of a sylvan country in its primitive age of simplicity.

### RANZ DES VACHES.

*Avec la traduction du patois en François.*

- 1 Lé zarmailli dei Colombetté  
Dé bon matin sé san leha.

#### REFREIN.

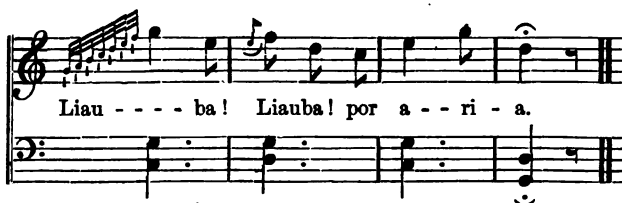
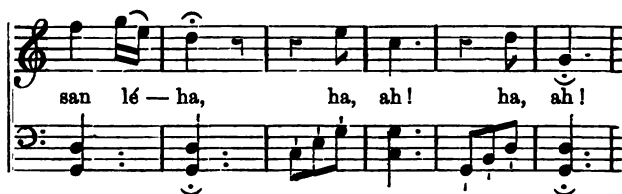
- Ha ah! ha ah!  
Liauba! liauba! por aria.  
Vinidé toté,  
Bllantz' et nairé,  
Rodz' et motailé,  
Dzjouven' et otro,  
Dézo on tshâno  
Io vo z'ario,  
Dézo on treinblllo  
Io ye treintzo,  
Liauba! liauba! por aria (bis).
- 2 Kan san vegniu ai bassé z'ivoué,  
D'ne sein lo pi k'l'an pu passa.
  - 3 Pouro Pierro, ke fain-no ice?  
No n'no sein pas mo einreinblla.
  - 4 Te fo alla frapâ la porta,  
A la porta de l'eincoura.
  - 5 Ké volliai vo ke ye lai dièssio  
A noutron bravo l'eincoura?

- 6 Ke fo ke no dièss'ouna messa,  
Por k'no puchein lai z'i passa.
- 7 L'é z'alla fierre à la porta,  
E l'a de d'ains' à l'eincoura :
- 8 Fo ke vo no dièsse na messa,  
Por ke no lai puchein passa.
- 9 L'eincoura lai la fai responsa,  
Pouro frare ! s'te vau passa,
- 10 Te fo mé bailli na motetta ;  
Ma ne té fo pa l'écrama.
- 11 Einvohi no voutra serveinta ;  
No lai farein on bon pri gra.
- 12 Ma serveinta . . . l'é tru galèza ;  
Vo poria bein mé la vouarda.
- 13 N'oussi pa pouaire, noutron pritro ;  
No n'ein sein pa tan afama.
- 14 De tru mola voutra serveinta  
Fudrai épei no confessa.
- 15 De preindre lo bein de l'ehllise  
No ne sarian pa perdouna.
- 16 Reintorna t'ein, mon pouro Pierro  
Deri por vo n'avè maria.
- 17 Prau bein, prau pri ie vo sohetto  
Ma vigni me sovein trova.
- 18 Pierro revein ai bassé z'ivoué,  
Et to lo drai l'on pu passa.
- 19 L'an mé lo co à la tzaudaira  
Ke n'avian pa à mî aria.

Lé sonailliré  
Van lé premîré :  
Lé toté naire  
Van lé derraire.

## RANZ DES VACHES.

ANDANTE.



ALLEGRO.

Vi-ni-dé to - té, blantz' et nai - ré, rodz' et mo-

tai - lé, dzjouven' et o - tro, dé - zo on tschâno,

ïo vo z'ario, dé-zo on treinbblo, ïo ïe treintzo.

ADNTE

Li - auba! Liauba! por a - ri - a.

Li - - au-ba! Liauba! por a - ri - a.

## RANZ DES VACHES

- 1 Les vachers des Colombettes  
De bon matin se sont levés  
Vaches ! vaches ! pour (vous) traire.  
Venez toutes,  
Blanches et noires,  
Rouges et étoilées,  
Jeunes et autres,  
Sous un chêne  
Où (je) vous traie  
Sous un tremble  
Où je tranche (le lait.)

Vaches ! vaches ! pour (vous) traire.

N.B. Ce refrain se répète après chaque couplet de deux vers.

- 2 Quand sont venus aux basses eaux,  
Nullement ils n'ont pu passer.
- 3 Pauvre Pierre, que faisons-nous ici ?  
Nous ne sommes pas mal embourbés.
- 4 (Il) te faut aller frapper à la porte,  
À la porte du curé.
- 5 Que voulez-vous que je lui dise  
À notre brave curé.
- 6 Qu'il faut qu'il nous dise une messe,  
Pour que nous puissions là y passer.
- 7 Il est allé frapper à la porte,  
Et il a dit ainsi au curé :
- 8 (Il) faut que vous nous disiez une messe,  
Pour que nous y puissions passer.
- 9 Le curé lui a fait réponse,  
Pauvre frère si tu veux passer,
- 10 (Il) te faut me donner un petit fromage ;  
Mais (il) ne te faut pas l'écrémer.
- 11 Envoyez-nous votre servante ;  
Nous lui ferons un bon fromage gras.
- 12 Ma servante . . . elle est trop jolie,  
Vous pourriez bien me la garder.

- 13 N'ayez pas peur, notre prêtre ;  
Nous n'en sommes pas tant affamés.
- 14 De trop embrasser votre servante  
(Il) faudroit peut-être nous confesser.
- 15 De prendre le bien de l'église  
Nous ne serions pas pardonnés.
- 16 Retourne-t-en mon pauvre Pierre  
(Je) dirai pour vous un avé-maria.
- 17 Assez bien, assez fromage je vous souhaite,  
Mais venez-moi souvent visiter.
- 18 Pierre revint aux basses eaux,  
Et tout de suite ils ont pu passer.
- 19 (Ils) ont mis la pressure à la chaudière  
Qu'ils n'avoient pas à moitié trait.

Outre le grand refrain, il y en a un plus court, qu'on fait alterner quelquefois avec le premier, en le mettant après chaque couplet pair ; mais il exige une autre mélodie, c'est celui-ci :—

Celles qui portent des clochettes  
Vont les premières :  
Les toutes noires  
Vont les dernières.

### THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE VINE.

A very ancient Fable of that portion of Switzerland formerly called Romande, now Canton-de-Vaud.

THE song of the Nightingale was not always mournful, nor did she seek solitary glades, or pour forth as now her melancholy music to the cold ear of night. Long long ago, ere sorrow had touched her youthful heart, she carolled her matin hymns with the early Lark, and her vespers were prolonged after the pensive Blackbird had ceased his evening chants. Her soul was then attuned to joy and gladness, and her varied cadences were the sweet echoes of her own happy breast. Spring came dancing on—the Nightingale loved, and her attachment was returned by the budding Vine. All day long she sat delighted on the rugged arms of her beloved, making the blue mountains and dark pine woods resound with her melodious strains. His broad

green leaves sheltered her from the noontide sun and the passing storm, and at night she nestled her head in his odorous branches. Summer advanced with silent but rapid steps; and the fragrant flowers of the Vine promised a rich repast in Autumn for his charming companion. But the Nightingale remarked that her friend threw out long slender tendrils which interlaced each other, and sometimes prevented her from flying to his bosom, and she ventured a demand that he would withdraw them. The Vine lamented that she was subject to this inconvenience, but replied, "that it was impossible to grant her request, as they were designed to entangle the little birds who came to feed on his grapes in Autumn, and thus deliver them up captive to the fowler." The Nightingale's heart grew cold as she listened—she also was a bird—an exception might be made in her favour—but her confidence was gone. She felt too late that her affections were misplaced, and she fled in anguish to the deep solitude of woods and glens, that she might unreservedly bewail the fate of her feathered kindred, and her own individual misfortune.

It might be imagined, from a chain of attachment so strong and unbroken to Queen Bertha, that the Transjurane had ever continued under the rule of some of her posterity; but such was not the case. The death of her grandson, Eudes, count of Champagne, had secured its peaceable possession to the empire scarcely one hundred and fifty years, when the power of the house of Savoy began to be felt. The rise of this dangerous neighbour, to whom the opposite shore of Lake Lemman legitimately belonged, dates from the gift, by Conrad the Salique, of the Chablais, the Valais, and some other fiefs, to Humbert "of the White Hands," in recompense of the service he had

rendered him by fighting against the count of Champagne.\* The bishoprics and castles extorted from the emperor Henry IV., by the marchioness of Suza and her son, the count of Maurienne, ere they would suffer him to cross the St. Bernard, which fell to Savoy at her death, added great strength to that growing dynasty; and in 1235 it was so much augmented that Amadeus IV. gave his brother, count Peter, called the "Little Charlemagne," all the district between the Rhone and Vevey. From that period the Counts of Savoy were constantly increasing their territory in the Romande, notwithstanding some vigorous efforts on the part of successive emperors to resist their encroachments; and a bloody battle, delivered in 1259, under the walls of Chillon, secured the conquest of the debateable land to them. The chosen country of Bertha passed thus to the crown of Savoy till the Reformation, when the inhabitants became alienated, to a certain extent, from a sovereign no longer agreeing with them on points of religious faith; and finally the Pays-de-Vaud was subdued, in 1536, by Berne, with whom it remained for two hundred and sixty-two years, when the people threw off, unanimously, in 1798, a domestic yoke which was considered far less paternal than that of the foreign potentates who had previously governed

\* Humbert aux Blanches Mains, fils de Bérard, lieutenant du royaume d'Arles, reçoit de Conrad II. le Comté de Maurienne à titre de fief.—*Origine de la Maison de Savoie.*



them.\* The white cross of Savoy still decorates the portals and windows of many a romantic church, and hangs over many a house of public entertainment, both in the towns and villages of the Romande; whilst the symbol of Berne, a huge bear, has been as carefully extirpated from every commemorative stone or escutcheon, as if it possessed the destructive qualities of the formidable beast it represents.†

\* Le Pays-de-Vaud est conquis par les Bernois, 1536.—*Manuel Chronologique.*

† Lausanne, the capital of the Canton de Vaud, was the chosen abode of our illustrious historian Gibbon, and he has perpetuated the close of his great work, in a few sentences of such beauty and tenderness, that they form a legacy of admiration, bequeathed to the scenes which inspired them.

"It was on the day, or rather the night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent."

The garden has experienced some diminution, and the summer-house is become dilapidated, but the house wholly unchanged (not usually shown to strangers), was courteously opened to the writer of these pages, at the request of an obliging lady of Lausanne, and, at the moment of her departure from this refined city, she received the gift of a branch of elm, cut from a favourite tree near the summer-house, against which the philosopher was accustomed to lean at "even-tide," and contemplate the glorious prospect of the woods and waters, and Alps, tinged by the setting sun with all the primary colours of

It is to the successive conquests of Savoy and Berne that the paucity of documents relative to this portion of Helvetia is attributed. Savoy is known to possess many, and "Berne, jealous to efface our national remembrances," is the dignified reproach of a great historian.\*

Many antique buildings are pointed out to the stranger as vestiges of the palaces, or royal farms, where Queen Bertha held her ambulatory court, or where she occasionally passed some days, superintending her immense agricultural establishments. At St. Maurice the crumbling remains of two round towers, behind an old half-castellated building, the former residence of the governor, at the extremity of the bridge which separates the Canton de Vaud from the Valais, on the Valais side, are considered as the protecting turrets of the royal gateway. At Geneva, near the *Bourg du Tour*, stands a very ancient arch, probably Roman, which is supposed to have been a portion of her palace, and bears her name, and the royal residence of Vufflens exists in almost primitive strength and form, to give some idea of Bertha's domestic architecture, and recall her dominion.†

nature, as a pleasing reminiscence of her visit to the classic spot where the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was begun and finished.

\* L. Vulliemin.

† In one of her many voyages from Villeneuve, at the head

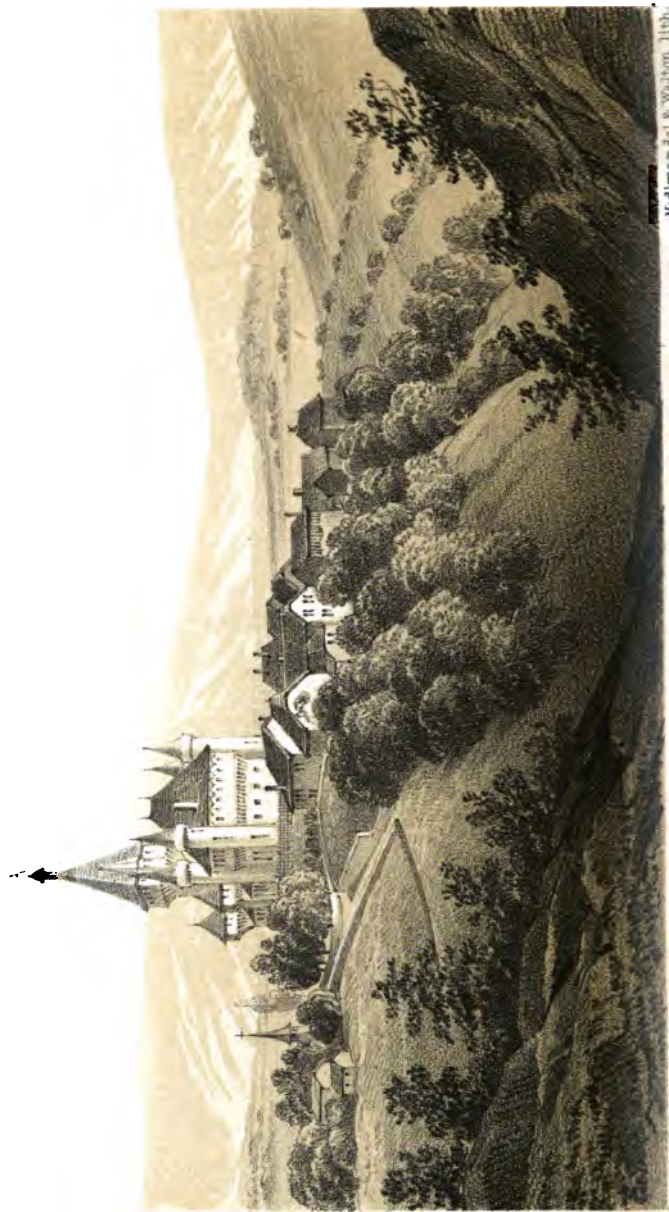
The life of Bertha was peculiarly chequered—a mingled coil, indeed, of singular vicissitudes; but her memorial is yet more marvellously strange. It is not surprising that she is often mistaken by the French for her ancestress Bertha, mother of Charlemagne, whose “great foot” French historians might

of Lake Lemán, to Geneva, its other extremity, whilst the writer was intently gazing on the antique towers and dome of Vufflens, as they stood beautifully out from a clear blue sky, when the vessel neared Morges, she heard the following colloquy between an English traveller, not burthened with Murray’s valuable hand-book for Switzerland, and a compatriot *employé* belonging to the steamer:—“What’s the name of that queer-looking place yonder?” “Vufflens, the castle of Queen Bertha, sir. The queen of this country *some time ago*, as our queen Victoria is now, and a most wonderful sort of lady she was, by all accounts—good at every thing, fighting as well; for she was quite too much for the Saracens, and *drave* them out when they run over every other country.” Poor Bertha, good at fighting! and yet this too was still the strain of eulogy—a recognition of her glorious deeds, for she did wonderfully protect her country and her people. Two bishops only, the aged prelate of Lausanne, who voluntarily exposed himself to their fury, a martyr to his imagined duty, and the Bishop of Râsle, are recorded to have lost their lives in Helvetia, whilst at the same epoch, all Italy, Germany, and the South of France quailed before them; and Raymond, Count of Toulouse, writing soon afterwards to Pope John the Tenth, asserts that “scarcely any eminent ecclesiastics, out of a great number, were left alive.”

The château of Vufflens is commonly attributed to Bertha, although some antiquaries, judging from its foundation walls and style of architecture, affix to it a more remote origin, believing she merely added a square Saracenic building, flanked by

THE  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



CASTLE OF YUFFELIN CANTON DE VAUD BUILT BY QUEEN HERTHA Vol 2 Pl 14 p. 24

Hidimardot & Walton lith.

well have overlooked in the still greater qualities of her mind ; or for some of the many Berthas, princesses of Italy, one of whom was the wife of Rudolph's predecessor, Berenger I. ; but in Germany, and Helvetia, she is confounded with personages of a very different nature ; and, whilst history and tradition concur in representing Bertha as the most lovely and benevolent of created beings, she is strangely asso-

four most Oriental-looking towers, each of which is the reputed prison of a fair maiden, incarcerated, from her birth, for the remediless fault of not having come into the world a boy ! The late Countess Isabella de Montolieu, a daughter of the ancient house of Blonay, who delighted in the legendary lore of her country, has made this tradition the basis of a very romantic and well-told tale, the more pleasing because it ends happily ; for the stern baron (whose luckless lady had produced the four feminine culprits, and for her incorrigible sinning in so doing, was shut up also, somewhere else, after a mock funeral) at length repented, and having still no son, assembled the four astonished "demoiselles and their delighted mother around his death-bed, where the contrition of such men, in truth, generally begins.

The walls are calculated, from their great solidity, to resist the tooth of time yet many ages more ; they are of brick, and the mortar so incorporated as to form a part and portion of the whole. The towers have each a small round cabinet apartment with a narrow window in form of a loophole, and a little entrance chamber before the centre one is reached, for jailer or servant. "The hearts of these chivalric lords of olden times," observes the Countess, "were generally as hard as their cuirasses ;" and it appears the fair lady of their love, to whom they had knelt at tilt and tournament before marriage, was often destined to return the compliment afterwards at home. Such is romance and reality.

ciated with extraordinary legends and superstitious rites, at once so singular and so opposite that it awakens a feeling of wonder how her name can have thus blended with them, in the remotest reminiscences of the past: it becomes an enigma in the history of the human mind, how one, who lived and died in the presence of her people, could ever be linked (even in their wildest thoughts) with the spiritual beings supposed to people every part of this globe—mountain and forest, lake, river, and dell, encaverned in the earth, and riding on the clouds!

This remarkable feature in Bertha's fate may possibly have arisen from her great mental powers, which an age not yet sufficiently removed from the fabulous period (common to every nation) to reject its wild, but stirring and interesting fictions, supposed could only be attributed to something beyond humanity; and from this point the step is easy to the belief, that, at her departure from life, she resumed her former state, preserving the distinctive traits which marked her pilgrimage on earth.

The native mythology of Switzerland is exquisitely beautiful, fanciful, and original; their fairy creed contained some of the loveliest dogmas that ever gilded an imaginary faith. Gentle beings of matchless charms, free from every stain, but that of loving man, sometimes deigned to quit their sparkling grottos, and relinquish their magic powers to come and dwell with

a bold hunter, or handsome mountaineer, to whom they were the fondest and faithfulest of friends, whilst the object of their disinterested attachment was *constant*; but, at the faintest symptoms of infidelity, they sighed; burst the trammels that love only had formed; raised themselves from mortal bondage, and fled for ever. Earth had no secrets for them; they knew the properties of plants and minerals; could penetrate into the deep caverns buried in the bowels of Mont Blanc, glittering with silver and gold, and gems of every hue, and grant a lease of life for one hundred years to the true of heart. Alas! there is no tradition that fickle man ever won the gift, while many a romantic legend chronicles a different story.

When Bertha ruled in Helvetia, a great religious revolution had not been effected sufficiently long to remove all traces of the old code of belief. The barbarians, who subjected Rome nearly six centuries before, had, in turn, been conquered by the gospel, and embraced the Christian faith; but the priests of Christ, fearful of disgusting or discouraging the new converts, by too suddenly requiring the sacrifice of all their ancient modes of thinking, made vast concessions to the neophytes they received in baptism. Many pagan *fêtes* were preserved under the invocations of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. George or St. Christopher, the Virgin or St. Magdalene. The heathen deities were condemned as false, but their



existence was not absolutely denied ; there was a fearful mixture of sacred and profane lore in the legends of the cloister, well calculated to confuse the ideas of a simple ignorant people, unable to circumscribe the illimitable powers of an unknown world. The witch of Endor, and the Sybil of ancient days—the possessed of early Christianity, and demons of yet earlier mythology, often figured in the same wild, fabulous tale.

The barbarians, accustomed to see everywhere the presence of Odin, of Freia, and other inferior divinities, continued to believe in their action ; only, instead of being beneficial to the human race, they were now considered inimical. They inspired fatal passions—they reigned over marshes, sicknesses, and calamities ; they were in such numbers, that the Alps and glaciers, forests and waters, were filled with them ; they usually took a malignant pleasure in harassing and terrifying, and injuring those who no longer worshipped them ; but some separate spirits of a gentle, kindlier order, recompensed the virtuous ; and thus good and evil were yet supposed to depend, in some degree, on their influence over mortal affairs. Nature, adored by the pagans before their conversion, had not entirely lost its empire over their coarse benighted minds, and the traditions, fears, and hopes of the fathers still lingered in the memories and clung round the hearts of the children, even in the tenth century. In Germany, the land of dark

mystical romance, Bertha, strangely allegorized, shares the attributes of Freïa, the goddess who reigns over the reflected light of the chaste moon, and the fair features of pure maidens. Sometimes she is represented as a follower in the *cortège* of Freïa; and when wind and storm shook the primeval forests, it was the ancient belief that Bertha then passed, not on her humble palfrey, attended by her reverend almoner, staid ladies and sober pages; but in far less orderly society, seated on a fiery-tempered courser, whose expanded nostrils emitted volumes of flame, flying through the nether world she had once inhabited, with a multitude of other bodiless companions, especially Nickar, king of the Nixes, in the valley *de Bagnes*\*—that tall, black hunter, monarch of all the Alps, whose shrill, brazen alp-horn, could summon in a moment myriads of vassal sprites from the stony hearts and airy pinnacles of the green Jura, and snowy chains of the Oberland and Mont Blanc to do his bidding.†

At the midnight hour, which separates Christmas

\* Traditions valaisannes, et surtout celles de la vallée de Bagnes.

† The mountainous region formerly belonging to the pastoral princes of Gruyères, was filled with these sweet, nondescript, connecting links between earth and air; and should life remain, some of these imaginings of a fervid fancy, with their long train of Sylphs, and Gnomes, and ruby-eyed serpents, guardians of gold and diamond mines in the Swiss Alps, will accompany, in another series, the last hapless count of that noble race to his distant, unhonoured grave, far from the picturesque land which

from the dawning year, the epoch which northern nations consecrated to their goddess, Bertha—Bertha, of the Transjurane, becomes a fairy, and may be seen attired as Diana, or entirely clad in white fleecy robes, radiant with jewels, and instead of her sceptre or distaff, bearing, in her pale clear hands, a wand of black shining ebony, as queen of the magicians. Woe, at that moment, to the house, inhabited by rebel children—woe to the indolent housewife, on whose distaff flax has grown tangled and dusty, or whose presses (infallible sign of laziness) are empty of linen. She takes pleasure in spoiling and destroying all belonging to that idle one. Faithful to her former habits of method and wholesome economy, she loves when she comes back to earth to find the family repasts prepared with the ancient simplicity of her own times: the dainty morsel, seasoned by modern luxury, for the palate of gluttony, sometimes disappears or is found scattered on the ground, and in its place—lo, hemp! She is gifted with the *Sesame* of Oriental efficacy: at her word, doors fly noiselessly open, and she penetrates (queen-like), with none to oppose her passage, everywhere: she throws a complacent look on all carved furniture and coffer, glossy with the polish of industrious neatness; and she is at the head of that countless domestic race, half ethereal, half mortal, half wicked, half amiable, he and his forefathers had ruled with paternal love for more than nine centuries.

half fiery, half funny, existing in all northern nations, under divers appellations, ("those raw materials so beautifully woven up in Shakespeare's rich loom," when he composed the *Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*,) known in Helvetia by the name of *Servans*, where this active body still exercise their calling, though with abated vigour, especially in towns. Still, in villages they make themselves considerably felt, even now, especially in the Alpine districts of Berne, and the Romande. At Bertha's command, they take care everything is orderly in the mansion and court-yard; they second by unseen labour the efforts of the industrious, while they add to the task of the indolent. The covering is often rudely snatched from the bed of the incorrigible sluggard; the finest cow in the winter barn is sometimes found with its neck dislocated, as a punishment for unkempt elfin locks, dangling over a milk-pail; the best gown left tossing untidily about, on chair or table, not unfrequently drops into shreds, to the terror of the disconsolate owner; and then, after having thus pushed pleasantry, or warning to the utmost verge of malicious mischief, the wild troop may be heard skurrying away, uttering loud shouts, and peals of hollow mocking laughter. But Bertha, the royal spinster, is not merely the queen of fairies, the protector and encourager of household virtues, the avenger of slothfulness, the chastiser of negligent domestics, the bugbear of cradled infants, and

maturer childhood;\* the wife of the Burgundian monarch, the "humble queen," subject to all the ills to which frail humanity is heir, becomes lost in the misty atmosphere of mythology. Her blonde German features merge in those of the dusky Isis of Egypt, or the ancient Cybele†, mother of all of mortal frame. She is recognized as one of the Fates, occupied with fatal perseverance in spinning the destinies of earth.

At the close of a humid winter, ever favourable to the rocky and scanty soil of Helvetia, she appears (particularly in the vicinity of the Tour de Gourze) as Ceres, carrying a large sieve from which at every step she scatters vegetable treasures, while the children of Flora, hyacinths, lilies, crocuses, violets, cowslips, and whole hosts of primroses, and polyanthus, in mottled liveries of every colour and tint start up in the fresh beauty of spring under her feet. She is Minerva, Diana, Arachne; the female progenitor of all the generations of man, the fair frail Eve; or invested with the awful beauty of the Virgin Mother of the Saviour of mankind, with a glory, and surrounded by a halo of her own long fair hair.

\* Still! Still! die eiserne Bertha kommt! Peace! Silence! the iron Bertha is coming!

† Bertha, Ertha, Erde; terra mater; alma mater. She is also Holda in the North, where she presides over pasturages; and Bertha in the South, where she blesses agriculture and the labour of the spinner.—*Vulliemin: Grimm's Deutsche Mythologie.*

"But under all these various disguises," says the eloquent native writer, from whom many of these details have been translated, "we her sons shall always know how to recognize her, whilst at least her virtues still continue to throw a reflected lustre over us; for ours is the land she fertilized, ours is the land she loved, and defended." \*

Nor is this burst of national pride misplaced, for truly theirs was the land she loved,—“their country was her country—their God her God—with them she lived and died, and was buried.” † But although Bertha thus individually belonged to the country and people of her adoption, she had yet a nobler office awarded her than to guide their destinies, and kindle the flame of knowledge and of virtue in their hearts. She was “not of an age, or of a race, but for all time,” designed as a beacon-light to lead all of whatever tongue—of whatever soil, by her glorious example, “to fight the good fight, and press forward” through the wastes and labyrinths, the storms and trials, and temptations of this world, to that other, the constant goal of her own hopes and exertions.

Bertha, as already stated, is believed to have lived beyond 970, and must therefore have dropped into the vale of years when “the silver cord of life is loosened, and the grasshopper becomes a burden:” but not a hint has been transmitted to posterity that

\* L. Vulliemin.

† Ruth, chap. i. 16, 17.

she evinced any symptoms of decay, either in the exercise of her vigorous faculties, kindly warmth of heart, or assiduous employment of time. She signed, under some peculiar circumstance, not explained, a charter for her son Conrad, in 970, and rode from one royal residence to another, as in the days of her youth. Everything implies that she was of a lively, happy temperament, rendering religion lovely in the eyes of her people; and, if the native bent of her character may be judged by the authenticated anecdote which has been quoted of her adroit application of Jacob's appropriation of the blessing by being the first comer, there was in it a dash of playful raillery—of fine irony—that enabled her to convey a lesson without harshness. No penitential pilgrimages—no ascetic austerities are incrustated, like painful excrescences upon the sober solidity of her strong judgment. She withdrew into no hermit solitude, *there* to fast and to pray; she did both in her own palace; and thus showed that all may obey the rules of the communion to which they belong, and honour the Divine Creator in whatever rank of life, or in whatever place:—that the worship of the heart (that sacrifice only acceptable to Him) may be offered before the domestic altar, or in the sacred sanctuary of home. Hers was the higher merit to live unspotted in the world, enjoying (with thankfulness) the blessings heaped upon her by the King of kings, and dispensing them in turn; his instrument among those

who beheld in her his visible agent on earth for good to man. When the emperor and her daughter went to St. Maurice, to bow the knee before the relics of the Theban martyrs, she naturally accompanied them ; but this is the only recorded visit she ever paid to any shrine. Nor did her piety lead her to believe that it was requisite to abandon the ensigns of her exalted rank : her court was ever considered splendid for the times : the coronation of the infant Conrad at Lausanne, a few days after Rudolph's death, and his marriage twenty years subsequently, at Chavornay (both ceremonies doubtless directed by her), are signalized as being very magnificent \*.

The union of Adelaide at Colombier, and her subsequent court at the castle of Balden, are also proofs that she knew how to steer between economy and parsimony, that she had discovered the golden, but often invisible, line which marks the boundary between careful habitual prudence in the administration of our revenues, and a sordid hoarding of the fruits of our wisdom. Not insensible to the wants or wishes of any class of her subjects, after her return from Italy she instituted a chapter for six noble ladies, and the college of St. Urs for the education of well-born youths at Soleure ; besides rebuilding the city walls which had been in great measure levelled by the Hungarians. The ancient

\* Les noces furent célébrées à Chavornay, avec une magnificence royale.—*M. de Gingins, Rev. P. Bridel.*



walls with which the Romans had protected their colonies were in many instances thrown down by violence, or crumbling from age, and these safeguards become again of paramount importance, she now repaired in several places as well as at Soleure.\* She never appeared without being attended by her almoner, who carried a large purse, from whence he

\* From this calamitous epoch towns, and even villages, began to be universally surrounded by walls and fosses. Permission to the people, to guard themselves against the continual surprises, and brigandage of the barbarian armies was now freely granted by kings and their subordinates, willing by the same means to preserve their castles and domains from the dangers of rival princes or neighbouring nobles. Out of this inestimable privilege grew the subsequent importance of municipal authorities and the proverbial wealth of civic bodies. Conquest was never the object of these savages: they came for spoil, and the thousands of citizens, hitherto obliged to pay heavy ransoms to a few hundred plunderers, found courage under the shelter of ramparts and towers to set them at defiance. Industry increased with security; and, as the stream of time washed the feet of these "fenced cities," the burghers found gold to purchase their enfranchisement from onerous submission to a suzerain.

From a statistical account of Soleure, it appears that in 1776, a chapter founded by Queen Bertha in 930, for eleven canons and a provost, members of noble families, was still in being. The endowment must have been very ample, as the salary of the provost then amounted to 360*l.* per annum; and that of each canon to 160*l.* The provost was chosen by the senate, and the canons appointed alternately by the pope and the senate. Although not secularized, the revenues and original constitution had doubtless undergone some changes at that epoch. Archdeacon Coxe says, incorrectly, that Queen Bertha was

distributed the gifts she ever dispensed on her progress. Her steed, though represented small, possibly to facilitate the continual mountings and dismountings, necessary in expeditions over the Alpine country of her predilection, comes down to posterity most gallantly trapped and caparisoned in rich housings that nearly enveloped all but his smart fiery little face, looking proudly out from under his gay gear, as if conscious of his finery, and the privilege of carrying the "good queen."

The memoir of Bertha goes backward on the dial of time nine centuries! What changes! what revolutions! what losses have shed their many colours over the solemn face of time in that period! Amid the myriad heaps of meaner men (dimly seen in that shadowy vision of the past), as the weary traveller, after a long day of toilsome journeying recalls, whilst his senses are sinking into oblivion, the fitting scenes scarce beheld ere left behind, how many royal heads have worn a crown, performed their princely part—perished and been forgotten! but *she* is still remembered—registered by her own deeds. Charlemagne is not better known than Bertha. They trod the same ground—they wore the same diadem—they sprung from the same stock—the same blood circulated

widow of Rudolph II. when she instituted this chapter in 930. Rudolph was then in Italy. From the absoluteness of her government as regent, for so many years, she was not unfrequently imagined a widow whilst yet a wife.

in their veins, and the same ardent spirit spurred on their energetic course ; but there was a difference in their views, and a difference in their renown. Charlemagne is remembered as the conqueror—Bertha as the mother of the people. All therefore that appertained to her is interesting in their eyes, and her portrait-copy, made from a copy of yet more ancient date, shows her regally attired. The elegant veil of Italy (Mezere), adopted after her first visit with Rudolph, now worn by the middle classes of society, but then the exclusive sign of high descent, thrown lightly over the head and back, falls forward in long graceful folds on the shoulders, nearly to the feet, forming a soft shade to the high brow and polished cheek ; and is surmounted by a small gold crown of conical shape, not much unlike the form of the tiara, subsequently adopted by the chief of the papal dominions. A mantle trimmed with ermine clasped by a jewelled agraffe, hangs low over the rich swelling plaits of her patrician drapery, and her features are singularly marked with the impress of a thoughtful, compassionate, yet dignified happy spirit.

Her exemplary daughter Adelaide, more under the influence of her age, withdrew into a monastery soon after she left the Transjurane, where she died, leaving her youthful grandson, Otho the Third, to brave alone the tumults and temptations attending his short reign ; but Bertha, grand to the latest hour of her abode on earth, remained a living

model of every virtue, in the midst of the world. And when she went to her rest (for this is the correct and beautiful metaphor employed by all who speak of her departure from life), her mission as guide and instructor did not cease. All who mourned for her, as a man mourneth heavily for his mother,—all who even now invoke her blessed name—give proof that her personal agency continues. All, indeed, who prize either genius, or goodness, must remember with veneration her perfect impersonation of a magnanimous queen, and Christian heroine, who, emerging from the clouds of darkness, mental and moral, that hung over an age of the densest gloom, so lived that her light irradiating all around her, “showed her good works to the glory of her Father in heaven.” And if any of earth earthy, may be permitted to appropriate the triumphant language of the apostle, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me,” surely the queen of Italy might be allowed so to apply them? Although her unassuming spirit would probably have shrunk with pious awe and self-distrusting diffidence from such an approximation of her humble walk, and labours to the sacred career of St. Paul, it is, however, very possible that in the many times her eye must have gone over the sublime pages of that holy Volume, from whence she daily

drew the knowledge that rendered her so wise and so good ; she may have paused and pondered over some passages in the sublime book of Job, where her own position and deeds seem shadowed forth as in the spirit of prophecy.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me ; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me :

Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me : and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

I put on righteousness, and it clothed me : my judgment was as a robe and a diadem.

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.

I was a father to the poor ; and the cause which I knew not I searched out.

And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth.

My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch.

My glory was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand.

Unto me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at my counsel.

After my words they spake not again ; and my speech dropped upon them.

And they waited for me as for the rain ; and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain.

I chose out their way, and sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners.—*Job* xxix.

11.

Whether one so imbued with the genuine humility of a disciple of Christ ever, in a moment of that self-consciousness of virtue which no piety can ever wholly

eradicate, saw her own portrait in these remarkable sentences, is unknown ; but those who contemplate her character and her career can feel no scruple in affixing them to her hallowed memorial ; and when we recal her constant perusal of the Scriptures amid so many cares and occupations,\* her courage in danger, her prudence in defeat, her scrupulous discharge of her private as well as public duties, her patriotism, her simplicity, her active industry, her compassion to the poor and afflicted, her conjugal and maternal love, her earnest solicitude to leave undone nothing that might conduce to the welfare of her family or kingdom,—her faith in God, her hope in Christ, her strong sense breaking through the mists of superstition which enveloped her, yet so far bowing before the ignorance of her period that her learning might illuminate those who sat in thick darkness,—the graces of the woman gilding the sterner attributes of a masculine mind, and thus presenting a portrait of all that could adorn the most refined and intellectual era of civilization,—we cannot but feel assured that to this illustrious woman will be addressed the blessed welcome of her Lord and Master when he shall judge the quick and the dead,—

“ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

---

\* La Bible qui étoit sa lecture habituelle.—*Conservateur Suisse*, vol. ix. p. 400.

## QUEEN BERTHA'S POSTERITY.

To those who have felt interest in the memoir of a great queen, and yet greater woman, and who are fond of tracing family descents, it may not be unamusing to follow her yet awhile through those lines springing directly from her. The race of Adelaide was utterly extinct in 1002, thirty years before the Transjurane returned to the Germanic empire by the death of Rudolph III. Otho II., Bertha's imperial grandson, had neither the abilities nor virtues of Otho the Great. The idol of his father, who is accused of preferring the offspring of his second marriage to the first, he was associated with him in the crown of Germany when a mere boy, and at eighteen occupied, alone, the two thrones of Germany and Italy. Addicted to pleasure, his luxurious court soon became distasteful to Adelaide, who formed another, distinguished for the sterner graces of literature and religion. Otho II. had, however, that energy and spirit which subjects often take as precursive marks of a great king, and his reign of ten years was not destitute of glory, though his ambition betrayed him into some idle and unjust wars, which involved him in difficulties, from whence he escaped, on one occasion, with little honour, though with much courage. Having been taken prisoner, in a very ill-advised naval expedition against the Greeks and

Saracens, he promised the Greek captain who had seized him whilst flying after defeat, an immense reward if he would land him at Rossano, where Adelaide was then sojourning. The cupidity of the commander lured him into this act of treachery to his country, and instead of proceeding with the prize to Constantinople, he steered, as stipulated upon, to Rossano. On arriving, messengers were despatched to the empress desiring her to get ready the appointed sum, and in the mean time the emperor continued on board, but, from respect to his high rank, free in all his movements. The money was speedily raised by his anxious mother; a boat came alongside the vessel, and a single agent stepped on board to finish the negotiation before the gold should be paid over. While the captain was occupied below by this important transaction, the emperor, with fearless energy, jumped into the sea, swam to the frail little bark lying off at a distance, seized the oars, and before the astonished Greek recovered presence of mind to decide upon his own behaviour under such an unexpected circumstance, the fugitive had gained the port and was beyond his reach, with the money safely stowed at the bottom of the boat. The commander richly deserved the disappointment; but Otho, in the transaction, displayed something like the "noble astucity" eulogized by the monk Eccard in narrating the treaties entered into by his uncle Conrad with the



Saracens and Hungarians, without their extenuating apology. Conrad was dealing with barbarians, invaders of the kingdom, and, excepting that the mind always recoils from treachery and deceit, was, to a certain degree, justified by his own fearful position. Otho had no such excuse to offer for the want of generosity and probity displayed in withholding the proffered bribe, which succeeded in seducing a brave man from his duty. He died at Rome shortly afterwards from the effects of a scratch by a poisoned arrow received in this ill-starred enterprise, bequeathing the care of his son, an infant, to his own mother, Adelaide, and his widow, Theophania, a Greek princess, sister of the emperors Constantine and Basil.

He had, by not unskilful tactics, secured to his successor the two thrones, and at fifteen years of age Otho III. entered Italy as its master. He was haughty and ambitious. A struggle soon arose between him and the nobility, and he put to death, in defiance of a solemn capitulation, Crecentius, a noble Roman consul, who had opposed his tyranny. The country became thenceforth tranquillized by fear; but, the deed accomplished, his conscience lacked the guilty courage with which he had executed it. He went on a pilgrimage of expiation to Mont Gargano, and becoming indisposed after his return, Stephania, the widow of Crecentius, a woman of ravishing

beauty, who had vowed to revenge her husband's cruel doom, obtained an interview with him, on the pretence of being profoundly versed in medicine. Affecting to consider Crecentius the dupe of a wicked party, and herself under personal obligations to the emperor for sparing her own life, she soon acquired his confidence, and such unbounded influence over him, that he took whatever she prescribed, and died poisoned by her drugs, some of which, it is said, were conveyed through the medium of a present of embroidered gloves, at Paterno, on the 9th of January, 1002, little more than twenty-two years of age, unmarried. Thus perished, a victim to his own perfidy, immorality, and the blind credulity it occasioned, the last descendant of Adelaide;—and thus was extinguished the once glorious house of Saxe.

The reigns of Bertha and Adelaide, and the expeditions of the three Othos into Italy, are only short episodes in the history of that country; but through the feminine posterity of Conrad the Peaceful, Bertha's son, Italy and the empire were governed for good and for evil, with two short exceptions (comprising in all a period of twenty-two years only), till 1254. At the death of Otho III., his cousin, Henry II., grandson of Bertha, by Conrad's eldest daughter, was called to the imperial throne; and after the death of Conrad the Salique (husband of Gisèle, Conrad's grand-daughter) her son, Henry III., occupied his

father's seat. Henry III. was, with the exception of Charlemagne, the most powerful emperor that ever filled that high dignity, and, had he not died at thirty-seven, his princely line might have experienced a very different and far happier fate. The melancholy doom of his son, Henry IV., has been sketched in the War of the Two Abbots. He was doubly descended from the Transjurane dynasty, his mother, Agnes, being daughter of Otto William, count of Burgundy, great grandson of Willa, daughter of Rodolph I. Henry V. leagued with the pope against a father whose chief crime was a noble defence of his royal rights, died childless. "I shall, like my brother Conrad, perish without posterity," was the expressive acknowledgment of the hidden anguish of a self-stricken conscience. On the death of this unnatural son (infamous for his rebellious ambition), broken-hearted by remorse and papal wars, at forty-four, the unsleeping animosity of the court of Rome raised up a rival, in Lothaire II., to the claims of the grandsons of Henry IV., by his daughter Agnes, married to the duke of Swabia; but at his demise (after a stormy reign), the nation, fondly clinging to the legitimate stock, elected Conrad III., grandson of Henry IV., to the throne of his ancestors. Frederick Barbarossa, Duke of Swabia, nephew to Conrad III., and his sons, Henry VI., called the Severe, and Philip, all displayed the energy and military skill of

their predecessors. The minority of Frederick II. again gave the papal court the opportunity of introducing a rival; but Otho IV. proved rebellious to the arbitrary power which raised him, and he died an exile, crushed in ten years by its vindictive hand.

The gallant, chivalric, refined Frederick II. then assumed the purple worn by his father, Henry VI. This wonderful genius—warrior, poet, statesman, linguist, and author—after vainly struggling, like his proscribed race, against the hatred and tyranny of Rome, gave up with gladness his weary breath, at fifty-seven. He was accused, by his papal foes, of writing an infidel work, in Latin, against the revelations of Moses and Jesus Christ, which no one ever saw, and which perhaps never existed. His want of faith in the sacred origin and dogmas of popes is less doubtful; he was avowedly terribly suspicious of them and their mission, and employed as much address to defend himself from their enterprises as his ancestress, Bertha, displayed to protect her monastery at Payerne. With her more immediate descendant, Henry IV., he was almost ever under the ban of excommunication, either for not going to Palestine to fight for the empty tomb of the Saviour of Peace, when he judged that his own affairs required him imperatively at home, or because a fit of sickness prevented him from employing the celerity he was enjoined to use when on his journey; or for

having finally recovered Jerusalem from the hands of the Sultan by the peaceable method of negotiation, instead of employing the edge of the sword, a plan more agreeable to the ferocious spirit of the haughty pontiff.\*

Frederick II. was followed to the grave, in four years, by his son, Conrad IV., a prince who had displayed much prudence and many great qualities during his father's frequent absences. Conrad IV. left an only child, scarcely two years of age, to the guardianship of his illegitimate brother, Manfred, son of Frederick II., a most valiant, magnanimous man ; and there is every reason to believe (despite papal authority to the contrary) that Manfred was not unworthy of his brother's confidence. But vain was now the last wrestle of this heroic line with the increasing importance of its sworn enemy. After offering the birthright of the infant king of Rome to many crowned heads too just to accept the illegal boon, Charles, duke of Anjou, the cruel, unscrupulous brother of St. Louis, garnished his brows of brass with the crown of Naples ; and the three

\* There are many allusions in Dante to the posterity of Bertha, and to the unjust persecutions of the popes. And several historians have recorded that Charles of Anjou was instigated to the cold-blooded murder of Conradin by these admonitory words of the pope :—*Conradi vita, Caroli mors ; Caroli vita, Conradi mors*. The life of Conradin is the death of Charles ; the life of Charles is the death of Conradin.

illustrious houses of the Transjurane, Franconia, and Swabia, were annihilated at one fell swoop in the person of the high-minded, spirited Conradin, who perished under the axe of the executioner, by the order, and in the presence of, the savage usurper of his crown. This intrepid prince, taken prisoner in a gallant effort to regain the thrones wrested from him in his childhood, died as became the heir of the Rudolphs, the Henrys, and the Fredericks. A few minutes before he laid down on the block, without shrinking, a head over which seventeen summers had scarcely shed their bloom, he advanced to the edge of the scaffold and threw amongst the crowd (assembled in silent horror in the great market-place at Naples. the 26th of October, 1269, to view the terrific spectacle) his glove, as a defiance to the rights of his murderer, and a pledge that he bestowed the inheritance of which the popes had despoiled his family on those who could defend them: it was picked up by some faithful adherent, whose escape was favoured by the sympathizing crowd, and conveyed by him to Constance, queen of Aragon, daughter of the valorous Manfred, king of the Two Sicilies, already slain two years before, near Benevento, combatting for his own possessions and those of his young nephew. Constance was married to Peter III., King of Aragon, who succeeded to the kingdom of Sicily 1282, after the Sicilian Vespers

exterminated the hated rule of the French in that island. Don Pedro of Aragon was then called to the inheritance bequeathed to him by the hapless Conradin at the fearful moment of death, as the heir of the house of Hohenstauffen or Swabia; and thus, through Constance, daughter of Manfred, the thrice royal, thrice noble blood of Bertha, has been transfused, and yet circulates in the veins of many a reigning dynasty; for every Bourbon branch springing from Peter III. of Aragon may claim her as their progenitor!

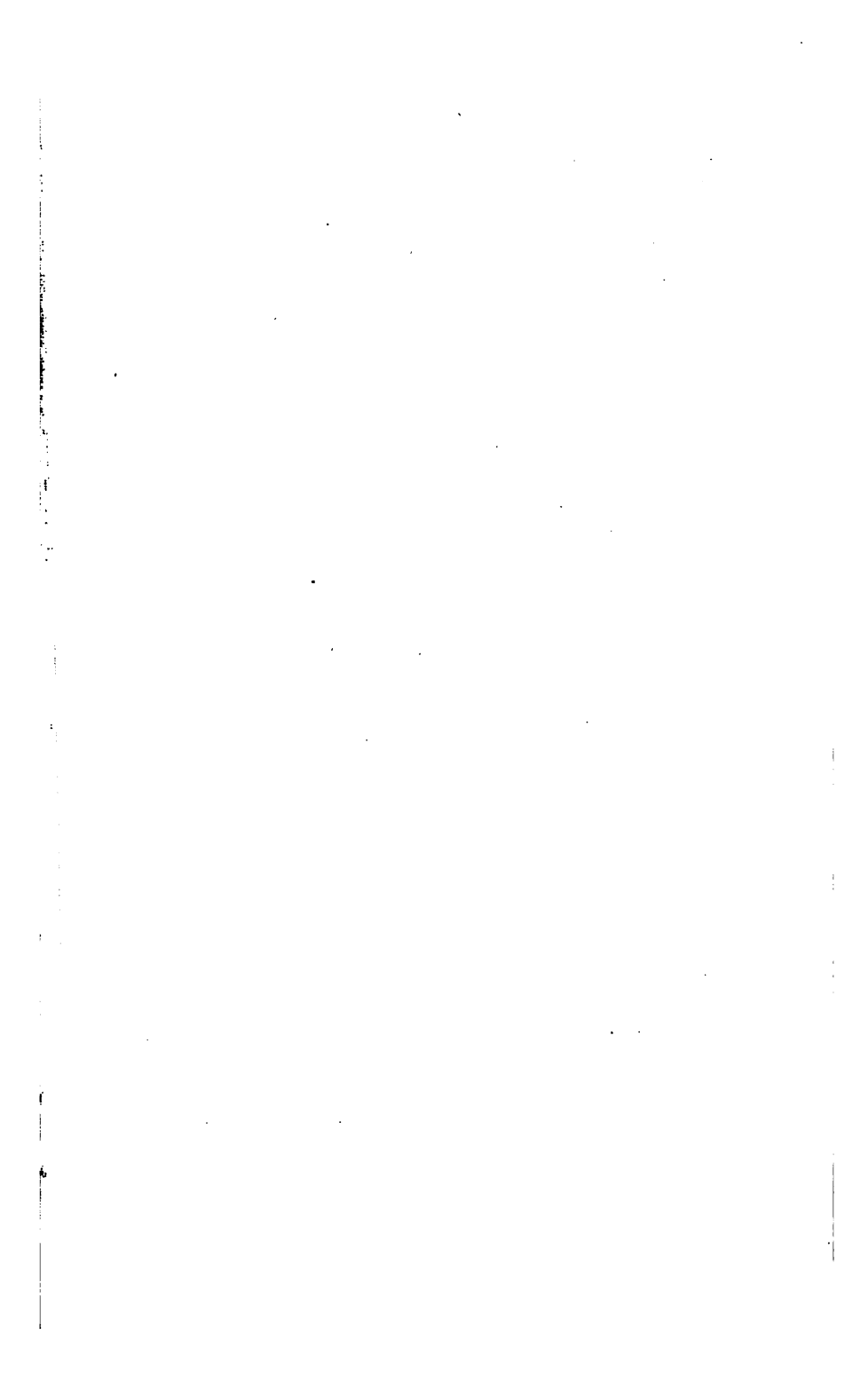
The rigid rules of Blazonry would demand, indeed, a bar across each shield thus quartered with the arms of Manfred; but the suffrage of all antiquity having decided that in descending even illegitimately from royalty and genius, there is "honour in dishonour," the most illustrious personages can feel it no derogation from their dignity to trace a sovereign line through so many glorious kings and emperors, to Bertha, the great and good queen of Little Burgundy, Arles, and Italy.

THE END.









THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY  
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building

[illegible]

